Dec. 5, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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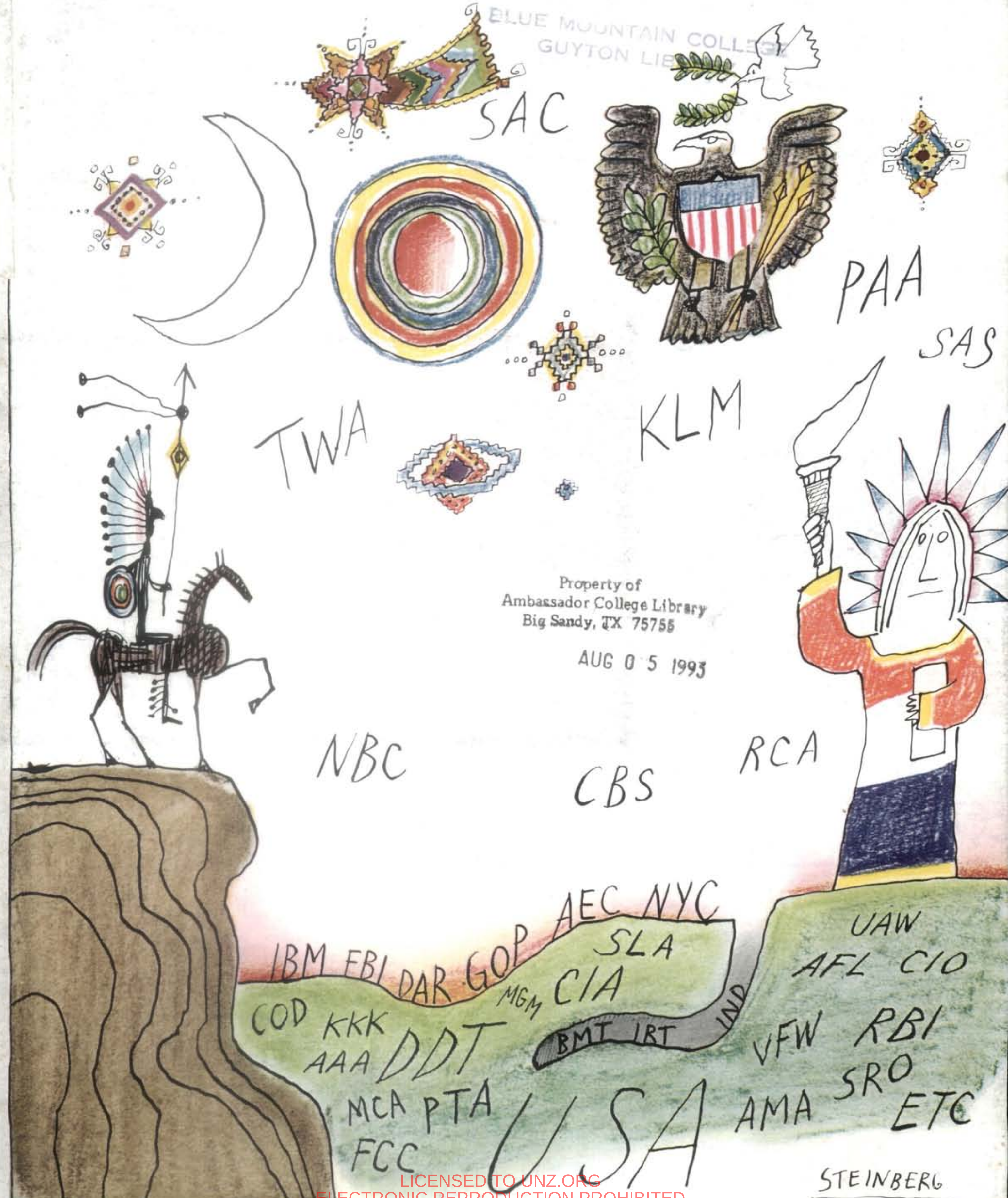
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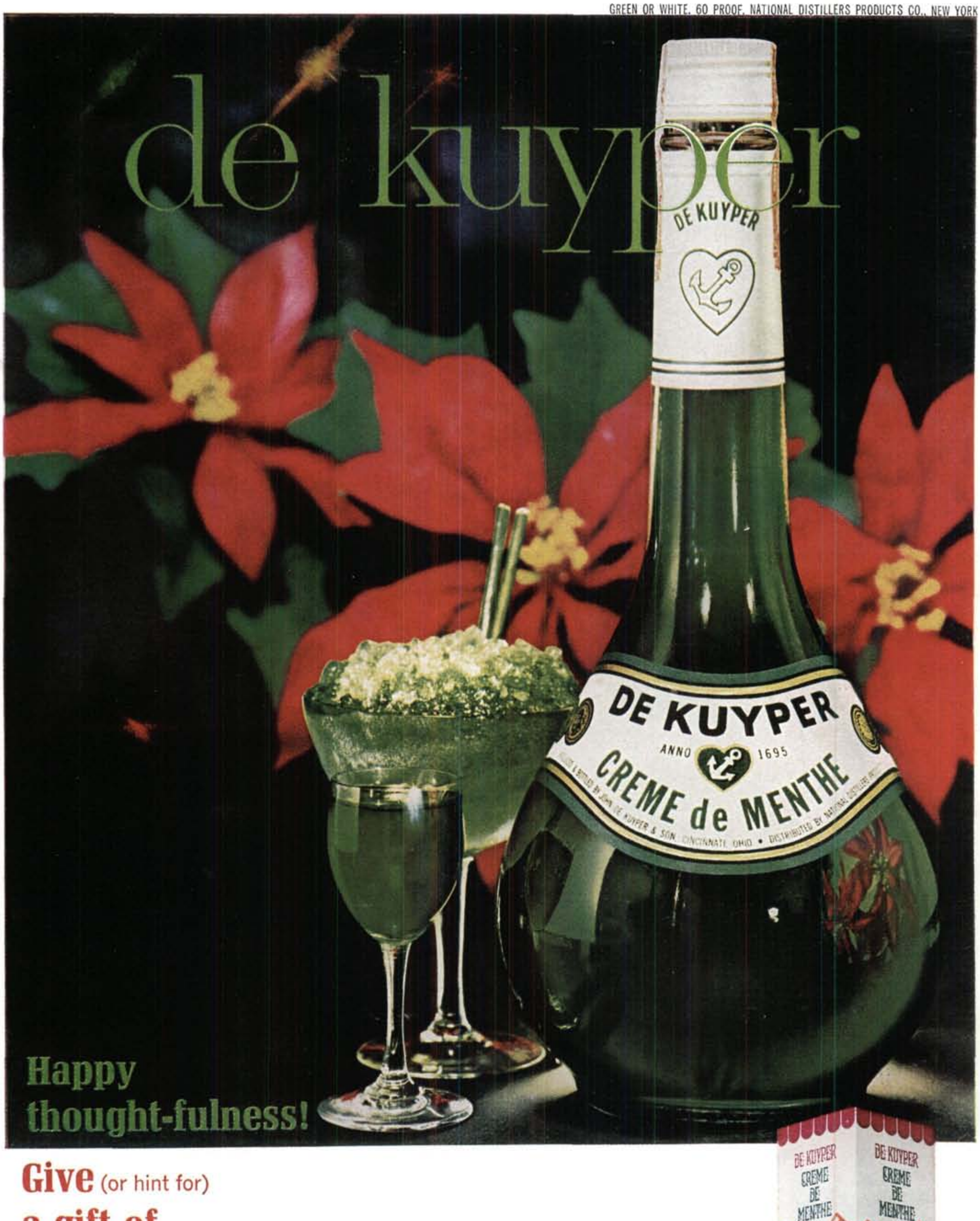

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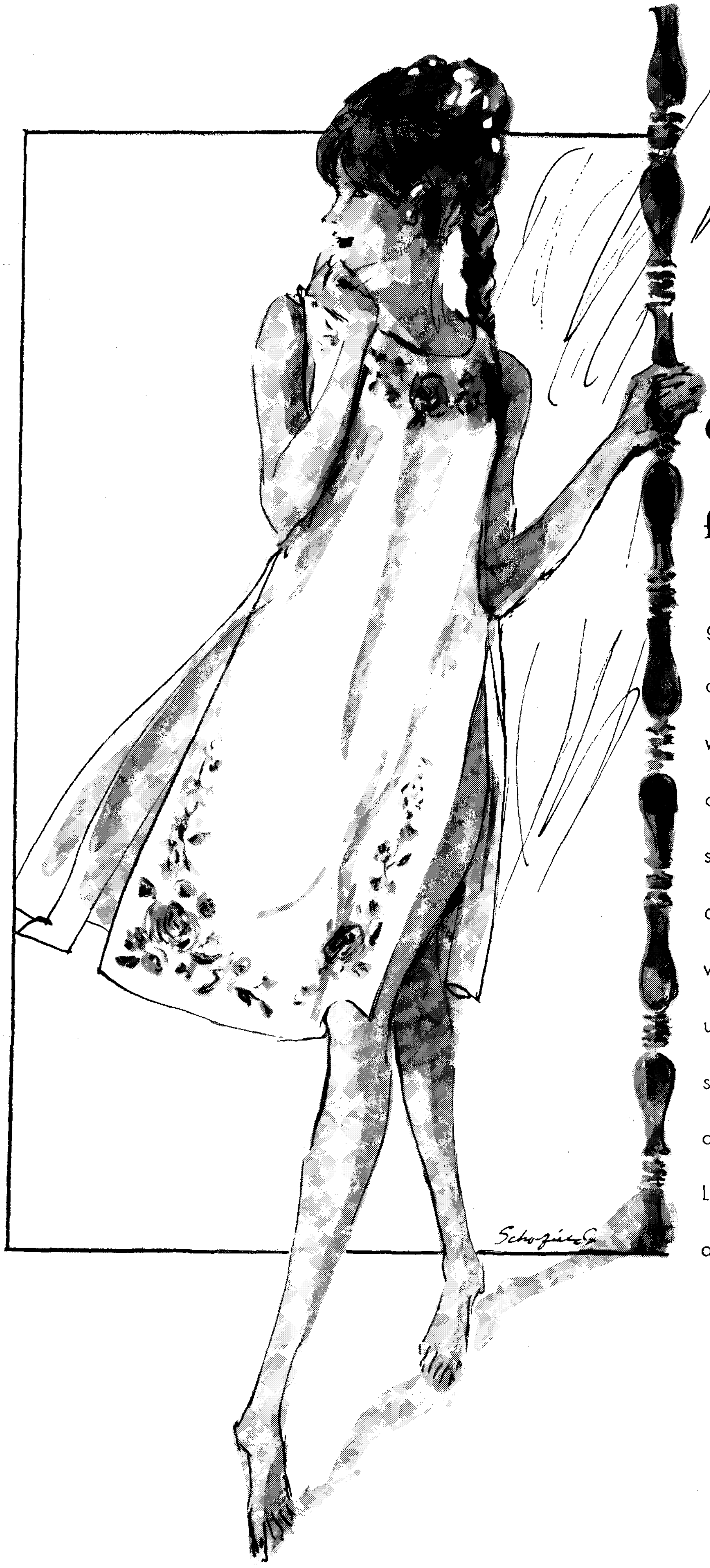

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Absence of a Cello—Although it isn't long on plausibility, this comedy by Ira Wallach is full of bright moments as it describes the difficulties encountered by a far-out scientist and his family when, with a job in view, they pretend to be conformists. Fred Clark is utterly satisfactory as the job-seeker, and his associates in the enterprise are also meritorious. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luv—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. Directed very comically by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A comedy by Bill Manhoff that contains two characters—one a pedantic would-be author with a weakness for voyeurism (Alan Alda) and the other a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). Intermittently amusing. Arthur Storch has directed the play most capably. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window—Lorraine Hansberry's description of how things are among the Greenwich Village avant-garde intellectuals. Gabriel Dell is the Brustein of the piece, and Rita Moreno, as his wife, and Alice Ghostley, as his stodgy sister-in-law, help him along, as do most of the others in the cast. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Subject Was Roses—A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx, have a bickering time of it while they establish that they are really a model of togetherness. The play was written by Frank D. Gilroy, and features Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—any wednesday: A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with the tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. With Dennis O'Keefe, Martha Scott, Will Hutchins, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

One by One—A play written, directed, and produced (with Walter A. Hyman) by Dore Schary. The cast is headed by Donald Madden, Donald Woods, and Sharon Laughlin. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Poor Richard—Jean Kerr's new play, with Alan Bates, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Pettet. A presentation of Stevens Productions, staged by Peter Wood. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground—George Rose, Clarence Williams III, and Carolan Daniels are the entire cast of this play by William Hanley. Directed by Joseph Anthony and presented by Hume Cronyn, Allen-Hodgdon, Stevens Productions, and Bonfils-Seawell Enterprises. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies having a gaudy time dancing, singing, and swindling in Manhattan. The musical has a book by Ernest Kinoy, who made use of the researches of Joseph Mitchell; music and lyrics by Walter Marks; and choreography by Peter Gennaro. Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr lead a large cast through its paces. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—A very genial Robert Preston plays Philadelphia's celebrated citizen in this new-day variation on the Shubert musicals of a bygone era. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge, hilarious as always—this time with some clever assistance from Leonid Hambro. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Dec. 3, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel gives a splendid performance in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Jerome Robbins provided the choreography and direction, Joseph Stein did the adaptation, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick created the music and lyrics, which are often effective. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—The late Fanny Brice is portrayed by Barbra Streisand in a musical that is loud and splashy but only intermittently funny. Isobel Lennart wrote the book, and Jule Styne and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. This adaptation of an Odets play is distinguished by a couple of fine production numbers but by little else. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. The book, the music, and the lyrics, by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, are pleasant, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward are very helpful. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh What a Lovely War—A funny, rueful, and satiric description of how some of the troops conducted themselves during the interminable stalemates of the First World War. Joan Littlewood has directed the cast with a fine-honed precision and a lot of ingenuity. The old war songs are still compelling. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zizi—Described as a musical extravaganza, this importation from Paris has several blessings, *among them Zizi Jeanmaire and an* excellent corps de ballet. Roland Petit arranged the lively dances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—hello, dolly!: Nip-ups with Carol Channing. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Ronnie Welsh is the ambitious youth, and Jeff De Benning is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **what makes sammy run?:** The life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sun-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Ready When You Are, C. B.!—Julie Harris and Lou Antonio in a comedy by Susan Slade. Joshua Logan is the director, David Black the producer. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 5. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 7. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Arthur Miller's "Incident at Vichy," with David Wayne, Joseph Wiseman, and Hal Holbrook, is the second in this season's series of four plays. Opens Thursday, Dec. 3. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Schiller Theater—Final performances, in German, of Carl Zuckmayer's "Der Hauptmann von Koepenick," with Carl Raddatz, will close out the engagement. Simultaneous-translation doodads may be rented at each performance. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:15. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—A five-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. "Ruddigore": Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe": Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 8-9, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Mikado": Sunday, Dec. 6, at 12:30 and 5:30. . . . ¶ "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore": Thursday and Friday, Dec. 10-11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance": Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 20.)

APA at the Phoenix—Shaw's "Man and Superman" will be the first in a series of three plays. Previews Friday, Dec. 4, through Sunday matinée, Dec. 6. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 6, at 6:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Amato Opera Company—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 9-12: "The Scarf" and "The Bald Prima Donna," based on the Ionesco play. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Evenings at 8:15.)

Cindy—The young performers who sing and dance in this musical are a vivacious, attractive bunch. The songs are O.K., too, and so is the book, which tells of a girl who works in her father's delicatessen and goes to a charity ball at the Plaza. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cradle Will Rock—A revival of Marc Blitzstein's opera of social protest, which was first done here in 1937. The performances, under Howard Da Silva's direction, are quite good. The opera is another matter. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The Zoo Story**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving Edward Albee's "The Zoo Story." No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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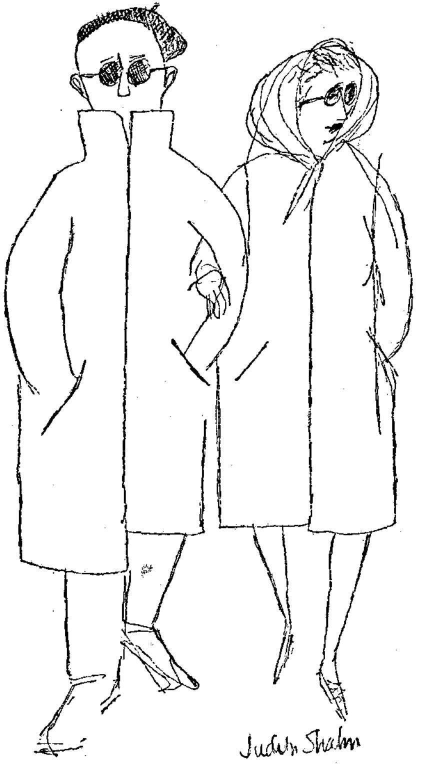
The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Knock at the Door—A revival, with Jessie Royce Landis and Staats Cotsworth, of Paul Shyre's adaptation of the first volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography. It will play through Thursday, Dec. 10, and be followed by a three-week revival of "Pictures in the Hallway" (the second volume), with Peggy Wood and Mr. Cotsworth. Previews of "Pictures" start Friday, Dec. 11. Opening on Wednesday, Dec. 16. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Kiss Mama—A comedy about an Italian family in New York that is considerably more amusing and less soggy than its disheartening title might lead you to expect. The script is by George Panetta, Ruth Rawson is the director, and there are fine, funny performances by Francine Beers, Tom Pedi, and Val Bisoglio, and an agreeable straight one by Julius La Rosa. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the fine comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



The Old Glory—Nathaniel Hawthorne's "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" and Herman Melville's "Benito Cereno," both of them dramatized by Robert Lowell. The first, as produced, is a posturing nuisance, but the second makes a quite stirring play that does some justice to the magnificent story it is based on. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Dec. 12.)

Othello—Substantially the same production that played in Central Park last summer. James Earl Jones' Moor has its strong points and its weak ones. Bette Henritze, a new recruit to the company, is very good as Emilia. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3. No performance Tuesday, Dec. 8.)

That 5 A.M. Jazz—A pair of stinging and funny one-act plays by Will Holt. For the second of them, Mr. Holt has written songs that manage to be satiric and tuneful at the same time. The performances are good, too. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—The opening performances of a ten-and-a-half-week season that will run through Sunday, Feb. 21. A new production of "The Nutcracker" will be presented through Sunday, Jan. 3. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Friday, Dec. 11, at 4:45 and 8:45, and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:15 and 8:15.)

Leningrad Kirov Ballet—A return engagement of five performances. Friday, Dec. 4, and Monday, Dec. 7, at 8:30: "Bayaderka," "Giselle Pas de Deux," "The Corsaire Pas de Deux," excerpts from "The Nutcracker," and "Taras Bulba." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2:30: "Chopiniana," Act II of "Cinderella," and "Taras Bulba." . . . ¶ Saturday Dec. 5, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2:30: "Swan Lake." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811.)

MISCELLANY

ANTA Program—Violet Hemming in "The G.B. Essence of Women," a play arranged by Dorothy Olney and Day Tuttle. Presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the third in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4564.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Monique Van Vooren, the balmiest and most beautiful of all Belgian hares, makes her ballads and banter a steady source of amusement. She appears in the Royal Box

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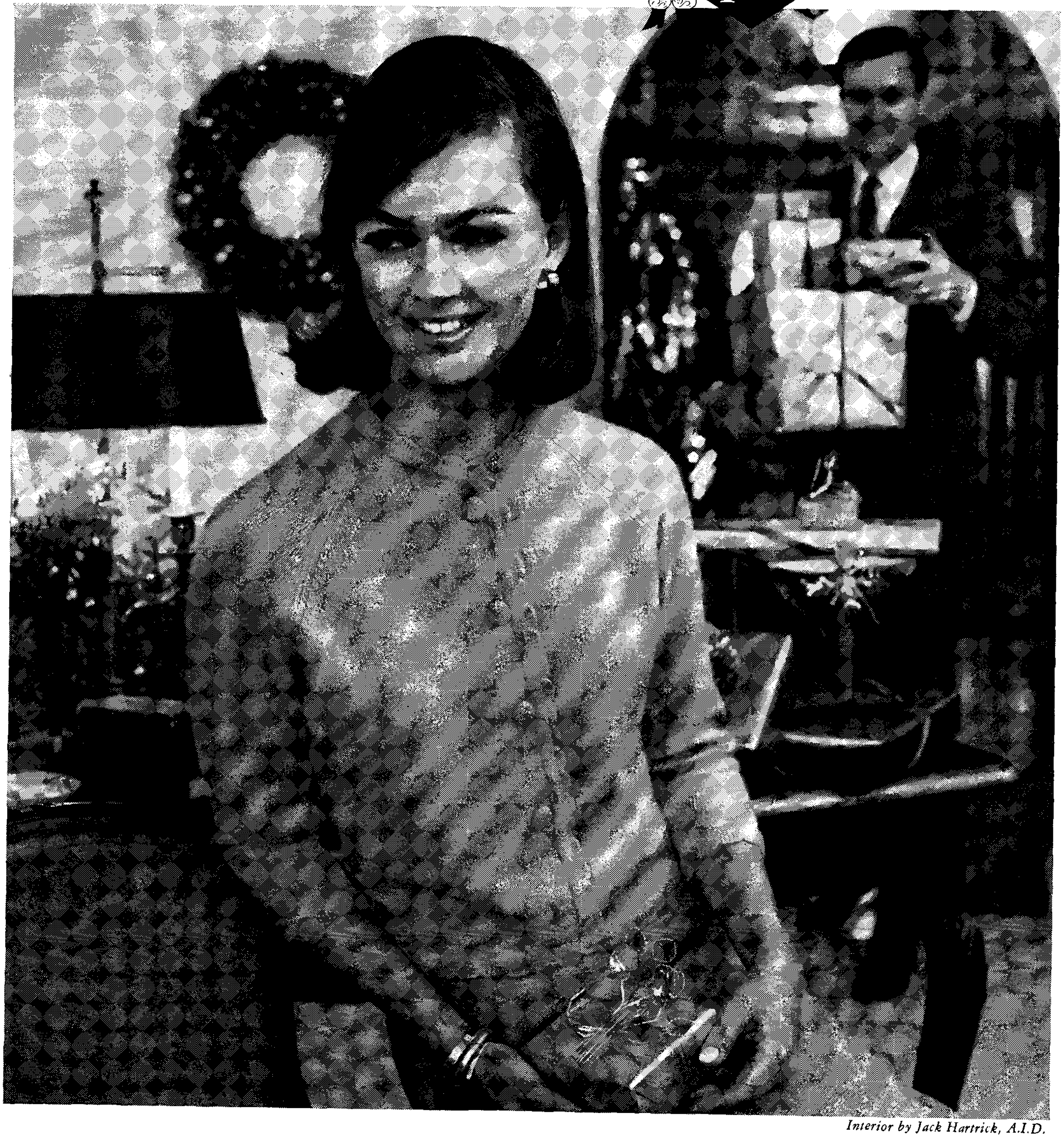

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at dinner and supper; the dance music, mostly by the orchestra of Lee Evans, is around all evening. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Vivid imagination rages unchecked all through the décor in the refectory, which offers knife-and-fork music from eight to ten and exercise music thenceforward. George Anaya's Latinos, who absent themselves on Mondays, are the creators.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The life may be earnest, but it is certainly unreal. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra are the background. In the Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler keeps a Viennese fiddle close to his chin. Darkness on Sundays.

Little Club, *70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—The* last of the midtown landmarks with the look and the air of the days when prohibition thought it was being enforced. Many of the principals and bit players have been replaced, but the casting is still in character. The music of Angelo's trio begins at nine; it is interspersed with the piano and songs of Bobby Gosh, who has a late-night sound.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—It's unlikely that this gold-and-plush example of the shipbuilder's art will float, but it is steady enough to make a dance floor. There, every evening but Sunday, Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers get to work at seven (Fridays and Saturdays at eight). The music and its delivery range from 1864 to 1964. The marching brass band that has been clobbering the echoes here, deck by deck, retires on Saturday, Dec. 5, but the Rubins stay on.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a scenic device that can *trompe* the *oeil* into imagining it is in Rome, brings on Milt Shaw's little band at eight. It is closely followed by Mario Peralta, whose mastery of the bandonion, the outsize concertina which he earlier plies in this hotel's Place Lautrec, is displayed in between dance sets. Curfew is at one. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The chipper little Café Pierre is the home of a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest music-makers, who do a hand gallop every night. Alex Geraldo, who chants to his own guitar, does stay away on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jack Jones, the latest young Lochinvar out of the West (his parentage is Hollywood), is singing away in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Emil Coleman's big, rumbling band and Mark Monte's picadors provide dance music through the whole evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, Leo LeFleur's duo tinkles away from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The LeFleur holiday is always Monday. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu prevails until one. He stays home Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Two rooms with a view, in one of which the sounds of George Cort's fivesome impinge gently on your ears and your cocktails, in the other of which the music is translated into direct action on a circular dance floor. The altitude is sixty-five floors, the music plays from eight to one every night but Sunday, and the chef sticks it out to the end.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The orchestra of Peter Duchin, a copious cascade, and the group put together by Quintero, a truly noble Latin contingent, make sure that there is never a quiet moment in the Maisonette, that venerable affair of state. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a smaller and calmer *salle à manger*, affords the musings of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—If the Egyptian deities that are so prominent in the decorative scheme could only talk, what would they say of the *laissez-faire* dance festival in which the youth of the nation indulges night after night? The music is canned but crisp, the evenings are long—eight to four.

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Note—The land of the free is reproduced by **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of Central Park, and no trees or statuary hinder one's choreographic imagination. The air is community and circumspect, the airs (by two bands) are North and South American, the air-conditioning is majestic. This interesting solution includes bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-forty-five until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven-fifteen), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine conservatory of music that is lenient toward sounds that are not at all of Italian extraction—such as Borodin as revamped in "Kismet," bits and pieces of which are currently in vocal and instrumental progress. Dancing, too, Thursday through Saturday every week. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, dean of the drawing-room pianists, does lightning arabesques that never strike twice in the same place. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A promenade for liege lords and ladies, along which are to be found the relaxed piano of Jules Kuti from cocktails through dinner, the effervescent piano of Otis Clements from then on, and, after ten-thirty, the piano and ballads of Bobby Short, which have a zip code that is theirs alone. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are the Short sidemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Lovers' knots and lovers' snarls untied while you wait as Mabel Mercer, a ruler all serene, imparts her own special underemphasis to a bouquet of songs that no one else ever seems to discover. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Ten-thirty is starting time. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): One glance at the medieval surroundings is proof that *le Vert Galant* was a merry old soul. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Dolce* is the *vita*, and *dolce* is the threnody of the street musicians who march up and down from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Via Veneto West, but all roofed over, so the elements cannot impede either the diners or the troupe of strolling musicians. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): A very new Andalusian town house, and a thing of beauty. In the largest of its four rooms, the guitar of Gustavo Lopez wanders from its native Spain to New York and back again. Eight until very late is his schedule. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, and it's a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of José Luis Franco's terse guitar. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep in the performing arts. Sort of cookout are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced seven days a week by a tireless jazz trio. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): From conservatory to bar, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A rambling and picturesque *ranchero* that is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is below our borders, too, and so is the music—strolling Latin singers and players on patrol from five-thirty to eleven during the week, and a real conflagration of singers and dancers from one to nine on Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The good life as it can be lived in the north of Italy, along with the regional culinary perquisites. There's Joe Candullo and his trio making north-of-America dance music after eight-thirty, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Light hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance, the last of which is provided for by Béla Babai's band. Closed Mondays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Mario Peralta, who later moves on to the Hilton's Seven Hills, operates his bandonion from five to seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Night must fall, but it does so most becomingly through the windows of the owlishly ornamented Crown Restaurant, which offers a fifth-floor look at the Hudson and a harp in action from seven to ten-thirty every evening. Through Sunday, Dec. 6, the harp will be addressed by Daphne Hellman; thereafter, a newcomer, Gladys Hubner, will be at it, with an occasional assist from Miss H. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The dark eyes here are all Muscovite. The most burning pair belongs to Marina Fedorovskaya, who has Russian arias to match. Broody violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Dress circle, more often than not. Venetian-glass piano is contributed, from

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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eight-thirty until one or two, by George Feyer. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an ebullient throwback to the "Naughty Marietta" sort of soubrette, chants at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio sounds off now and then. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose specialty is calm, collected pianism, is in the Casino-on-the-Park, an ample rest haven, from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Roaring fortissimos go hand in hand as the staff, to whom waiting on table comes in second to singing Verdi, gets to work. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): It's the wine cellar of the Hotel Stanhope, and just large enough for Al Valenti, his guitar (American), and a few mild tipplers to congregate. Nine-thirty to one, except Mondays, is the extent of the music. No dining. . . . **IL SOLE,** 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): Ralph Strain is doing his slow, romantic, trip-to-the-moon piano from seven-thirty until two every night but Sunday at the far end of the dining room.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girlish glee and womanly beauty unconfined are what "Tonight's the Night" is mostly made of, but this mighty, and nightly, extravaganza contains other ingredients, too—the Olympian grace of the ballet executed by François Szony and Nancy Claire, the leaps-for-life ballet of the Bal Caron troupe, the sturdy Britishness of the Dagenham Girl Pipers. Never mind the New Zealand Twist band, whose music is its own boomerang. Dancing for the guests, too. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Milt Kamen has grave doubts about everything, including himself, and therein lies the humor of the evening; Jane Morgan, a big box of candy, does the carolling. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, there is never a shortage of shouting and tumult. The quartet of Erskine Hawkins, on view from ten to four without ever a night off, is one reason. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Shelley Berman, who has built a syndrome big enough for all the ills that flesh is heir to, uses it as a stadium in which to entertain them and, nervously, his audience; Della Reese, becomingly more carefree these nights, uses a trip hammer (a light one, though) to forge her ballads. This enterprise will be dark from Sunday through Wednesday, Dec. 6-9, and will reopen next evening on a temporary Thursday-through-Saturday timetable. Morgana King will be doing the cantatas, and Pete Barbutti, a humorist who is new to most of us, will be doing the conversation.

CABARETS

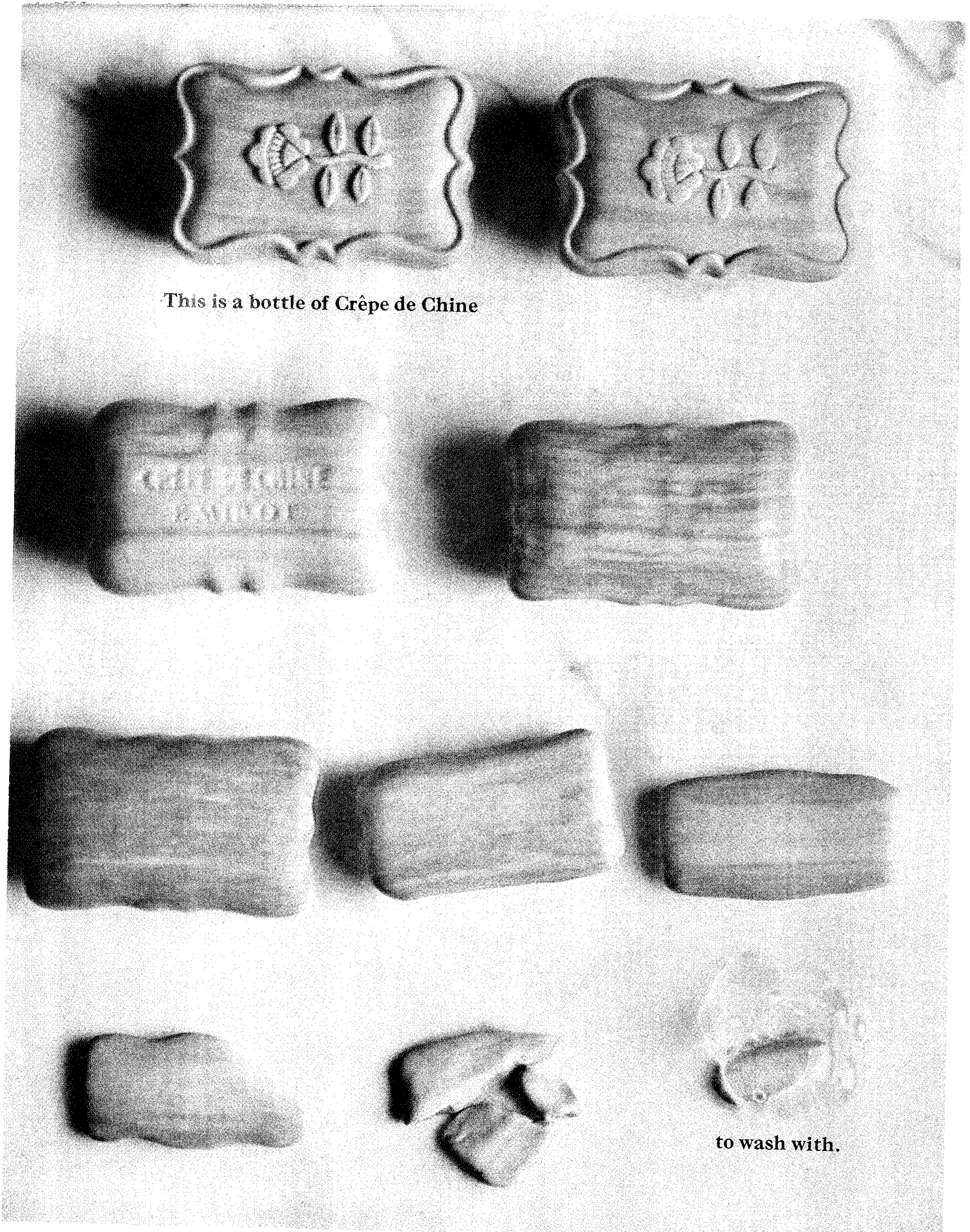
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In prankish parables and Damascus-steel poesy, "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the latest and maybe the greatest Julius Monk revue, makes burnt offerings and burnt effigies of very nearly all the people and problems that beset the admirers of civilization. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason wear their Monkish habits with excelling skill; Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers are the best of playmates and foils. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are at the continuous pianos. Tee-off times are nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Ferocious enthusiasm is the motive of the mixed bag of Latinos—singing, stamping, strolling, swooping around with fiddles—that, glorying in its innocence, occupies the stage in the back room twice on weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, at ten-thirty on Sundays. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given equal time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. The customers dine on many other things. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The best moments of "The Game Is Up," the revue that lives here, involve R. G. Brown, who sees life through the eyes of a sensitive, disingenuous child. Carol Morley and Marian Mercer are likewise never becalmed by the occasional doldrums in the script. It happens at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "Cambridge Circus," the joint effort of half a dozen young, earnest, but not wholly efficacious Britishers, makes some points and misses some. Ray Bryant's trio inserts some dapper jazz. The plan of attack is most nights at eight-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven, and Mondays not at all.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): João Gilberto, a major representative of Brazilian modern music (than which there is none better), is being representative these nights, with his guitar and voice. Art Farmer's brave quartet of North American modernists is there, too. They work out every evening but Monday, and every Sunday afternoon beginning at four. On Thursday, Dec. 10, Mose Allison's trio will replace Señor Gilberto; the Farmers may or may not remain in the dell. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Herbie Mann's fife-and-drum corps winds its way o'er strange Latin leas, and Mongo Santamaria's septet winds its way through slightly more familiar Latin terrain. Fridays and Saturdays, there are speeches by Dick Gregory, once a humorist and now a campaigner. Mondays are set aside for visiting performers. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, commencing—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with a band headed by Max Kaminsky (Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, and Jake Hanna are components), not to mention Red Allen's blasters. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The current hurly-burly—Woody Herman's blustering band and Les McCann's threesome—ceases on Wednesday, Dec. 9. Next evening is Bonus Night, for Dizzy Gillespie's quintet and Gerry Mulligan's band descend upon the place for a considerable visit. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The latest (the seventeen-thousandth) changing of the guard—or vanguard, considering the music the participants indulge in—moves the quartet of John Coltrane out on Thursday, Dec. 3, and inserts the quartet of Tubby Hayes the next evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The sound of the twenties, thirties, and sixties, as remembered by Peanuts Hucko, who has a constantly varying assortment of fellow-sympathizers at work with him (Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, and Cliff Leeman should be participating). Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Teddy Wilson's steady, sure-footed, cheerful threesome rolls on in even tenor, and Randy Weston's sixsome speaks out in favor of new tricks in this old trade. They are around every night but Monday, when Larry Rivers and his every-man-for-himself Upper Bohemia Six take charge. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Mary Lou Williams, who knows every phase of jazz piano, principally because she has invented so much of it. There is also John Bunch, whose airy involutions make the interlude piano step lively. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street where so many of us were brought up is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. No music Sundays. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Seacoast-of-Maine scenery, seacoast-of-young-Bohemia aura, and a staff outfitted in H.M.S. Pinafore uniforms, all of which makes a novel setting for a small, articulate period-piece dance band that starts at nine-thirty every night and quits rather late in the morning. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails: on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, applying the most unusual twists and turns to both organ and vocal music, begins his odd ellipses at ten every evening but Sunday. . . . **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris, for whom this nineteenth-century bar-and-grill is a proper setting, has seven men recalling yesteryear, and with vigor. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): **CAFÉ NOIR** is as festive as the brew ever gets, but no matter. Danny Meehan, a startling bundle of arms and legs when he sings, takes care of the show tunes; Mike Settle takes more sedate care of our hill-and-dale music. Dick Cavett, a recently hatched wit, is the talker. Mr. Meehan's final episode



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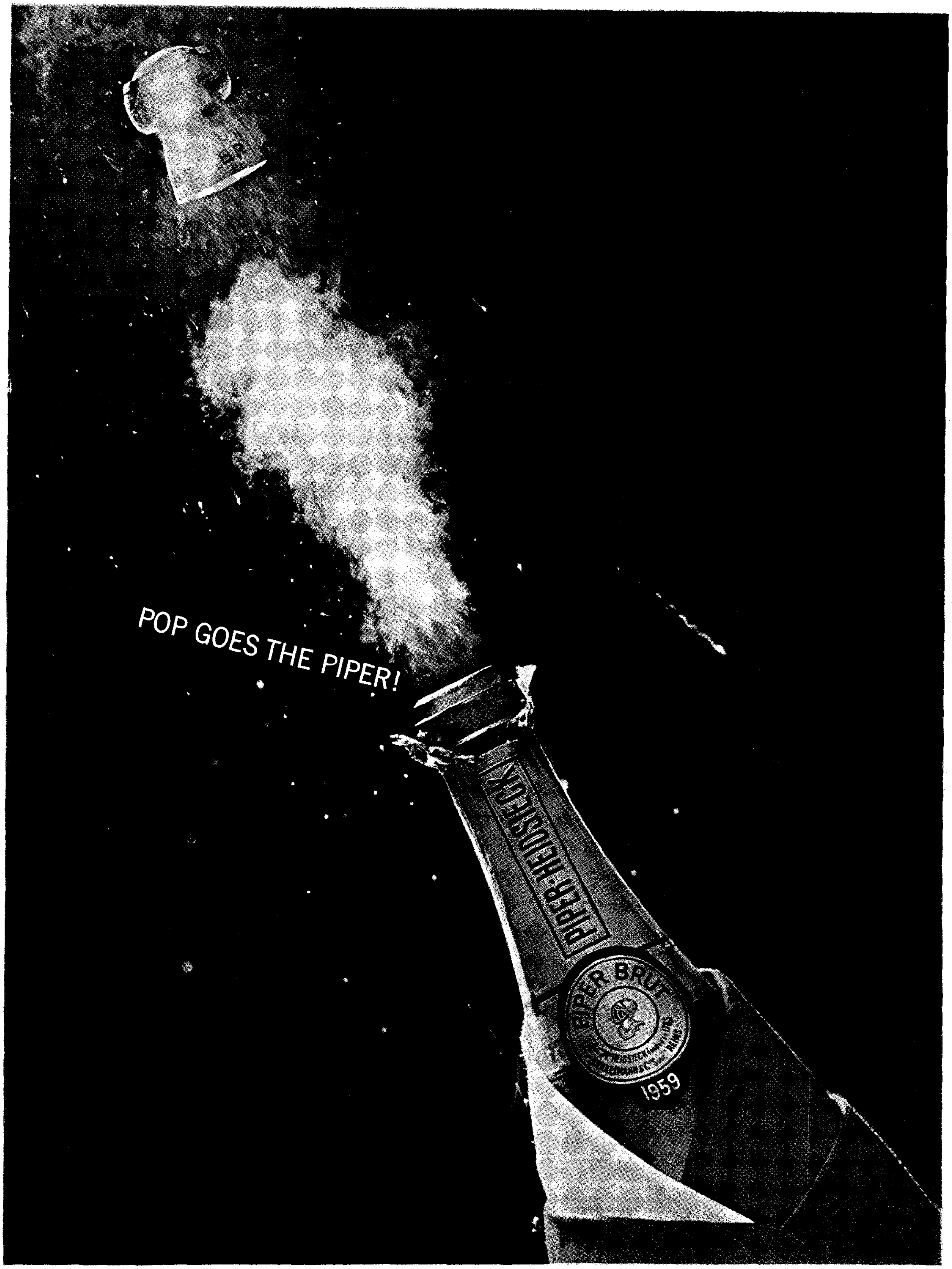
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

occurs on Monday, Dec. 7. Tuesdays are given over to visitors.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Harold Baumbach—Abstract paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Thomas Blagden—Semi-abstract oils and watercolors; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Bratby—Figures in interiors, landscapes, and sea pictures by a young English artist; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Daniel Brustlein—Portraits, landscapes, and other subjects; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Fritz Bultman—Abstract paintings and sculptures; through Jan. 2. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Cole (1801-48)—American and European landscapes; through Dec. 31. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

Robert Davidson—Semi-abstract prints and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Arkep, 171 W. 29th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5:30.)

Elaine de Kooning—Portraits and sketches of President Kennedy; through Dec. 31. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fred Farr—Sculptures in bronze, mainly of prancing chargers and other animals; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Joseph Floch—Interiors and figures; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alberto Giacometti—Drawings (1923-64); through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Albert Gleizes and the Section d'Or—Paintings by Gleizes, against a background of paintings and sculptures by Léger, Lhote, Archipenko, and other participants in the 1912 exhibition the "Salon de la Section d'Or;" through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Abstract paintings and collages; through Dec. 19. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Utagawa Hiroshige (1797-1859)—The set of Japanese woodcut prints entitled "The Fifty-three Stages of Tokaido;" through Dec. 19. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Hofflander—Landscape and still-life paintings; through Dec. 19. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philippe Hosiasson, Emil Schumacher, and Iaroslav Serpan—Abstract paintings by three Europeans; through Dec. 19. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Angelo Ippolito—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Dec. 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herbert Kallem—Semi-abstract and abstract sculptures in welded metal and found objects; through Dec. 23. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Manolo (1872-1945)—Sculptures and drawings by the Spanish artist; through Dec. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Matta—Bronzes by this Paris artist better known for his paintings; through Jan. 9. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Hans Moller—Semi-abstract oils of Maine; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Armando Morales—Abstractions; through Thursday, Dec. 10. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan Müller (1912-58)—Expressionist paintings by a German-American artist; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Abstract wood sculptures, constructivist in manner; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Serge Poliakoff—Abstract oils and gouaches; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Abstract paintings; through Dec. 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Preston (1873-1962)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by this close friend of the artists of the Ashcan school; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Georges Rouault—The first New York showing of the set of fifty-four paintings (1930-38) used in making the wood engravings for André Suarès' poem "La Passion;" through Dec. 19. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Schrag—Paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Mel Silverman—"Collages: People and Places;" through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Pavel Tchelitchew—Drawings, dating from 1927 to the late forties; through Dec. 31. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Toulouse-Lautrec—Portraits of relatives, friends, and family retainers, in an exhibition marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through Dec. 15. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

Andy Warhol—Pop art; through Dec. 17. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wilhelm Woeller (1907-54)—Expressionist paintings and drawings, plus sculptures, by this German artist; through Dec. 19. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

Americana—An exhibition of weathervanes, music boxes, paintings, trade signs, decoys, decorative eagles, and toys of the last century, from the Shelburne Museum, in Shelburne, Vermont; through Dec. 31. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Japanese Folk Art—Sculptures and paintings from ten centuries, 895-1867; through Dec. 24. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

African Art—"Old African Tribal Sculptures," an exhibit containing masks, statues, and utensils (in wood, ivory, and brass) used in religious and magical ceremonies; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Christmas Shows—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 40 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures ($25 to $350) by Randi Aaroc, Alf J. Stromsted, H. T. Snell, and others; through Dec. 24. (Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Ben Shahn, John Marin, and William Zorach are three of the artists represented in a showing of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints ($100 to $2,500); through Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St.: French works in a variety of mediums ($450 to $14,500) by, among others, Renoir, Pissarro, and Rodin; through Dec. 31. . . . **MARKS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Drawings, watercolors, lithographs, etchings, and sculptures ($50 to $1,000) by Miró, Lyonel Feininger, and Peter Chinni (to mention a few); through Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Show—Paintings by Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, Homer D. Martin, and other artists of the Hudson River School; through Dec. 31. (Sloan, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **DEITSCH**, 24 E. 81st St.: "Black on White," a selection of original prints, from Goya to the present, is the first offering in the gallery's new quarters; through Saturday, Dec. 5. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: "3 Generations," a loan exhibition of paintings and sculptures covering the period from Brancusi and 1910 Cubism through Abstract Expressionism to pop art; through Dec. 26. . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Part II of the gallery's twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition, made up of paintings by Edward Hicks, Grandma Moses, Henri Rousseau, and others; through Dec. 19.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **DURLACHER**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Old-master draw-

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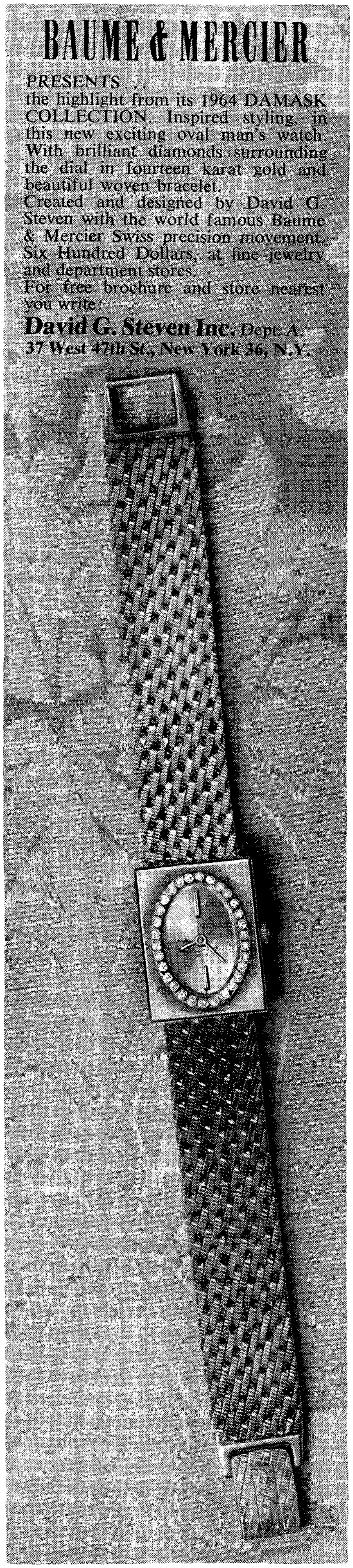
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ings (late fifteenth to early nineteenth century) by such artists as Annibale Carracci, Piranesi, Ruskin, and G. F. Watts; through Dec. 31. . . . **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: French paintings of the nineteenth century, "From Delacroix to Monet;" through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: A benefit loan exhibition, "Important European Paintings from Texas Private Collections," including works by Cézanne, Klee, and Modigliani; through Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. . . . ¶ "Aesop, Five Centuries of Illustrated Fables," a display of illustrations ranging from anonymous fifteenth-century woodcuts to prints by Antonio Frasconi. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Architecture Without Architects," examples from sixty countries, ranging from undatable past to present and including underground villages, cliff dwellings, storage fortresses, and amphitheatres in the round; through Feb. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Francesco Bassano's "Adoration of the Shepherds," painted between 1580 and 1590, on loan for the Christmas season from the Kunsthistorisches Museum, in Vienna; starting Monday, Dec. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Masters of the Japanese Print: Moronobu to Utamaro," a showing of a hundred woodcuts, dating mostly from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through Dec. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A painting or sculpture apiece by more than twenty artists (Robert Motherwell, Ben Shahn, and Theodore Roszak among them), each of whom has also selected for this exhibit one work by a younger artist; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ "Genoese Painters from Cambiaso to Magnasco," a show covering the period 1550 to 1750; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Beach, the Burlesque, and the Bowery," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and prints by Reginald Marsh, marking the tenth anniversary of his death; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ A survey of paintings (1928-64) by the French artist Jean Hélion, tracing his development from earlier abstraction to current realism; through Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Oils, drawings, watercolors, and sculptures from the collection of Caroline and Erwin Swann, including pieces by Francis Bacon, Degas, Miró, and Rodin; through Dec. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of some three hundred items by Alexander Calder. Along with the mobiles and stabiles, there are line drawings, toys, wire sculptures, jewelry, wood carvings, bronze figures, abstract constructions, mechanized objects, tapestries, and paintings. Through Jan. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Drawings of the 15th and 16th Centuries from the Wallraf-Richartz Museum in Cologne;" through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Rembrandt etchings, landscapes, and self-portraits; through Jan. 15. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Amusements" is the name of a show made up of toys, constructions, books, figures, dolls, paintings, and other things to look at and play with; through Jan. 17. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The American Image," an exhibition composed chiefly of folk sculptures—the Presidents, the American eagle, Uncle Sam, the flag, and so on; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture from the Collection of Jay C. Leff," a display of objects from some thirty West African tribes. There are antelope headpieces of the Bambara, Ashanti brass figures, Benin court jewelry, and Senufo and Dogon masks. Through Feb. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1964 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture, an invitation show, comprising a work apiece by a hundred and twenty-three artists, among them Alexander Calder, Costantino Nivola, and David Smith; starting Wednesday, Dec. 9. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 7-8, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Falstaff," with Raina Kabaivanska, Regina Resnik, Jeanette Scovotti, Mildred Miller, Ezio Flagello, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Carlotta Ordassy, Sándor Kónya, Nicolae Herlea, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Gladys Kriese, Arturo Sergi, Paul Schöffler, John Macurdy, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Manon," with Jean Fenn, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa Della Casa, Judith Raskin, Otto Edelmann, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Renata Tebaldi, Barry Morell, Anselmo Colzani, Giorgio Tozzi, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Teresa Stratas, Judith Raskin, Cesare Siepi, and Hermann Prey. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 11, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Blanche Thebom, Jess Thomas, Paul Schöffler, John Macurdy, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Gianna d'Angelo, Nedda Casei, Cornell MacNeil, Carlo Bergonzi, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Barry Morell, Robert Merrill, and Fernando Corena. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call CO 5-6291 Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 to 4.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Theatre—Puccini's "Suor Angelica" and Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnol," produced by John Brownlee, conducted by Anton Coppola and Richard Kapp, and staged by Carlton Gauld. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, at 8. For information about free tickets, call EN 9-2202.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3 (all with Leon Fleisher, piano, and the United States Military Academy Band); and performances of Strauss's "Elektra" on Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 11, at 2:15; and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30 (all with Astrid Varnay and Phyllis Curtin, sopranos; Regina Resnik, mezzo-soprano; Arturo Sergi, tenor; and Gustav Neidlinger, bass).

Boston Symphony—Richard Burgin conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Leonid Kogan, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Philharmonia of New York—Edward Gerber conducting, with Marni Nixon, soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 5:15.)

Stravinsky—Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft conducting an orchestra in a program of Stravinsky works, with Isaac Stern, violin; Cathy Berberian, mezzo-soprano; and Derrik Olsen, baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing, with the American Symphony Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 7, at 8:40.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting, with the Juilliard String Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Michael Bartlett, tenor, and Leonidas Lipovetsky, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Twentieth-Century Innovations—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the first in a series of four concerts, this one devoted to the music of Subotnick, Weill, Eisler, Castiglioni, and Yun. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Mannes Orchestra and Columbia University Chorus—A joint concert, with Peter Flanders directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Louis Bagger, harpsichord; Joan E. Meitzler, organ; and vocal soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, and Friday, Dec. 11, both at 8.)

The Play of Herod—A twelfth-century musical drama, presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast of fifty includes singers, actors, and players on medieval instruments. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 9-11, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 12, at 3 and 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3. For information about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call 877-3300.)

Brooklyn College Festival Chorus and Orchestra—Robert Hickok directing a performance of Haydn's "The Creation." (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

New York University Glee Club—Alfred M. Greenfield directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Brown University and Pembroke College Glee Clubs—A joint concert, with Erich Kunzel directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Cesare Valletti—Tenor. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30, no guest artist; and Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. The third and fourth in a series of six programs. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30, the last in a series of all-Beethoven programs; and Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30, the first in a series of three varied programs, this one with Walter Trampler, viola, and David Soyer, cello.)

Willie Ruff, Robert Helps, and Isidore Cohen—Horn, piano, and violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 5:30.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of early baroque music of Italy and Germany. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—A new group made up of Boston Symphony principals, in its first appearance here. The first in a series of three concerts. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Monday, Dec. 7, at 8:40.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin, with members of the American Symphony Orchestra directed by Jacques Singer. The third in a series of four

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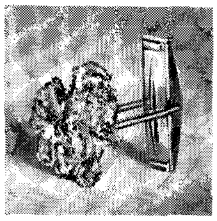

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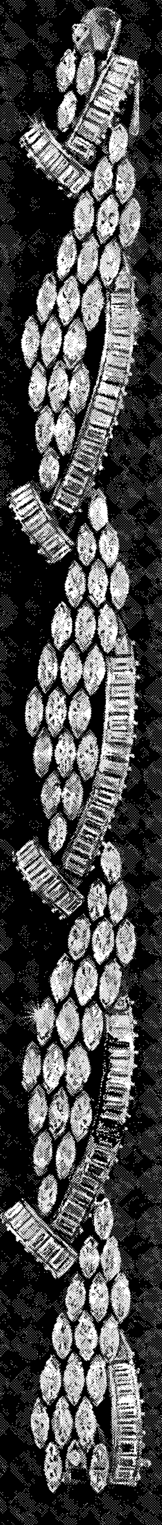

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concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Harry Belafonte—Ballad singer, with African musicians, dancers, and singers, in a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Leslie Parnas—Cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 11, at 5:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The New York Woodwind quintet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

Artists' Choice Concert—Sonya Monosoff, violin, and Howard Lebow, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Leonid Kogan—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

New York Camerata—Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Charles Forbes, cello; and Glenn Jacobson, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Note—The Hungarian Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Dec. 7, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. Baltimore and Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

Boxing—Bobby Bartels vs. Lenny Mangiapane, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 11. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 5.)

Professional Football—At Yankee Stadium—Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2:05: Giants vs. Minnesota Vikings. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:05: Giants vs. Cleveland Browns.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 7:30.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 12. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 12.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **amato opera company:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday, Dec. 5, at 11. . . . ¶ "Cinderella," Saturday, Dec. 12, at 11. . . . ¶ "Die Fledermaus," Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:30. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.) . . . **little orchestra society:** Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concert of the season, with Alfred Drake, narrator, and Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 11.) . . . **concerts for children:** A program of sacred music, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the **b. gay puppets:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **jan hus children's theatre:** "The Adventures of Pinocchio." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **martinique theatre:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **merri-mimes:** "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **musical theatre for children:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "Treasure Island." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . **paper bag players:** "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **pencil box productions:** "Fee Fi Fo Fum." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **spyglass productions:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, and Sundays at 12:30.) . . . **stage 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . **traveling playhouse:** "The Secret Treasure Room." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:30.) . . . **rod young's puppet theatre:** "The Brave Little Tailor," Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Red Riding Hood and the Space Wolf," Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:30. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show is called "The Skies of Christmas Past." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—John Berryman and William Meredith reading from their own poems. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.) . . . ¶ Truman Capote reading from "Breakfast at Tiffany's" and from a new short story. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Flower Show—The Christmas Show, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Dec. 9, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Dec. 3, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, at 1:45: French and other Provincial furniture and decorations, from the collection of the late Roslyn Rosier. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 1:45: Rare manuscripts and books, from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 10-12, at 1:45: French, English, and Italian furniture and decorations; the property of Mrs. Robert Badenhop and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 5.

NOTE—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its five thousand lights and five thousand red, green, blue, and gold spangles, and ready to be lighted at about 6:15 on Thursday, Dec. 10.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Dec. 15, 19, 25, and 27, and Jan. 1, 5, and 9.

BOXING—Joey Giardello vs. Rubin (Hurricane) Carter, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Convention Hall, Philadelphia. Dec. 14.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 13, 16, 20, 26, and 29, and Jan. 3, 6, and 10.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 19-20.)

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory. Jan. 15.)

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 17. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 30. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Members of the New York Philharmonic, in a benefit concert, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 15 and 29. . . . ¶ Ruggiero Ricci, violin, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra, Dec. 18 and Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Christmas Music Festival, Dec. 21-23 and 27. . . . ¶ Ferrante and Teicher, duo piano, Jan. 5. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Hermann Prey, baritone, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Daniel Shafran, cello, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 20-21. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Christmas Eve Concert, Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Pete Seeger, folk singer, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Emil Gilels, piano, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Jan. 3 and 5. . . . ¶ Giuseppe Di Stefano, tenor, Jan. 9. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Walter Hautzig, piano, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Esterhazy Orchestra, Dec. 16. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Janos Starker, cello, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Dec. 19-20 and Jan. 9-10. . . . ¶ Leon Fleisher, piano, and Tossy Spivakovsky, violin, Jan. 7. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (RE 7-8490): Emil Gilels, piano, Dec. 20.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A four-week return engagement of the English revue "Beyond the Fringe." . . . ¶ A musical, "I Had a Ball," with a book by Jerome Chodorov, music and lyrics by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman, and a cast headed by Buddy Hackett and Richard Kiley. . . . ¶ "Alfie!," a comedy by Bill Naughton, imported from London; Terence Stamp, Juliet Mills, and Margaret Courtenay are the principals. . . . ¶ A two-week revival by the New York City Center Light Opera Company of "Brigadoon," with Peter Palmer, Linda Bennett, Scott McKay, and Louise O'Brien. . . . ¶ John Gielgud and Irene Worth in Edward Albee's new play "Tiny Alice." . . . ¶ A two-week engagement by the Polish Mime Theatre, from Warsaw, in its first appearance here, at the City Center. . . . ¶ A two-character comedy by Enid Rudd, "Peterpat," in which Dick Shawn and Joan Hackett will appear. . . . ¶ A comedy, "The Family Way," by Ben Starr, with Jack Kelly and Collin Wilcox.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Dec. 13: John Ciardi. . . . ¶ Dec. 20: Claire Bloom. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A. FI 8-1500.)

OTHER DATES—Salzburg Marionette Theatre, at Town Hall, Dec. 17-Jan. 8. . . . ¶ The first day of winter is Monday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Fridays. . . . ¶ Ice Follies of 1965, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 12-24. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Friday, Jan. 15. . . . ¶ National Motor Boat Show, at the Coliseum, Jan. 15-24.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Les Abysses—A horror story, too chic for its own good, about a couple of murderous servant girls in the depths of the French countryside. Directed by Nico Papatakis. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 9.)

Cartouche—This French movie is a part-time spoof and rest-of-the-time imitation of cape-and-sword romance. The humor is broad; the settings, in and around eighteenth-century Paris, are most satisfactory; and the magnetic Jean-Paul Belmondo is well cast as the leader of a band of robbers. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 9.)

The Finest Hours—Winston Churchill is a great man, and this documentary of his long life is therefore well worth seeing. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Guns at Batasi—Richard Attenborough putting on a grand show as a regimental sergeant-major in a dangerous corner of Africa. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Night Watch—How to escape from prison, in fifty or so not at all easy lessons. A French picture, directed by Jacques Becker. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 3.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child is weakened by a dull, mawkish script, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero, and Painesville, Ohio, where the movie was photographed, is certainly a lovely town to look at. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Organizer—Life in an Italian factory some seventy years ago. An unlikely subject, but, thanks to the director, Mario Monicelli, and his star, Marcello Mastroianni, it comes joyously and heartbreakingly to life. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Dec. 8, tentative.)

The Pumpkin Eater—An odd, delightful study of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A stylish British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough acting their heads off in commendably scary fashion. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320. Showings daily at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Saturdays at midnight. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers being very droll as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. The movie was made under the skilled direction of Blake Edwards, who also collaborated on the script. Everybody involved should be warmly congratulated. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 9.)

Topkapi—How to steal crown jewels, in another of those adult-education courses by Jules Dassin with, as his capable assistants, Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, and Robert Morley. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The Troublemaker—High jinks concerning the tribulations of a chicken farmer trying to set up a coffeehouse in Greenwich Village. Theodore J. Flicker wrote the script of this pleasantry with the help of Buck Henry, and both gentlemen should be proud of themselves. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 8.)

REVIVALS

The Conjugal Bed (1963)—An account of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Lothario when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; through Dec. 9, tentative.)

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Don Quixote (1961)—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkasov, in this Soviet version of Cervantes' classic. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Dec. 4.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 8, tentative.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 9.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting Dec. 8.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl, and Tom Bell is the boy. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Dec. 3.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 8.)

The Notorious Landlady (1962)—A comedy of murder in an English setting, with Fred Astaire and Jack Lemmon as a couple of diplomats at our London embassy. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through Dec. 9, tentative.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 8.)

Quo Vadis (1951)—Christians vs. pagans in a first-century bout. Robert Taylor and some thirty thousand others. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 8.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian movie that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 9.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 4.)

This Sporting Life (1963)—A movie about the rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 4.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Dec. 3.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a *pianistic poseur*. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Dec. 5: "Shadows" (1961), directed by John Cassavetes. . . . ¶ Dec. 6-9: A program of documentary and experimental films. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) **TOPKAPI.**

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060) "First Men in the Moon," Edward Judd, Lionel Jeffries.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) **MY FAIR LADY.**

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) "Slave Trade in the World Today," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320) **QUO VADIS**, revival.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100) Through Dec. 9: "Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408) Through Dec. 9 (tentative): **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian), revival; and "Women of the World," revival, a documentary film.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) "Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788) "Unholy Desire" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) Through Dec. 9 (tentative): **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY**, revival.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) "Goodbye Charlie," Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660) Through Dec. 8: **BECKET.** From Dec. 9: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668) Through Dec. 8 (tentative): **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian); and "How the West Was Won," revival. From Dec. 9: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652) **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**, revival; and "The Model Murder Case," Ian Hendry.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255) "Slave Trade in the World Today," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434) "The Terrace" (in Spanish).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) "To Love" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262) **TOPKAPI.**

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577) Through Dec. 8: "Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Ready for the People," Anne Helm, Everett Sloane. From Dec. 9: "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Ensign Pulver," Robert Walker, Burl Ives.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030) **LES ABYSSES** (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.**

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663) **THE PUMPKIN EATER.**

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664) **GUNS AT BATASI.**

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022) "Goodbye Charlie," Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774) "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130) Dec. 3: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival; and **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish), revival. Dec. 4-6: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker; and "Viva Las Vegas," Elvis Presley, Ann-Margret. Dec. 7: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revivals. From Dec. 8: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; and "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) **THE FINEST HOURS.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) **THE SERVANT**, revival.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313) "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) Through Dec. 8 (tentative): **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian). From Dec. 9 (tentative): "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner; and "Sunday in New York," revival, Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) Through Dec. 8: **BECKET.** From Dec. 9: "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210) Dec. 3: **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French); and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina. Dec. 4-7: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revivals. From Dec. 8: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037) Through Dec. 8: "Malamondo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina. From Dec. 9: **BECKET.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874) Through Dec. 8: **BECKET.** From Dec. 9: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166) Through Dec. 8: "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn; and "Night Train to Paris," Leslie Nielsen. From Dec. 9: "Roustabout," Elvis Presley, Barbara Stanwyck; and "Stage to Thunder Rock," Barry Sullivan, Marilyn Maxwell.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350) Through Dec. 8: **THE TROUBLEMAKER**; and "Sweet Ecstasy" (in French), Elke Sommer. From Dec. 9: **CARTOUCHE** (in French); and "Crazy Desire" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Catherine Spaak.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) Through Dec. 9 (tentative): "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) Through Dec. 4: **DON QUIXOTE**, revival; and "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian), revival. Dec. 5-6: "Eugene Onegin" (in Russian), revival. From Dec. 7: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323) **WEST SIDE STORY**, revival.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) "Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123) To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131) "Utamaro, Painter of Women" (in Japanese).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333) Through Dec. 9 (tentative): "The Adventures of Scaramouche," Gérard Barray.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134) "Bay of the Angels" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189) Through Dec. 9: **LA STRADA** (in Italian), revival; and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) Through Dec. 8: **THE SERVANT**, revival; and **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY**, revival. From Dec. 9: "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370) Dec. 3: "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale; and "The Tailor's Maid" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica. From Dec. 4: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**, revival; and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200) Through Dec. 8: **THE TROUBLEMAKER**; and "Sweet Ecstasy" (in French), Elke Sommer. From Dec. 9: **CARTOUCHE** (in French); and "Crazy Desire" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Catherine Spaak.

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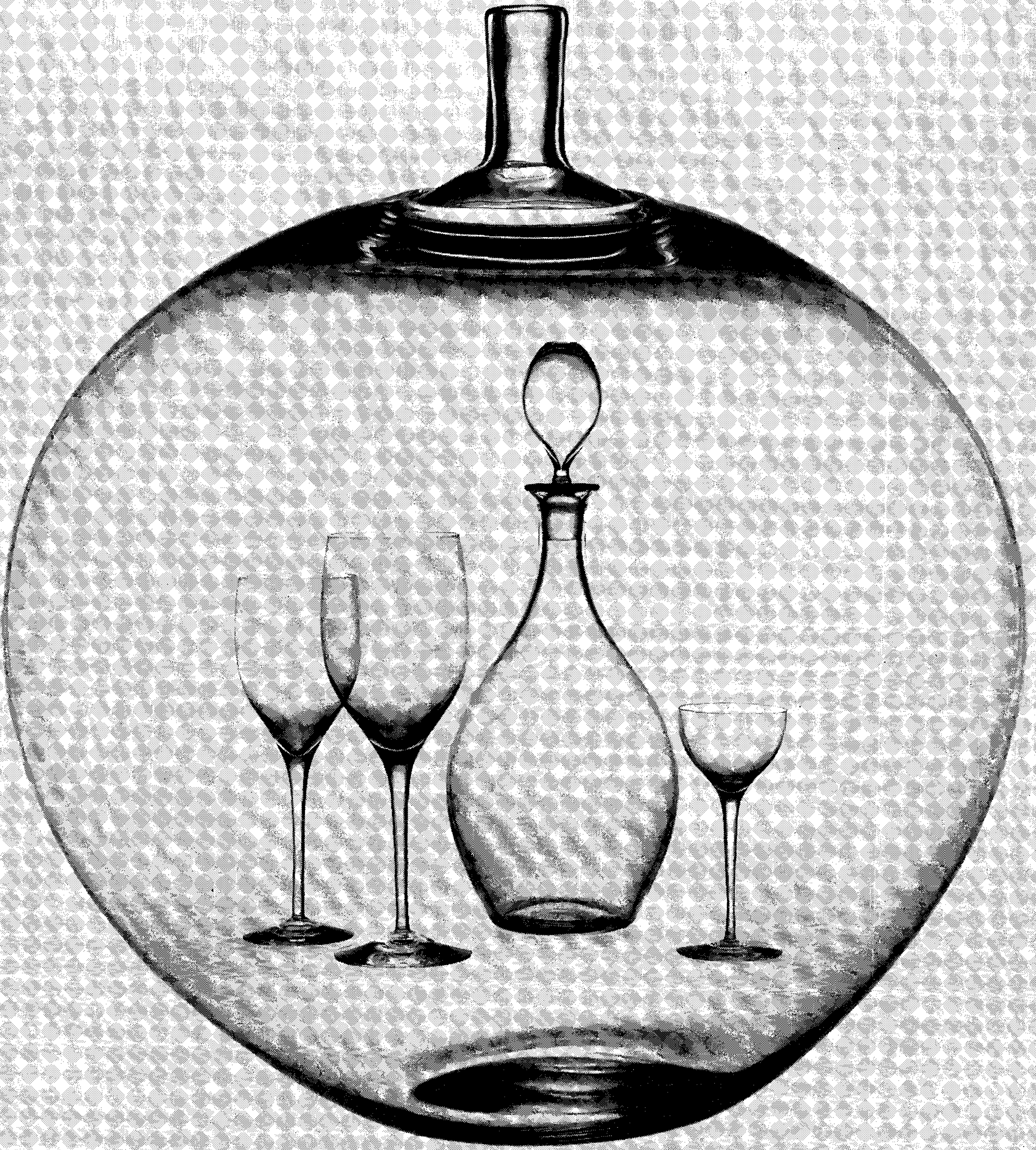

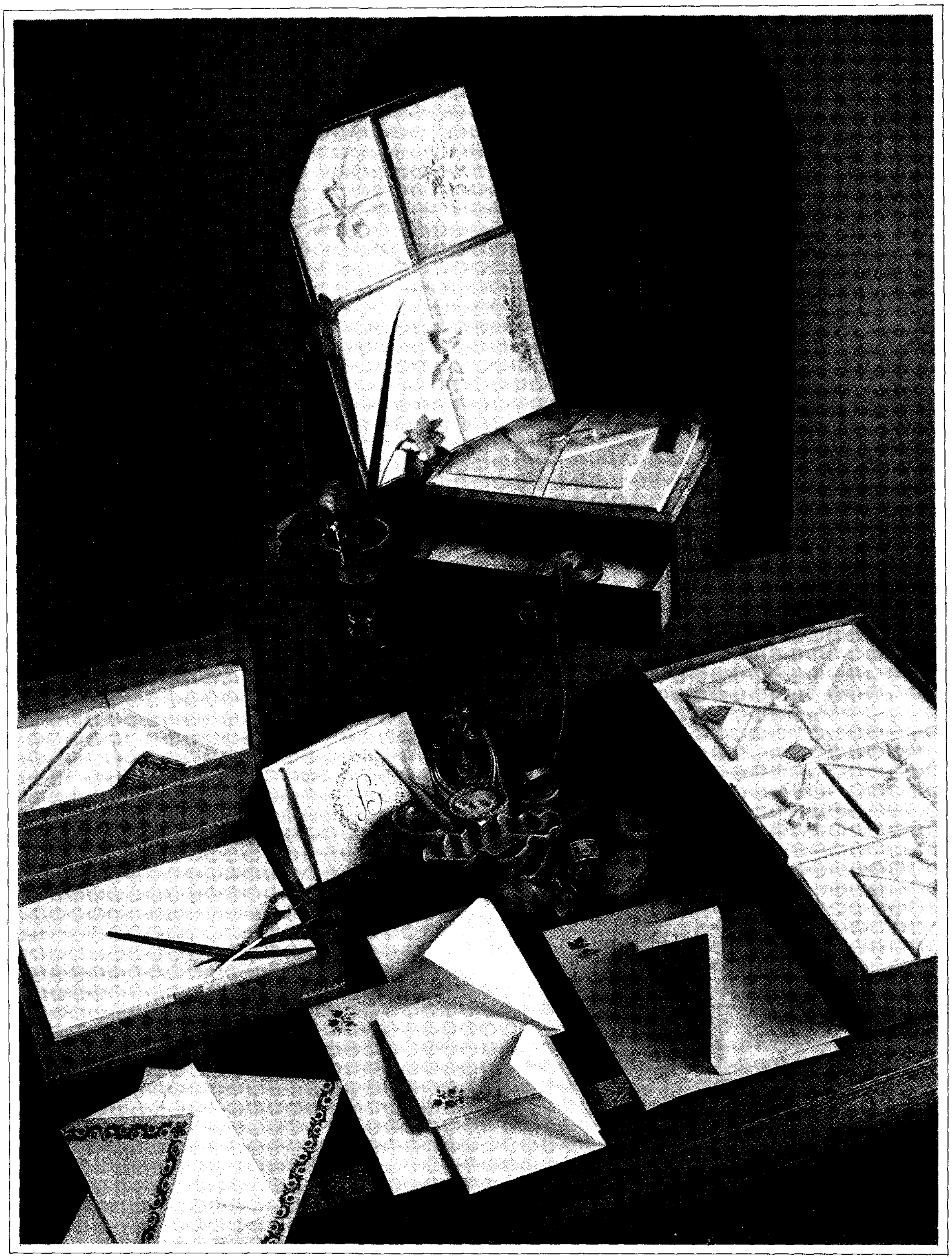

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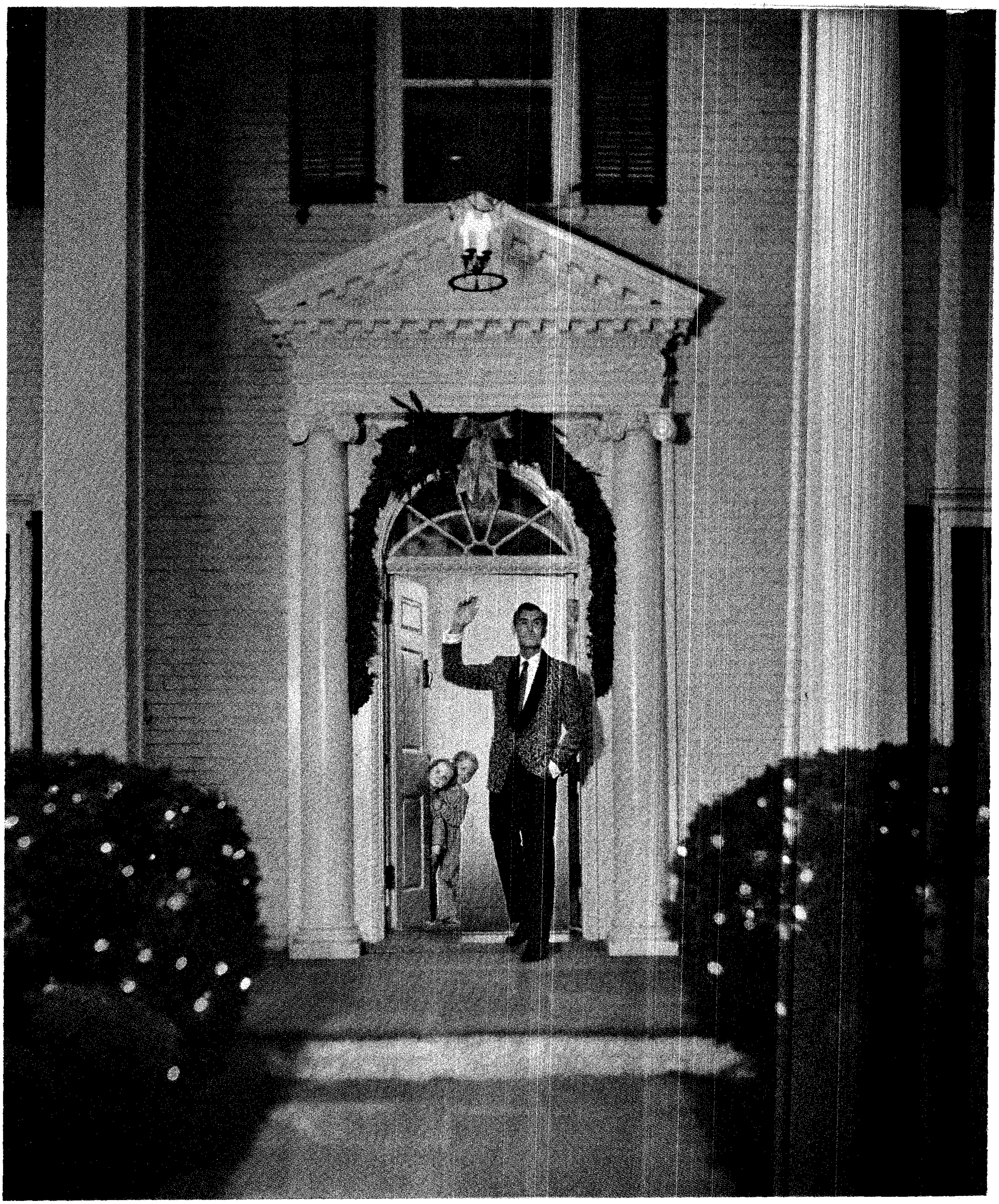

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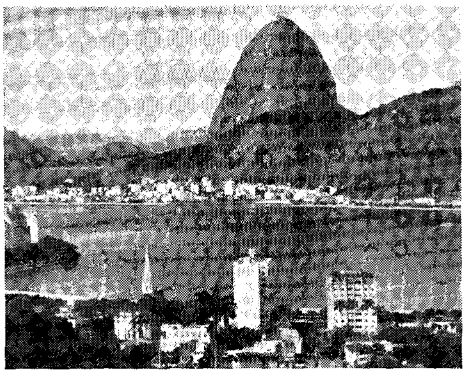

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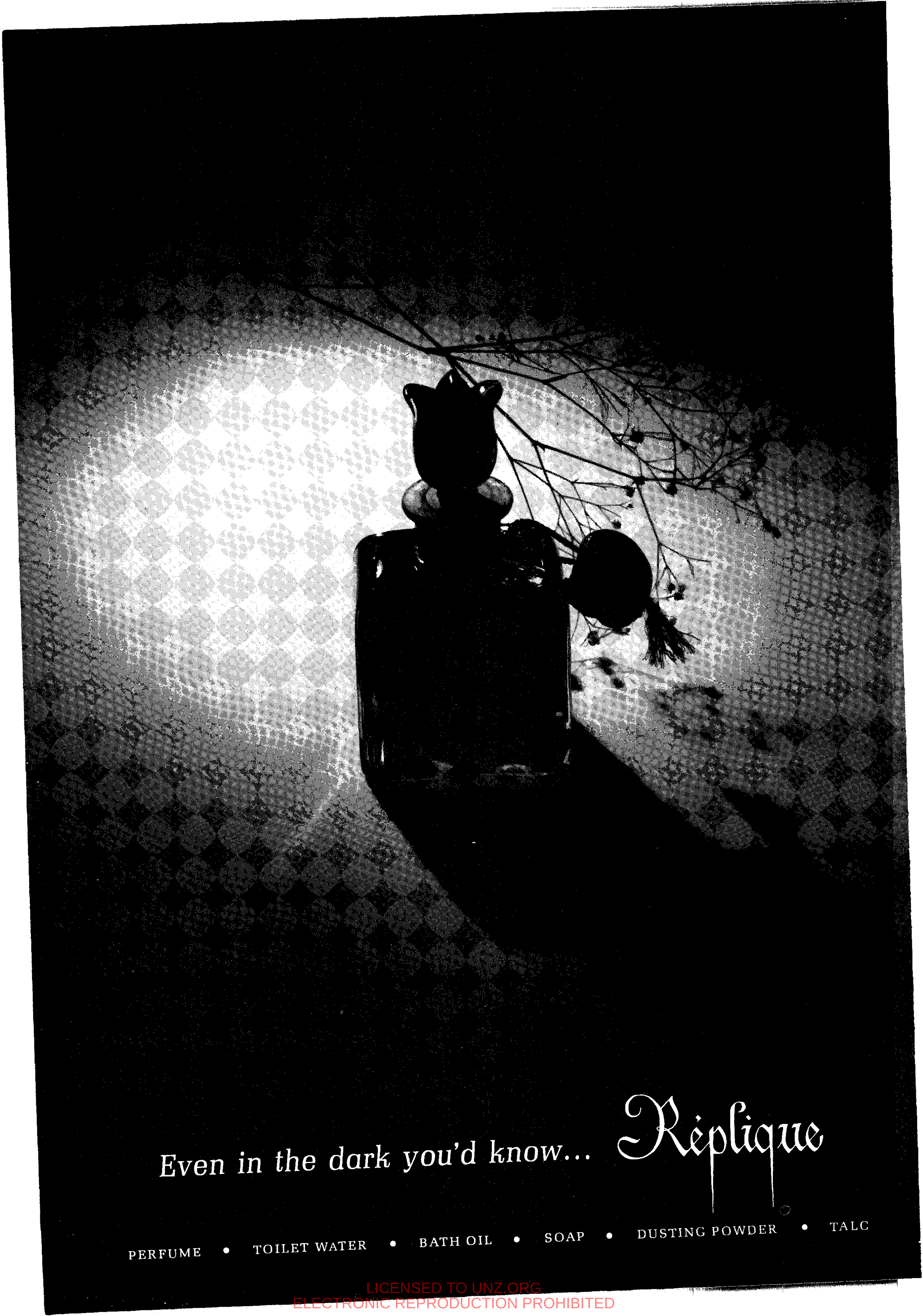
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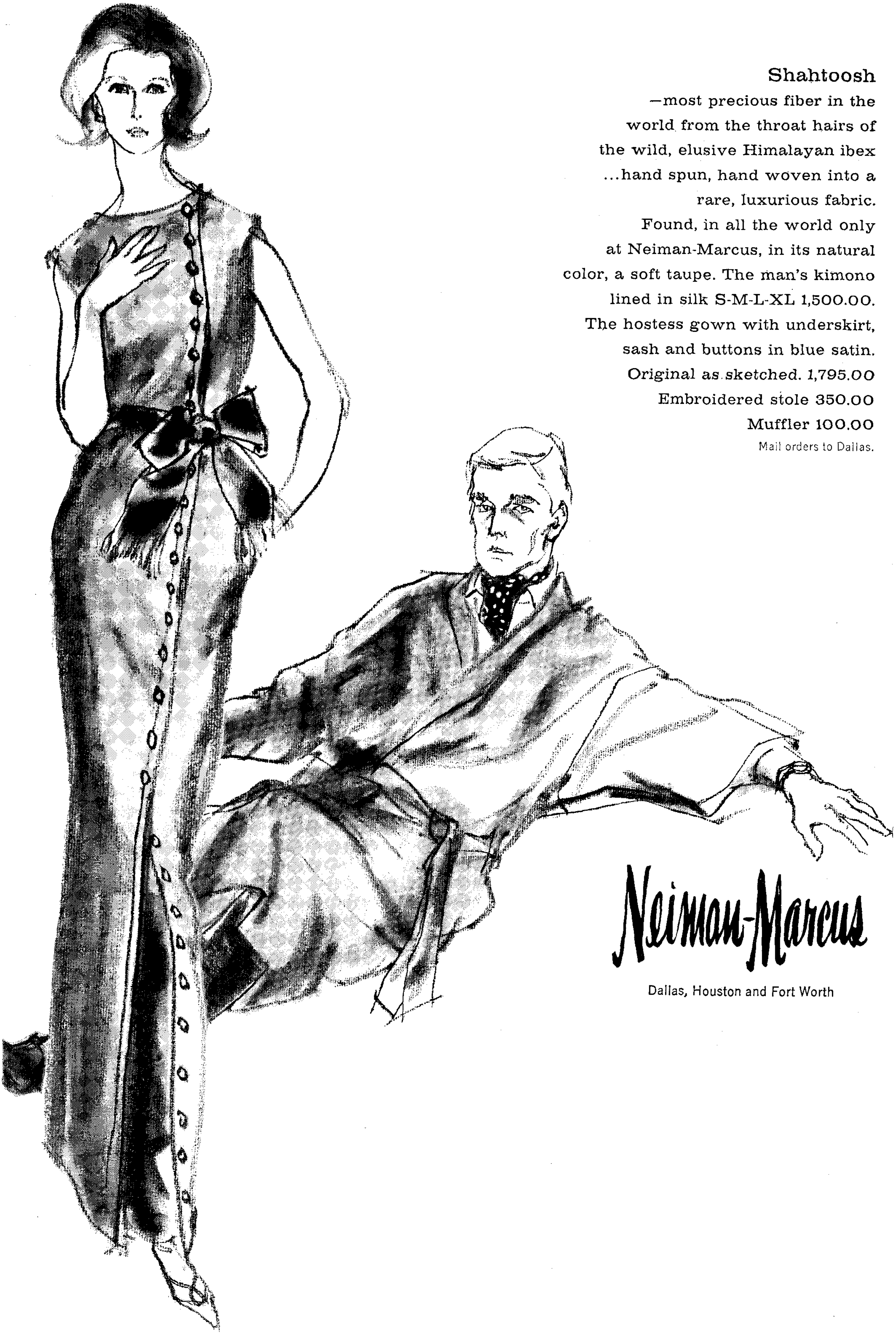

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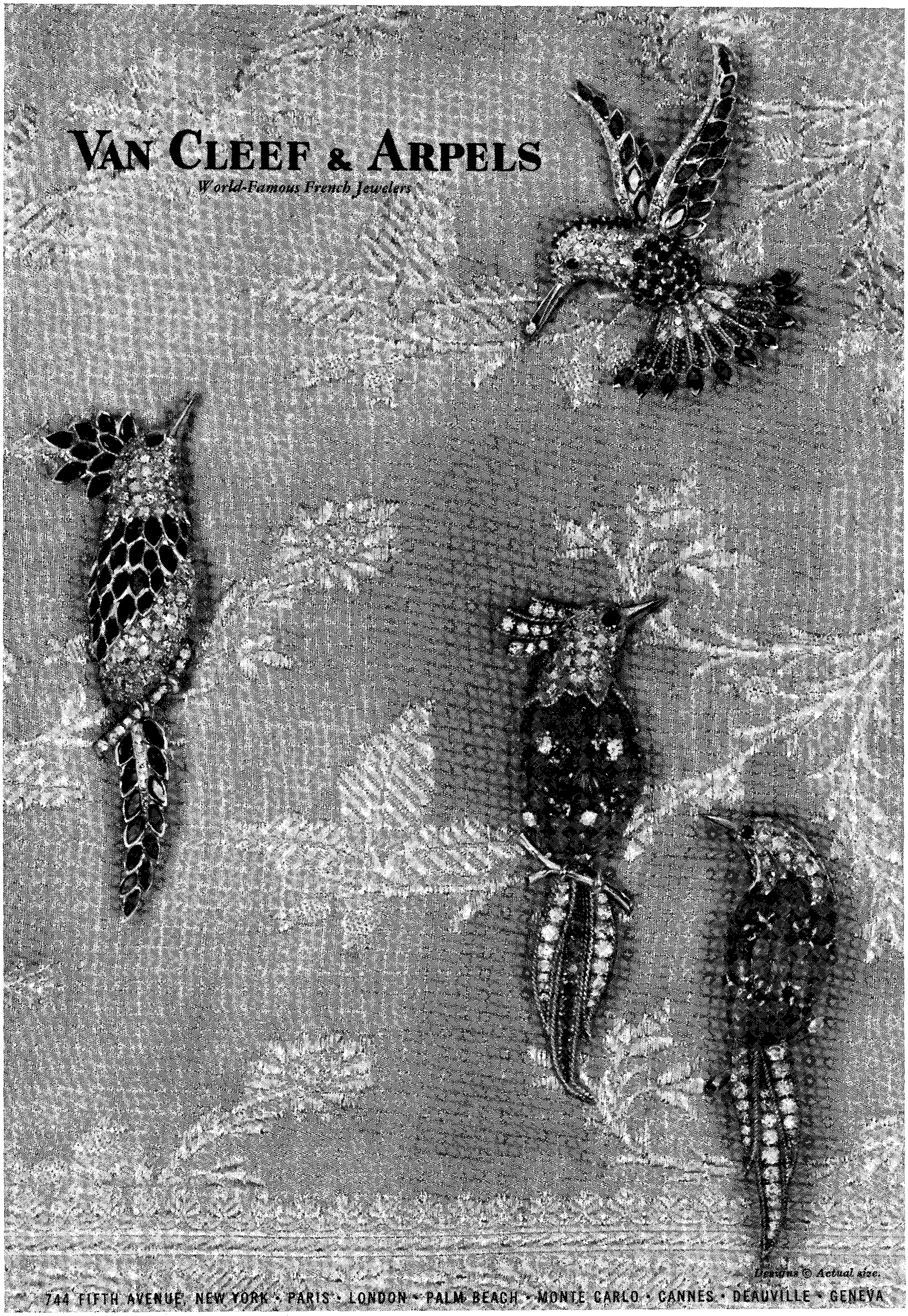

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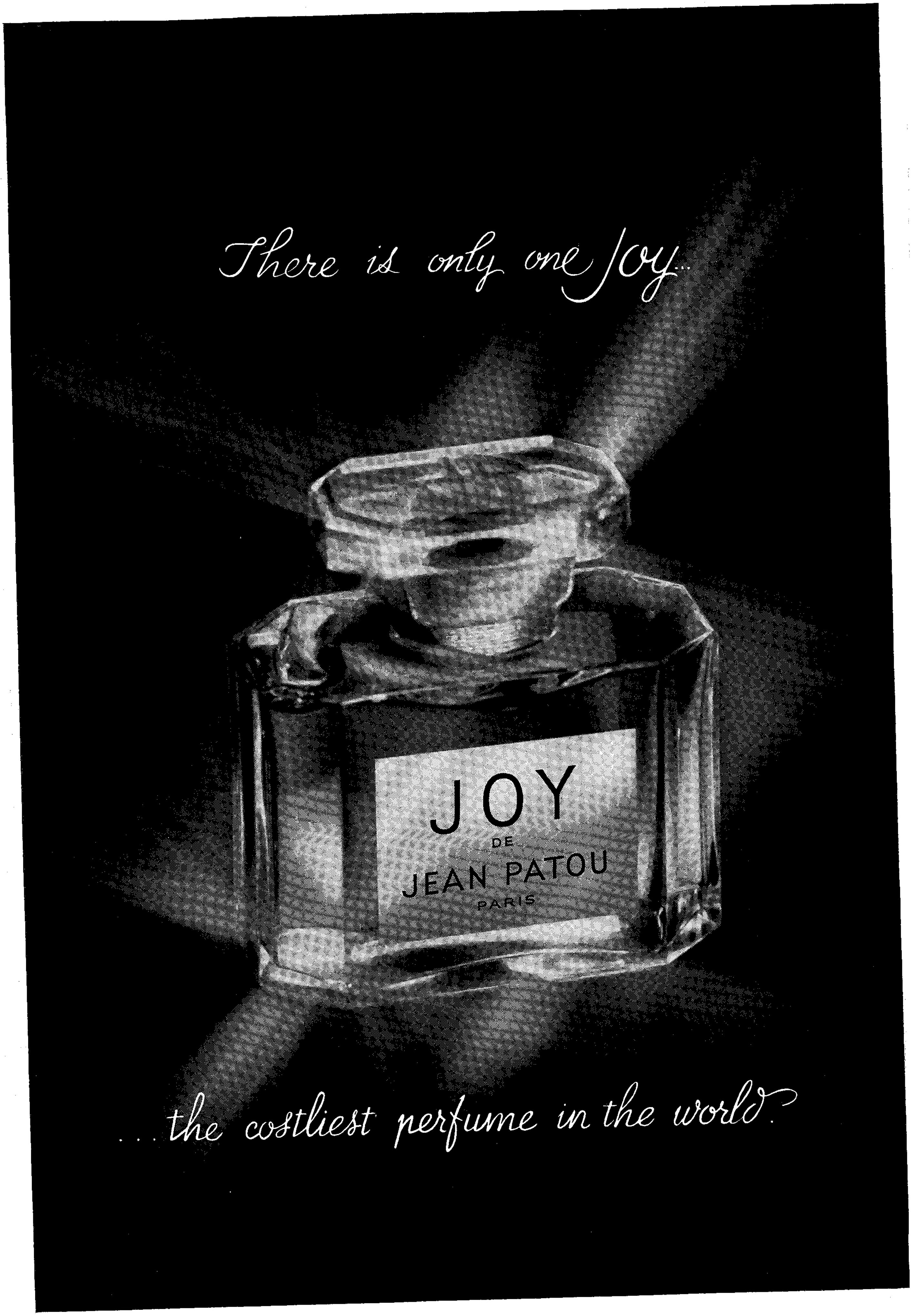
de
carven
pour monsieur
•
extrait

Head-strong. Virile. Lasting. That's "Vétiver Extrait Pour Monsieur." Created by **carven,** this bracing, breezy French scent is made for the man of spirit. In a one-ounce barrel-shaped bottle, enclosed in cafe au lait suede, $18. One-third ounce, $7. Plus Federal tax.

How to go from S.M.U. to C.B.S. Campus through career, viewers applaud the man who spends his leisure in all new Wren sportknits. The reason: both sweater and shirt have the good taste and timeless look of traditional Wren shirts. Big, beefy Brogue sweater is knitted from finest virgin wool. Styled cardigan, crew or v-neck. Carriage Cloth knit shirt is another Wren exclusive. Comes in newest, muted tones. Both featured at the finest stores. Wren Shirts Ltd., 390 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10018.

Wren Shirts Ltd.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JEAN PATOU
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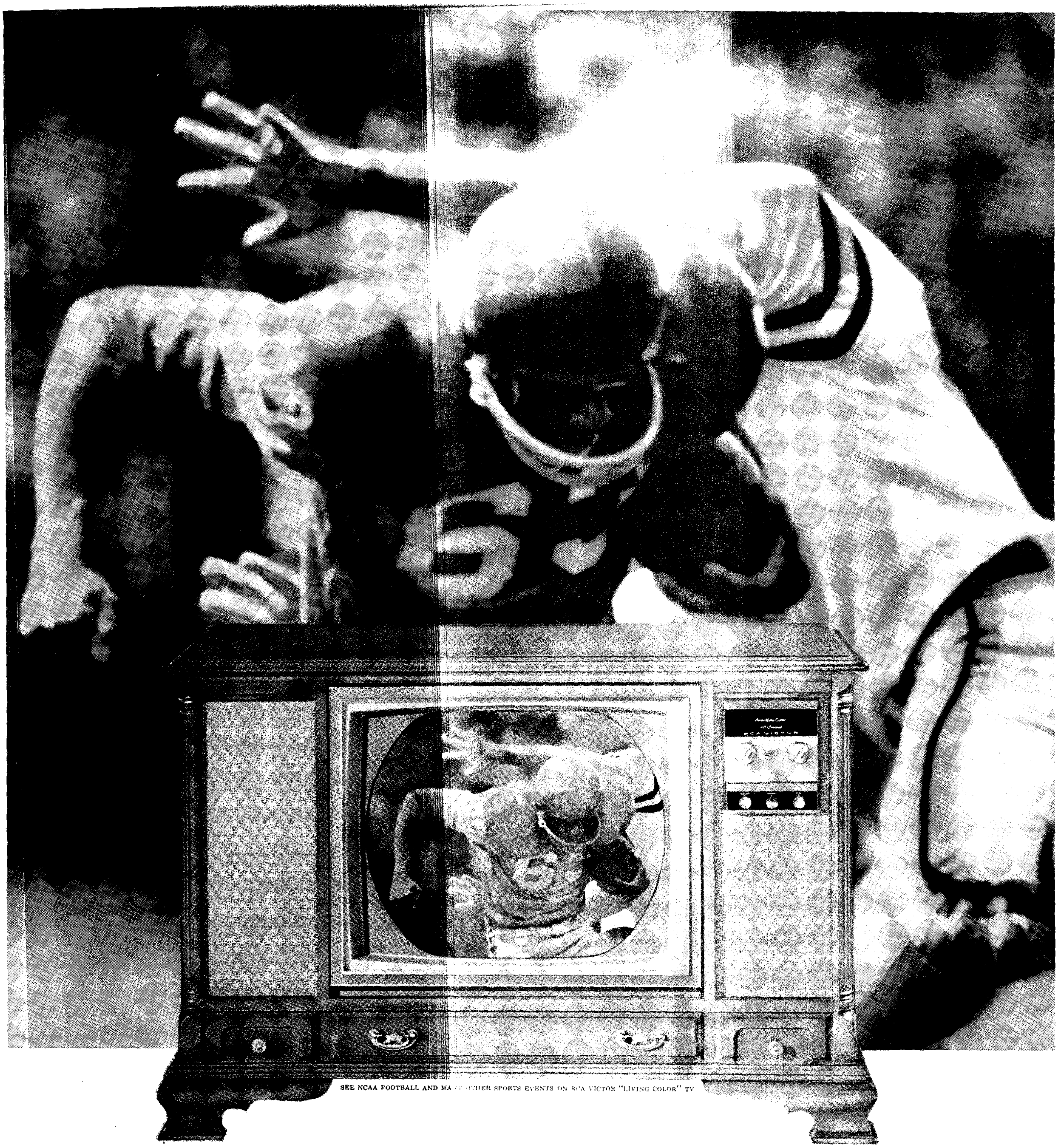

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Now, enjoy all the excitement of color in the brightest, most true-to-life RCA Victor COLOR TV ever...from $399.95*

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Lifelike natural color. New Vista® Color TV for 1965 gives you the most true-to-life RCA Victor Color ever . . . with better color purity, greater contrast than ever before. Color is so bright, so lifelike, you have to see it to believe it! Crisp, clear black and white pictures, too. Automatic Scene Control for balanced brightness and contrast. Easy, accurate color tuning.

SEE WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR," SUNDAYS, NBC-TV NETWORK

Most widely proved—dependable. RCA pioneered and developed Color TV—made it a reality—proved it in homes like yours across the country. It's the most widely proved Color TV you can buy. Today, it's America's first choice—more people own RCA Victor than any other TV—black and white or color.

***New low price.** Now only $399.95 for the *Darcy,* not shown. Manufacturer's nationally advertised price, optional with dealer. All prices, specifications subject to change.

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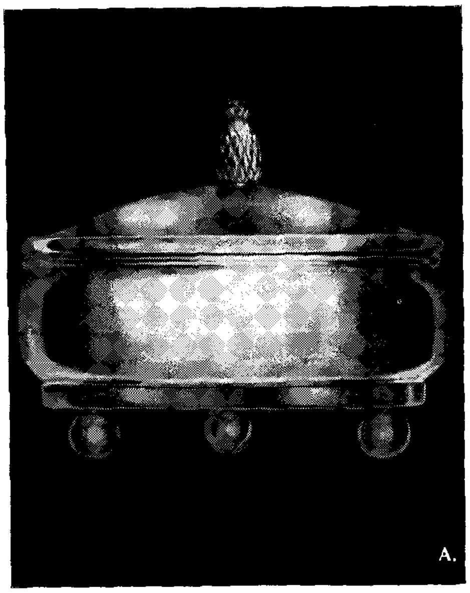
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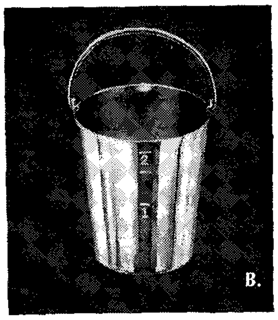
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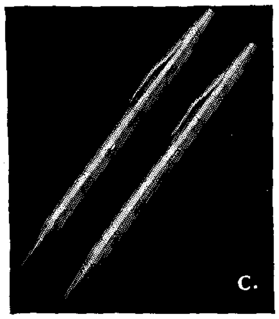
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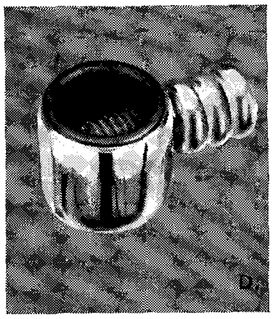
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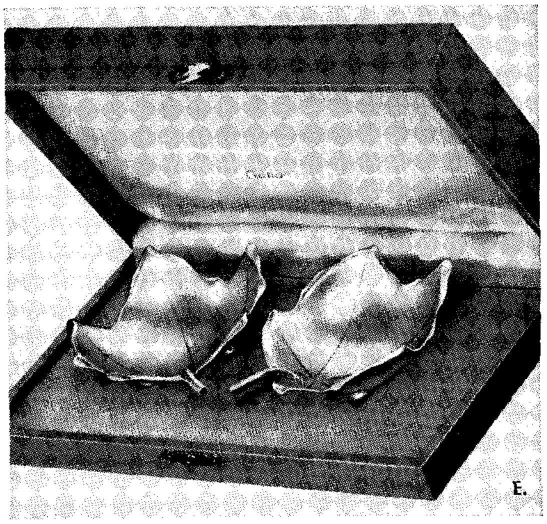
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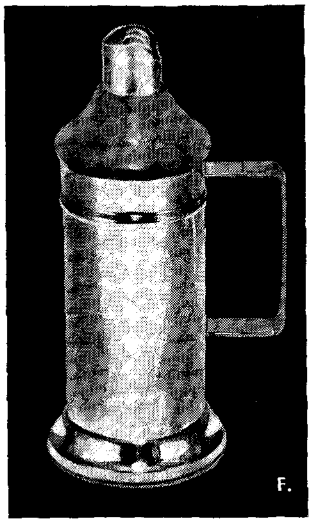
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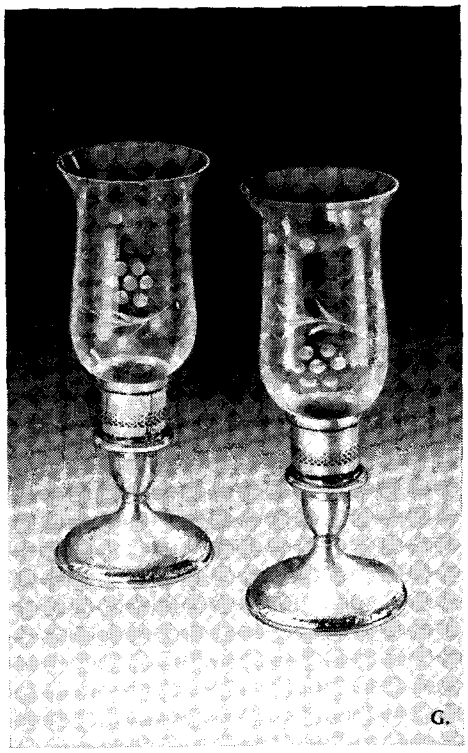
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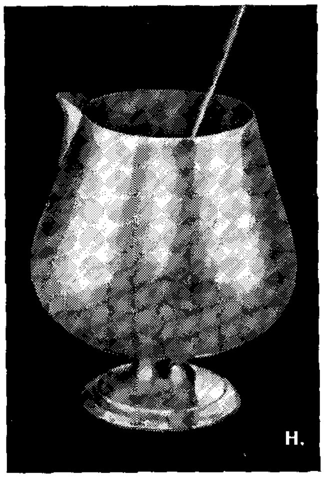
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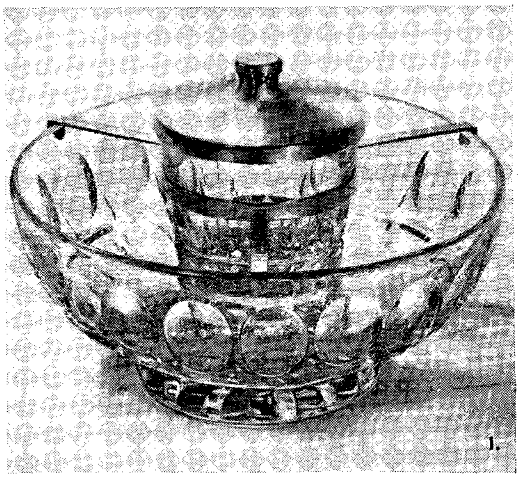
I.

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A. Velvet-lined trinket box, $20. **B.** Bucket jigger, 2 ounces, $15. **C.** Ball point pen, $9. Pencil, $9. **D.** Turnscrew nutcracker, $15. **E.** Two handwrought leaves to use as nut dishes or ash trays, $32. **F.** Butane table lighter, replica of an antique French measure, $22.50. **G.** Hurricane lamps with cut glass, 10-1/4", $30 the pair; 15", $57 the pair. **H.** 22 ounce martini pitcher and spoon, $80. **I.** Crystal bowl for caviar or shrimp, $65. Federal tax included. Mail orders are invited.

Cartier

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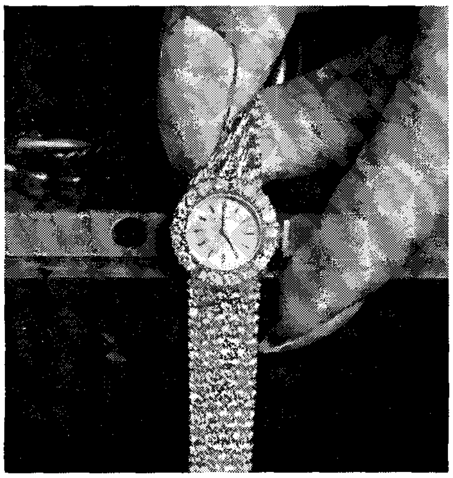
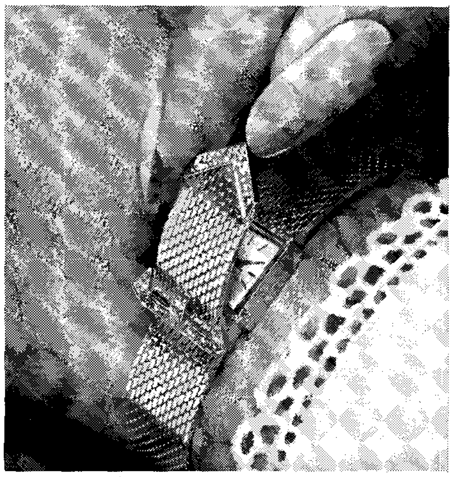
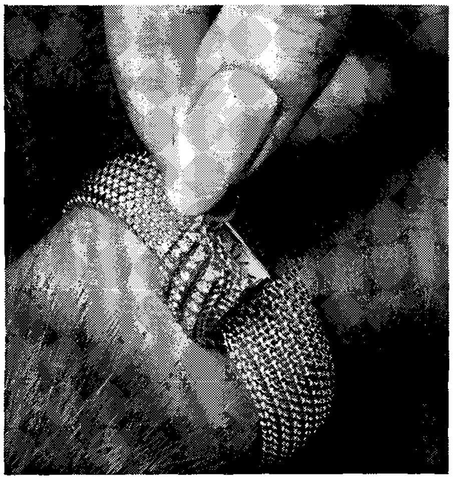
When it's cocktail time in Manhattan



it's dinner time in Rio

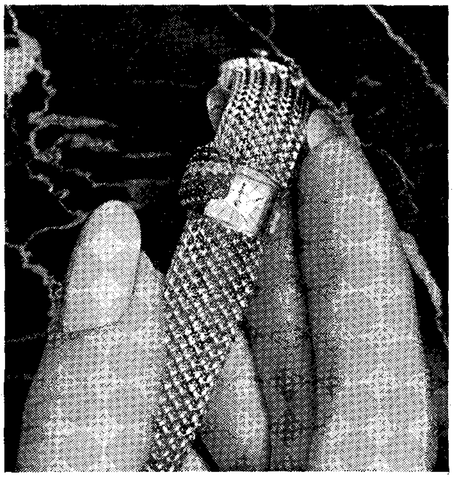
party time in Casablanca





theater time in London

flamenco time in Madrid



and the bewitching hour in Istanbul

Women who spend their time elegantly **do so with Movado — made by a fourth-generation Swiss watch family and coveted around the world for magnificent design and watch craftsmanship.**

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Exception.

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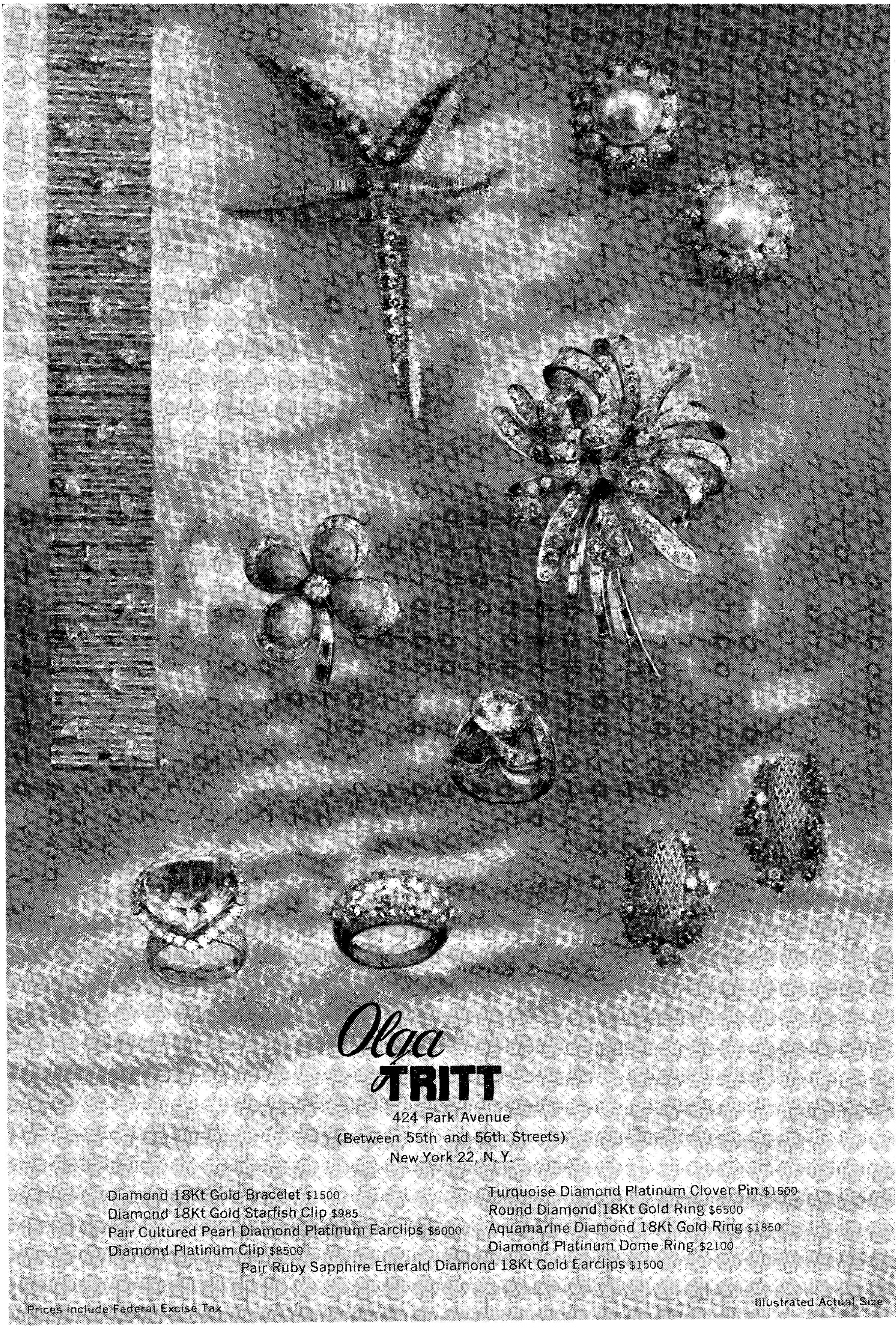

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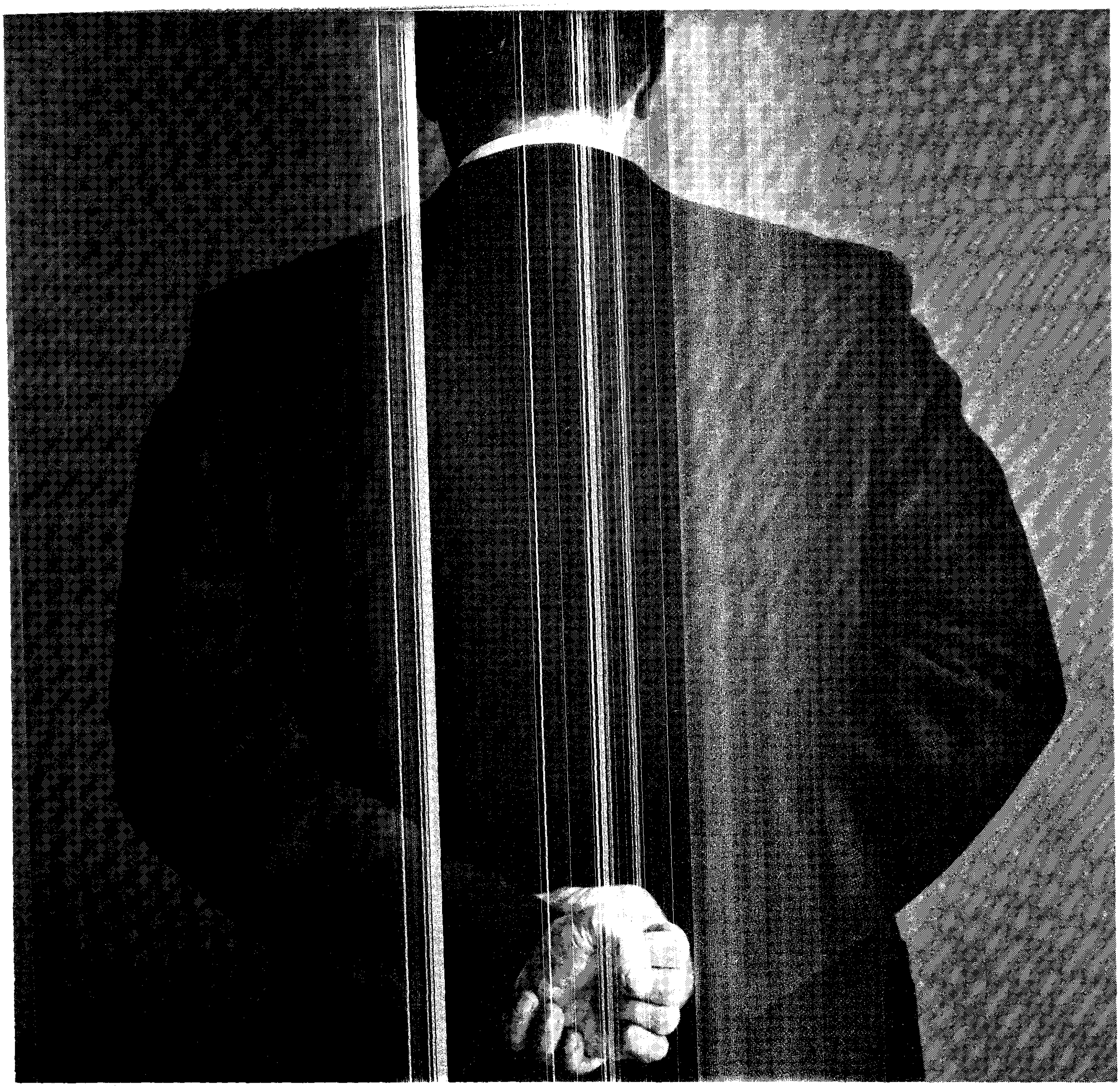
Pair Ruby Sapphire Emerald Diamond 18Kt Gold Earclips $1500

Prices include Federal Excise Tax

Illustrated Actual Size



How to sell your husband a mink coat.

Tell him, MINK IS WARM. Well, it is.

Tell him, MINK IS TEN COATS IN ONE. Don't sign a pledge, but just remind him how much he'll save when one natural dark mink does the work of tweed coat, lamé coat, black coat, pink coat, *short coat, long coat, travel coat,* ad infinitum.

Tell him, MINK LASTS LONGER. What other coat looks as beautiful for five, ten, umpteen years? (Again, sign nothing.) GLMA, the premium natural dark ranch mink will stay in exquisite condition, keep its glorious color and lustre year after year—so really, what could be more economical?

Tell him, MINK HAS AN AMERICAN HERITAGE. First, born and bred in America, happiest and healthiest in this climate, American mink, and particularly GLMA natural dark ranch mink, is sought after in international circles as the proudest, most glorious mink of all.

Tell him, MINK IS SO HUGGABLE. Pampered as it is on American ranches, accustomed to tender loving care and gourmet fare, GLMA mink has a deep, dark, soft pelt that's *naturally more caressable. Just to* prove the point—when at last he has you close your eyes and wraps you in that marvelous new mink (GLMA, natural and dark), look wildly surprised. Then give him the thank-you hug of his life.

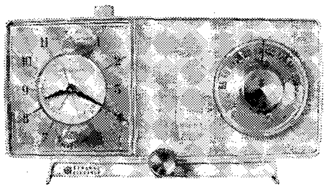
GLMA®

Great Lakes Mink Association, producers of premium natural dark ranch mink

Give the gift that intrigues, excites, teaches, thrills, soothes and delights.

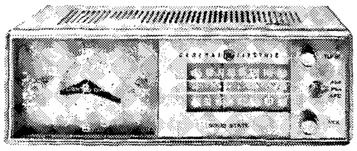
A General Electric radio, of course.

Model C545



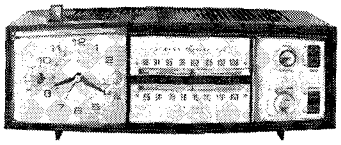
Perfect for Sis. Wakes you to music or buzzer. Lighted dial. Slumber switch. Snooz-Alarm.® *Less than* $25.*

Model C565



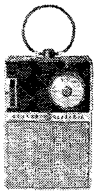
For Mom and Dad. Miniature FM/AM clock-radio is only 3″ high. Slumber switch. Snooz-Alarm. *Less than* $60.*

Model C595



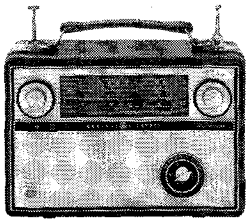
FM/AM "Flair." Wakes you to music or buzzer. Slumber switch. Snooz-Alarm. Lighted dial. *Less than* $70.*

Model P8503



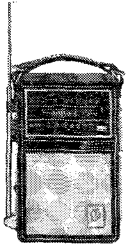
For Brother. 6-transistor shirt-pocket portable. Battery, earphone and carrying case. Gift pack for *less than* $20.*

Model P990



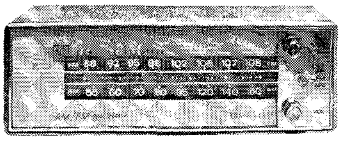
For Dad. Five bands: shortwave, long-wave, marine, aviation and weather coverage, plus FM and AM. *About* $125.*

Model P975



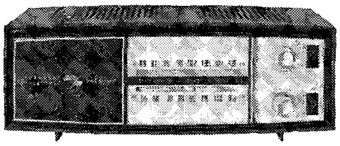
FM. AM, too. 15 transistors. Electronic battery-saver circuit adds up to 30% more battery life. *Less than* $50.*

Model T1205



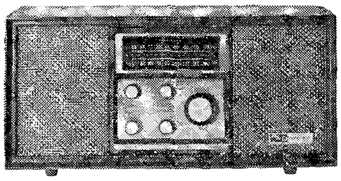
For Mom. New FM/AM radio fits anywhere. Hardly bigger than your hand. Automatic Frequency Control. *Less than* $50.*

Model T285



Completely new G-E "Flair Look" with dual-speaker FM/AM sound. Woodgrain finish on polystyrene. *Less than* $60.*

Model T1020



For the family. FM/AM and FM Stereo. Beautiful hardwood veneer cabinet. Two 6½″ speakers! *Less than* $120.*

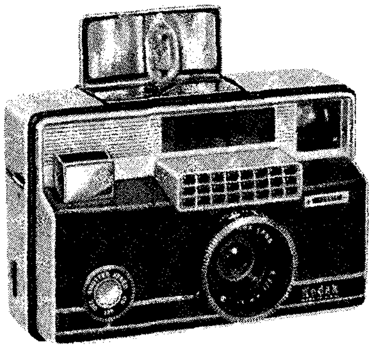
Radio Receiver Department, Utica, New York

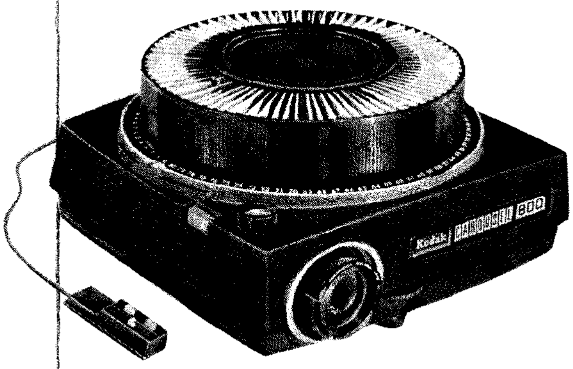
GENERAL ELECTRIC

*Actual price varies with dealer. Slightly higher West and South.

TRADEMARK

Kodak
INSTAMATIC
500





Sophisticated gift! Instant loading; continental design and precision! Uses drop-in KODAPAK Cartridges. Sharp f/2.8 lens lets you focus as close as 2½ feet. Shutter speeds to an action-stopping 1/500. Electric eye lets you set exact exposure while viewing. Built-in flash synchronization. Fits easily in pocket or purse. Exciting new KODAK INSTAMATIC 500 Camera . . . less than $95.

Fully automatic versatility! Does practically everything for you automatically. Motorized film advance, coupled rangefinder, automatic electric-eye and automatic flash-exposure controls. Fast f/2.8 lens, shutter speeds to 1/250. Built-in flash holder. KODAK INSTAMATIC 800 Camera . . . less than $130. (Model 700, with lever film advance and zone-focus symbols in the viewfinder, less than $110.)

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Rochester, N. Y.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Finest color-slide projector! Revolving tray holds 80 slides; a full show in one tray! Tray lifts off easily, stores like a book. Slides drop into place, won't spill or jam. Automatic operation. Remote forward, reverse, and focus. KODAK CAROUSEL 800 Projector . . . less than $150. (Model 700, less than $125. Model 600, less than $90.)

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Give a fine gift from Kodak!

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name Kodak is
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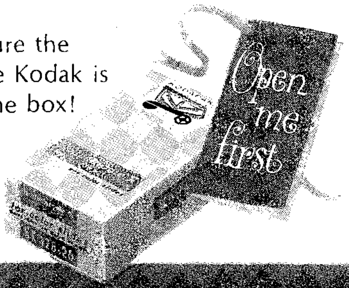

THE
FORGOTTEN
ROOM

Two-thirds of our elementary schools have no library. What you can do.

Experts say a child *needs* a library when he's learning to read. Here is how *you* can help your child's school get the library it needs.

GRADES one to six are the Age of the Question Mark. During these years, a child collects more answers than he will in any other period of his life.

Books are his best ally. *Yet more than sixty percent of our grade schools have no library.*

A few books on a windowsill are better than no books, but they are not a library. Neither is a bundle of books collected at random. And public library service is often inadequate or inaccessible.

Experts say the best answer is a central *school* library with a trained librarian. A person whose very special knowledge of books will support the good work done by teachers in the classroom.

The most important room

A good school library is the most important room a young reader passes through on the road to growing up.

Here he learns to *love* reading at the same time he's learning to read.

Here he solves schoolwork problems on his own. And here he experiences the thrill of *discovery*.

Quiz for parents

Does your child's school have a library?

If it does, are there enough books to go around? The American Library Association suggests ten library books per child. But the national average is less than six.

Is there a full-time librarian on the school staff? In many schools, mothers come in and lend a hand. But they need the advice of a professional librarian.

If you can't answer *yes* to all of these questions, there is work to be done.

How you can help

International Paper in cooperation with The American Library Association has prepared a *free kit*. Its purpose is to help parents get the school library their children need. No matter how big or small the school may be.

The job demands enthusiasm *and* hard work. But isn't your child's progress worth the effort?

FOR I-P's FREE KIT—"How to get the school library your child needs"—or for *free reprints* of this advertisement, write to: Education Dept., Box 100C, International Paper Co., 220 East 42nd St., N.Y., 10017.

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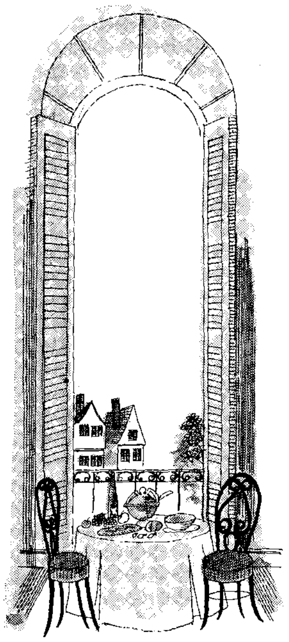
COMPLETE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WINES
GREAT DISHES OF THE WORLD
BY ROBERT CARRIER



THE GAY GOURMET for cookbook collectors

10A. A COOK'S TOUR OF ROME: The Best Roman Food and Where to Find It. Doris Muscatine. *Illus.:* Carolyn Cather. 54 eating places . . . unpretentious to elegant . . . specialties of each, wines, atmosphere. 180 recipes; map, directory. Scribner's. $7.95

10B. LA CUISINE DE FRANCE. Mapie (The Countess de Toulouse-Lautrec). From the food editor of *Elle* . . . 1,500 remarkably clear and modern recipes in the French tradition. Each section filled with ideas that add elegance to meals. Illus. Orion. $12.50

10C. THE WORLD OF WINES. *Creighton Churchill.* An expert, richly anecdotal, *complete* guide. At last, the Spanish and Portuguese wines and those of the Americas come into their own. *Maps, lists of growers, charts, glossary, vintage guide.* Macmillan. $5.95

10D. GOLD COOK BOOK. *Louis P. DeGouy. Intro.: Oscar of The Waldorf.* More than a cookbook . . . rich in food lore and philosophy by a master chef. 2400 different recipes from hors d'oeuvres to dessert – all gourmet but workable in the smallest kitchen. 1256 pp. Chilton. $4.95

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10J. DELIGHTS AND PREJUDICES. *James Beard. Drawings: Earl Thollander.* An epicurean autobiographical journey of America's famous food authority, evoking the tastes, smells, delights of a unique career. With 150 superb recipes. Atheneum. $6.95

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10N. COMPLETE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WINES. *Frank Schoonmaker.* A wine drinker's encyclopedia – readable, amusing, non-technical, ruthlessly accurate – including some 2,000 wines from all over the world. No comparable book exists. Hastings House. $6.95

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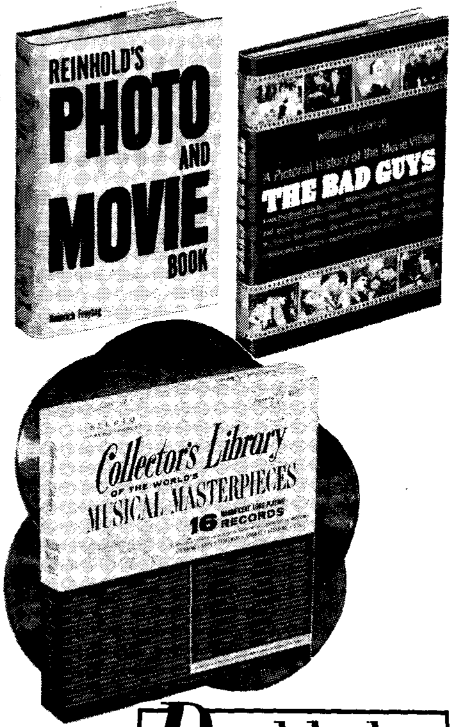
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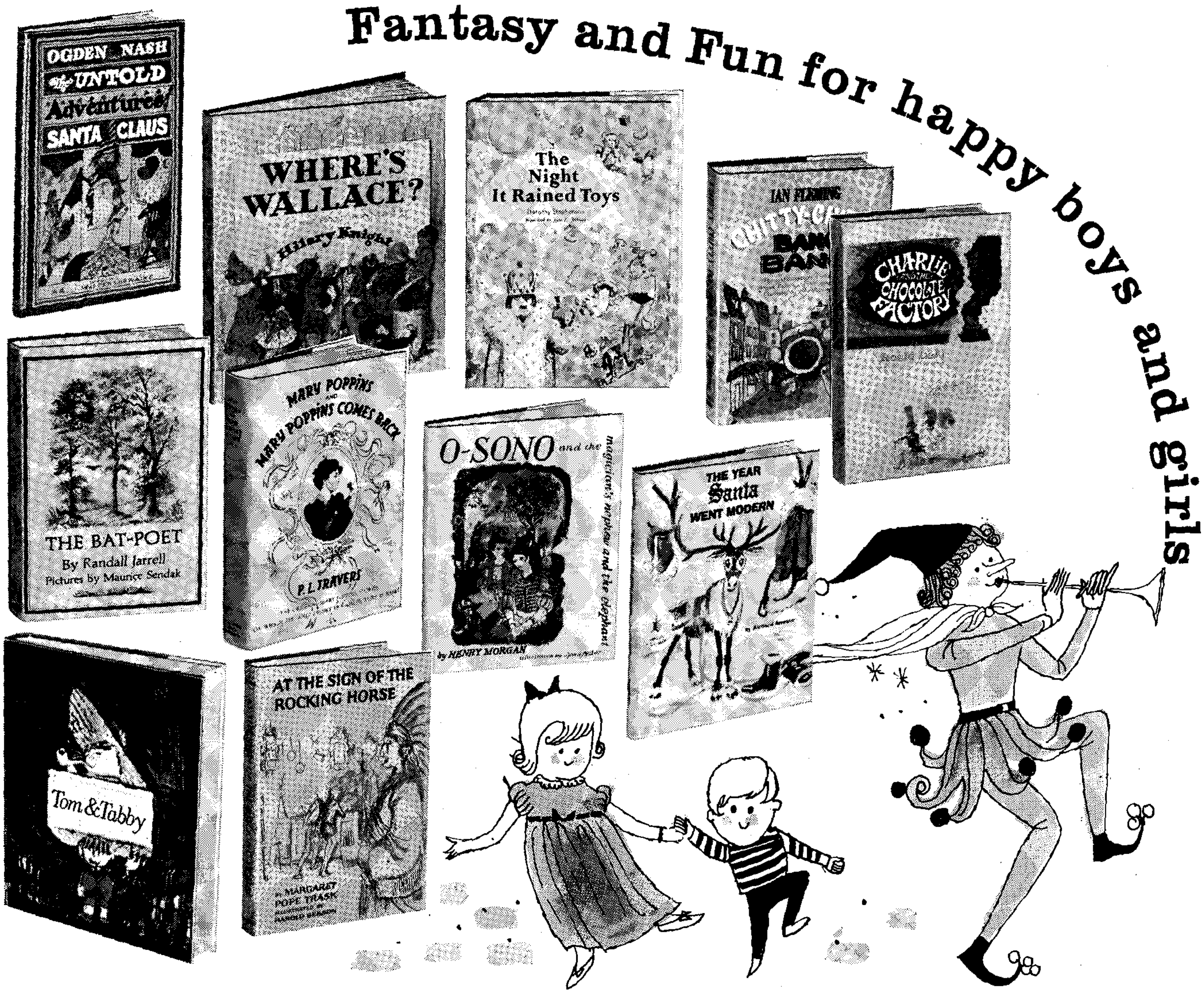
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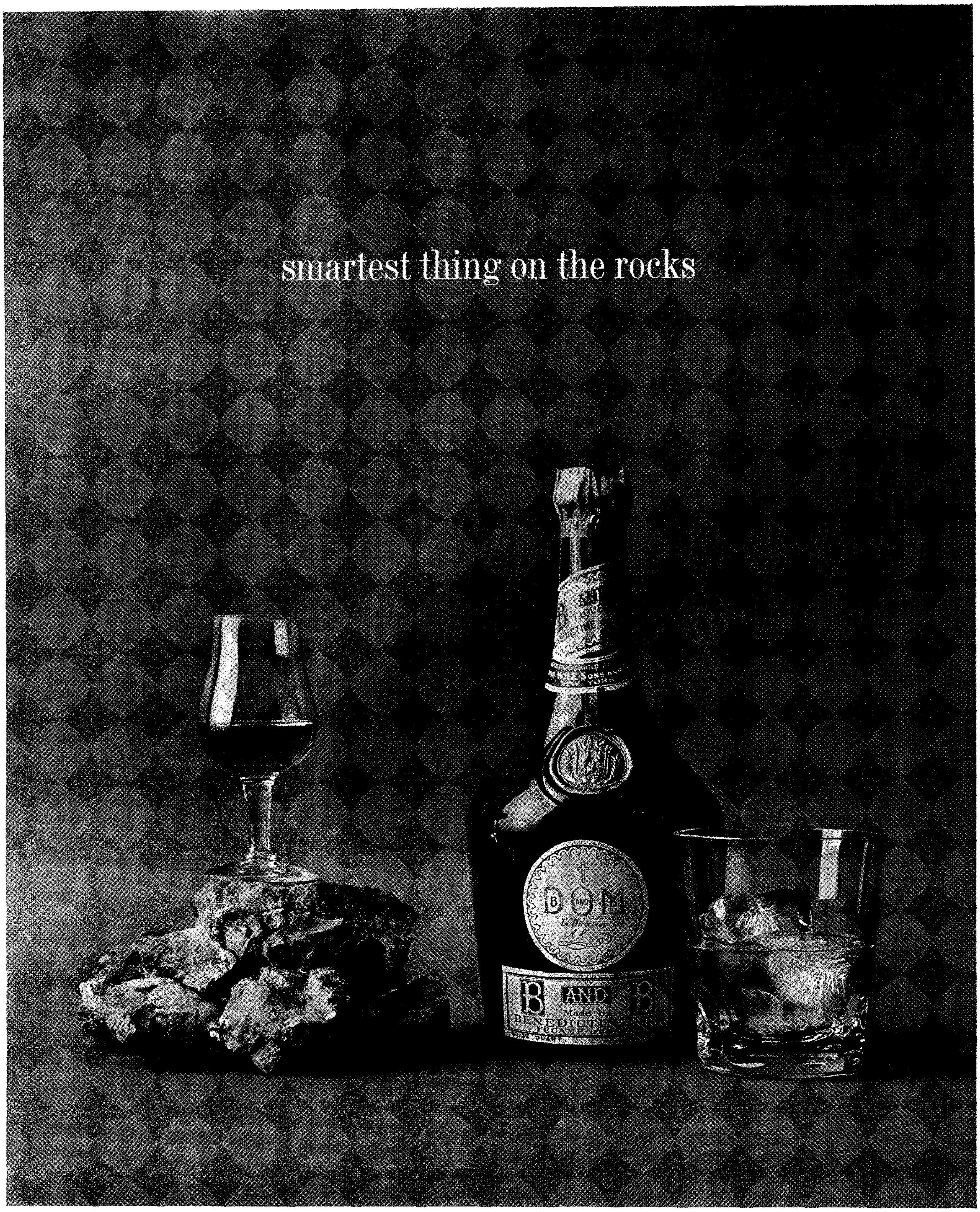

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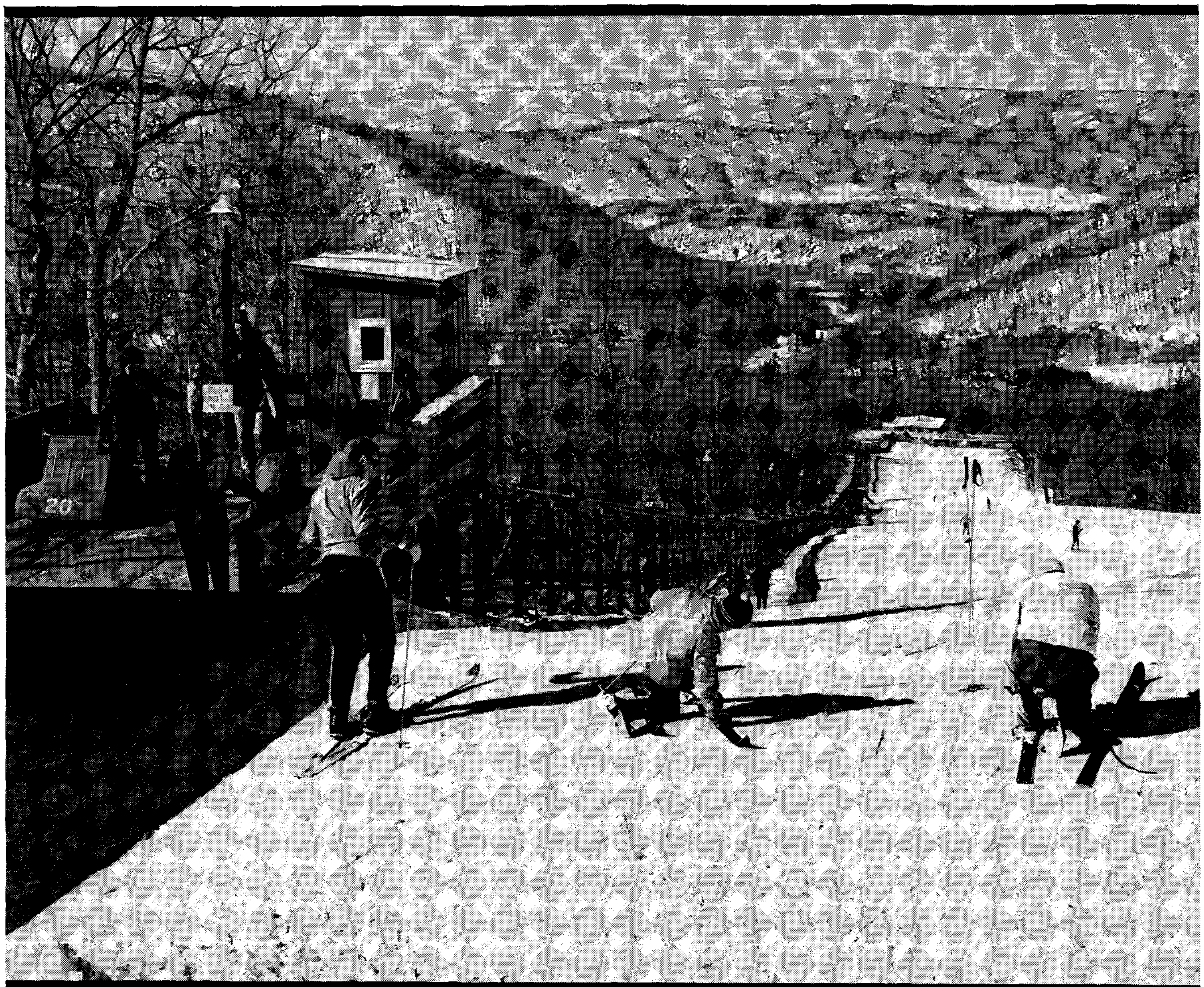

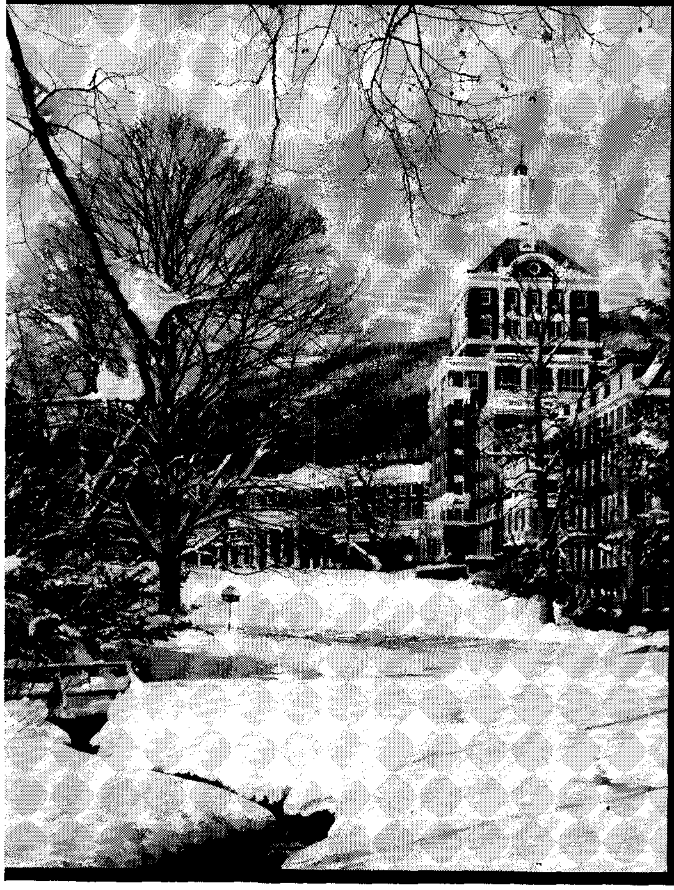

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

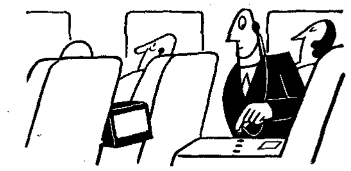
Notes and Comment

AT the opening of the Winzing Biennale in East Chappaqua last Thursday night, we witnessed the emergence of a young and vigorous group of Nebraskan artists whose work seems destined to set the intercontinental art world on its proverbial ear for some weeks to come. Known collectively as the Novocain school, these talented people seem determined to undermine the thesis that some things are beautiful while others, quite surprisingly, are not. Signs of the revolution were visible and audible in every corner of the Sming Museum, and the crowds were anything but unresponsive. Lionel Gwirrh displayed a thoughtful selection of arrowroot cookies, conserved, it seemed, from his childhood. Jomo Weintraub made a simple but eloquent statement in a rotile composed of thirteen gallstones and an index finger. Sam Gregg contributed his grandmother in her entirety, as she muttered lyrically from time to time and ferociously spooned her junket. Not to be outdone, the musicians stopped at nothing. Ernst Pheltz's evocative "Counterpoint for Faucet and Disposal Unit" received its American première, and Anna Smarm-Mengenberg rendered her moving, stylized "Dance for Nine Chilly Dromedaries." Fritz MacIntyre played his original composition "Coughing," recorded at 45 r.p.m. but relayed, rather refreshingly, at 78. Simon Blits read selections from his "Ode to a Malted Imbibed in the Engadine," followed closely by passages from Marc Wirthlust's "Contemplation of a Slice of Chèvre in New Mexico." The highlight of the program, and something in which the audience could take part, was the staging of an "Event," by Clarence Applemore, who belongs to what has come to be known as the Lower Left Subgroup of the Nebraska Novocains. Mr. Applemore arranged a few random four-letter words, entitled "Brownie Troop," about the main floor of the Sming, and then proceeded to juggle seven unrelated objects, including a ten-cent rubber ball, while the audience held its breath and drank deep of the Rorschach Punch, prepared by Immanuel Rorschach, a bartender, who denied any association with the Nebraska Novocains or any other contemporary group. "I just put in a little gin, a little rhubarb, a little milk, a little Moselle, and a slice of cucumber," said Mr. Rorschach. "I watch these guys come and go."

Short Flight

EVERY half hour or so for the last few weeks, American Airlines has been graciously ushering passengers to seats in a model of a jet first-class cabin set up in a subterranean recess of the Hotel Vanderbilt called the Della Robbia Room, in order to demonstrate Astrovision, the latest device for the efficient entertainment of passengers on transcontinental flights. Although we had no reservation, we managed to get a seat on the three-o'clock flight one afternoon last week. The stewardess made the usual welcoming speech, and then, there being no oxygen masks in the cabin, she and her assistant took the opportunity to demonstrate Astrovision. She pointed out that each pair of seats was equipped with a miniature television-monitor set, and that each armrest had three plugs, marked "TV," "Stereo 1," and "Stereo 2;" a "sanitized" headset fitted with fuzzy earpieces; and a jack, which could be put into any one of the plugs. We inserted the earpieces of our headset in our ears, as the stewardess directed, and plugged the jack into "TV," whereupon a picture of clouds appeared on the screen in front of us, followed by pictures of a plane taking off and an Astrovision commercial starring Chet Huntley. Mr. Huntley, looking ill at ease, as usual, explained that Astrovision was the result of a "comprehensive search" for a diversion to suit passengers' "individual drives and needs." Mr. Marion Sadler, the president of American Airlines, then appeared on the screen and explained that American Airlines had considered using conventional motion-picture screens on its jets and had abandoned the idea because such a screen not only demanded the attention of all the passengers but required that the lights in the cabin be dimmed. Passengers need not be captives, he declared—particularly "executives with paperwork."

While a make-believe news broadcast was being shown, Mr. Huntley's voice informed each of us privately, through the earpieces, that Astrovision's possibilities included, besides movies, shots of takeoffs and landings taken by a camera in the nose of the plane, and live television broadcasts of sports events and studio programs. To prove to us that we didn't have to watch television if we didn't want to, Mr. Huntley's voice suggested that we plug the jack into "Stereo 1." We did that, and heard Louis Armstrong singing "Hello, Dolly!" Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was being played on "Stereo 2." Returning to television, we saw films of the Democratic Convention and a baseball game, and a thrilling scene from a movie called "Where Love Has Gone," followed by a telescopic shot of New York City.



After we disembarked, we learned that for the time being only movies are being shown on Astrovision, and that even when live Astrovision becomes more practical than it is now, a plane's television programming will be completely controlled by the stewardess, who will decide whether the World Series or a missile launching is more worth watching. A man from American Airlines told us that this year's World Series had been picked up on certain flights with some success. "We're working on antennas," he said. "In the future, if there's a lot of traffic in the air on a Sunday night, and the plane has to stay up for a while, we can pick up David Susskind."

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UNDERGRADUATES at Amherst were recently invited by a religious group to attend a series of "low pressure worship and conversation meetings."

Potentiator

AWARE that the bountiful team of science and industry has for some time been stepping up our food with a chemical known as monosodium glutamate, or MSG, we looked into the matter and found that we have been ingesting far more of the stuff than we had thought. MSG, which rather mysteriously improves the flavors of certain foods (phrases like "extraordinarily succulent" and "deliciously enhanced" abound in MSG advertising literature), has grown within a few years from an economically modest product to such proportions that a hundred and forty-eight million pounds of the chemical, valued at about eighty million dollars, was produced in the world last year, some thirty-three million pounds of it in the United States. Monosodium glutamate has been pouring out of the mills so fast that it has lately surpassed in monetary importance all other flavoring chemicals known to man, with the possible exception of salt. Today, it is included in a host of canned, frozen, and other packaged products (Federal Food and Drug regulations require that it be listed on the label) and is sprinkled on endless varieties of food by housewives and restaurateurs. MSG is known to the trade as a flavor potentiator. The important thing about a flavor potentiator is its ability to improve or heighten the flavors of foods without adding any flavor of its own. (A qualification: MSG *has* a flavor of its own when it is tasted alone—a puzzling blend of sweet and salty—and the flavor can also be tasted when too much MSG is used on foods.) Chemically, monosodium glutamate, or $NaOOC\text{-}CH_2CH_2CH(NH_2)COOH$, is complex beyond our comprehension. It is the L-isomer of the monobasic-sodium salt of glutamic acid, which is one of twenty-three known amino acids; it occurs naturally in most vegetables, but as much as fifty per cent of it disappears within about twenty-four hours after they have been picked. In its pure state, it is a crystalline compound characterized by elongated, prismatic forms. It is white, like salt, and flows freely, like salt, and is recommended for use pretty much like salt, but in smaller quantities. At the retail level, it has appeared in this country under such names as Mai-Kai, Mei Jing, Ve-tsin, Mee Ding, Mei Wei Fen, Mee Moo, Powder of the Goddess of Buddha, Magic White Powder, HoHo Powder, Pekin Powder, Zest, RL-50, and Ac'cent. Among its paradoxical qualities is an ability to bring out flavors in some foods (meat, fish, fowl, and most vegetables), suppress flavors in others (sharpness in onions, rawness in vegetables, a fishy taste in lima beans), and make still others (fruits, most dairy products, and sweet baked goods) taste worse. Moreover, if a food is spoiled or rancid, MSG makes it, too, taste worse.

True to its enigmatic nature, monosodium glutamate was first used in the Orient. Its history began with soy sauce, which has been used for centuries, and which contains a good amount of a related compound, ammonium glutamate, but the romance of MSG really took wing in 1908, when Dr. Kikunae Ikeda, of Tokyo University, discovered that the sodium salt of glutamic acid was useful as a flavoring agent. On April 21, 1909, Dr. Ikeda took out British Patent No. 9440, in which he explained how the chemical could be extracted from a dried seaweed, *Laminaria japonica*, and MSG was offered to the world. Vicissitudes delayed its commercial adoption, however, for the problem of separating monosodium glutamate from its raw materials—which, besides seaweed, include wheat gluten, corn gluten, soybeans, and sugar beets—proved to be a thorny one; several processes, among them acid hydrolysis, alkaline hydrolysis, and fermentation, were used, with varying degrees of success. After much experimenting, Dr. Ikeda and his colleagues came up with a feasible extraction method, and Saburosuke Suzuki & Co., of Tokyo, put the substance on the market under the trade name Aji-no-moto, meaning "Essence of Taste." It sold like hot cakes. (MSG is not recommended for use on hot cakes.) Time passed, and Americans had yet to reap the benefits of MSG. The Suzuki people tried, without success, to produce Aji-no-moto in the United States before the Second World War. After the war, several American firms began work on the processing problems with a well-financed diligence, and today six of them—the Hercules Powder Company, Chas. Pfizer & Co., Merck & Co., the Great Western Sugar Company, the Commercial Solvents Corporation, and the International Minerals & Chemical Corporation (I.M.C.)—turn out monosodium glutamate in ever-increasing amounts. I.M.C., which calls its product Ac'cent, controls some ninety per cent of the American retail market, but the retail market accounts for only about sixteen per cent of the total MSG sales in this country; by far the greatest quantities go into processed foods. Japan still produces the most MSG, having turned out some eighty-two million pounds of it last year, very little of which reached the United States, and the Ajinomoto Company—formerly Saburosuke Suzuki & Co.—which has just perfected a synthetic manufacturing process, is the world's largest producer, being responsible for about forty-five per cent of the total sales.

Nobody really knows how monosodium glutamate works. It is not clear whether the substance increases something called "taste acuity" or something called "palatability." It seems likely, however, that MSG exerts its action on the taste buds, making them somehow more receptive. But what about its ability to suppress certain flavors? And nearly everyone agrees that monosodium glutamate does a few things in addition to altering taste: by exerting a tactile effect on tongue and mouth tissues, it is able to produce a tingling sensation, along with a feeling of general satisfaction, or mouth pleasure, which has been dubbed *Vollmündigkeit*, and which may last several hours.

•

GUESTS of the U. S. Grant Motor Inn, in Mattoon, Illinois, can have their cocktails in the Rebel Room.

Strategy Meeting

FIVE beautiful movie and stage actresses, one librettist of a current hit musical, one composer of another current hit musical, one writer of a new hit comedy, one busy and flourishing writer-comedian, and two young producers of an economically foundering play got together on a recent Saturday for a midnight meeting to work out some strategy for keeping the young producers' play running. They met in the home of Mel Brooks, the writer-comedian, and his wife, the actress Anne Bancroft, in Greenwich Village. They were all serious, determined, and ready to fight, and were all concentrating on the play, which was "The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window," by Lorraine Hansberry. Outside, a pre-winter freeze had settled in, and the street was dark and silent. Inside, the theatre people sat, on low chairs or on the floor, around a large circular coffee table in front of a fireplace. Stage Delicatessen sandwiches and sour pickles had been ritualistically laid out within reach. The group got down to business right away.

"We opened five weeks ago, and the reviews were mixed," said Robert Nemiroff, one of the producers. "So we got the treatment. The brokers were silent. The theatre-party agents were silent. It looked as though we'd have to close the play. But a lot of people urged us to make a fight to save it. And we didn't need that much urging." He laughed, and for a moment everybody looked pleased.

"Tonight we had nearly a full house," said Mr. Nemiroff's co-producer, Burt C. D'Lugoff.

"But we have those three murderous weeks before Christmas to get through," Mr. Nemiroff said. "If we can get through those three weeks . . ."

"Then we can have a normal run," his co-producer said.

Mr. D'Lugoff's remark seemed to set all the rest of them off. Everybody began talking at once.

"I've had the feeling that my own survival is in the survival of this play," Viveca Lindfors said.

"It's about time we proved that we can keep a *good* play alive," the writer of the hit play said. He was Bill Manhoff, and his play was "The Owl and the Pussycat."

"We can make our stand with this play, and we can fight, and we can win," Diana Sands said. She is one of the two stars of Mr. Manhoff's play.

"It's about time we did something about those damn critics," somebody said.

"*What* critics?" somebody else said.

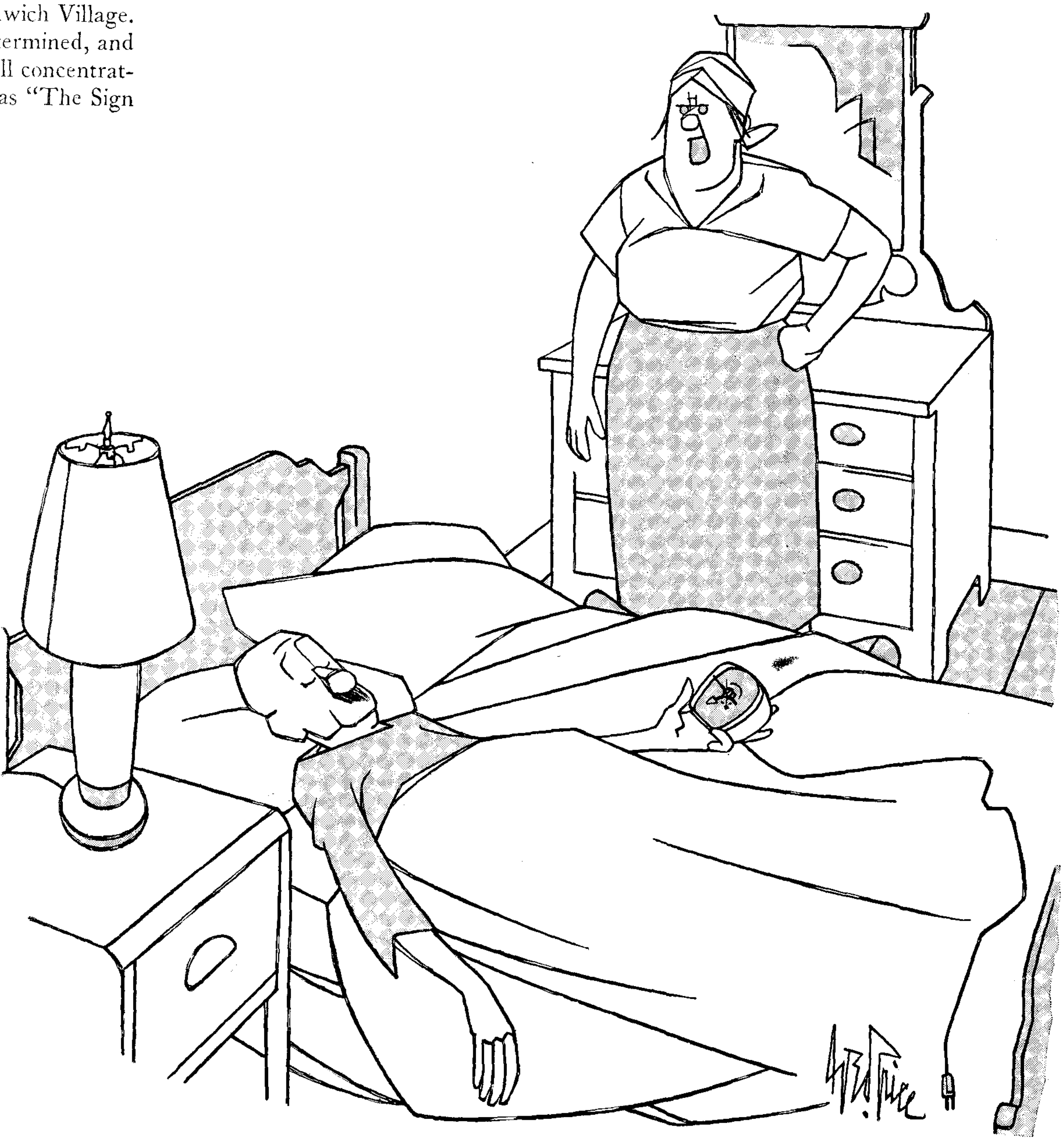
"*The talent fights back!*" Miss Bancroft said.

"That's good. That says the whole thing," somebody said.

The voices subsided, and after a minute Rita Moreno, who is the leading lady in "The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window," said, " 'The Subject Was Roses' went through the same sort of thing. They fought, and they *won*."

"And 'All the Way Home' fought and won, and went on to win the Pulitzer Prize," Alice Ghostley said. She co-stars with Miss Moreno in Miss Hansberry's play.

"In the theatre, one firm can fight for another firm. It isn't like the shoe business or the coat business. It isn't like any other business. We in the thea-



"Would it help if I belted out a chorus of 'You Are My Sunshine'?"

tre are unique. We can fight for each other.” The speaker was Joseph Stein, author of the book for “Fiddler on the Roof.”

“ ‘The talent fights back.’ I like that,” said Charles Strouse, who wrote the songs for “Golden Boy.”

Everybody looked ready for action.

“All kinds of things are happening. Right?” Mr. Brooks said.

Mr. Nemiroff and Mr. D’Lugoff said, “Right.”

“Then let’s see what we can do,” Mr. Brooks said. “Annie and I were surprised, when we saw the play, to find that it’s such a wonderful play. So we’ve written a letter, addressed to people in the business, and we say in the letter— Give me the letter, honey.” He turned to his wife, who had been signing her name next to his on duplicates of the letter, and she handed him a copy.

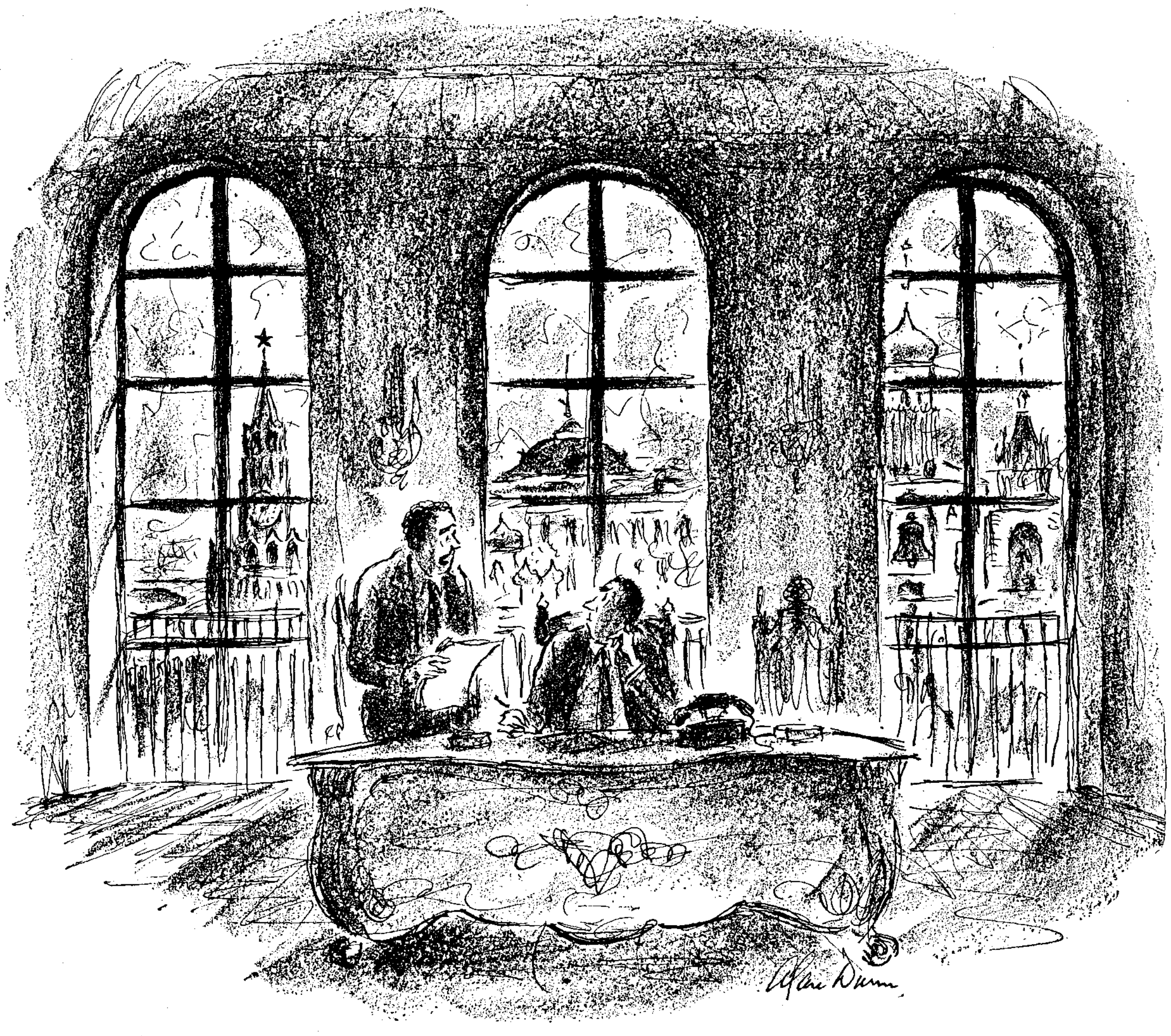
Mr. Brooks read, “ ‘We laughed, we cried. . . . In our opinion “Brustein” is a more mature and compelling work than Miss Hansberry’s award-winning “A Raisin in the Sun.” . . .’ ” He added, “And we’re having the letter posted on the backstage bulletin board of every theatre in town and in all the actors’ schools and at the Dramatists Guild, and all over. Right?”

“Right!” Miss Lindfors called out. “We’re the ones who can do it. When I saw the play, I went backstage to see the actors, and I found Sidney Kingsley there. He said ‘We’ve got to do something to save this play.’ So I volunteered to call a list of business people and ask them for additional investment money to help pay the costs of the play. It was so awful. They were so rude. Then we typed fifty letters to people we knew in the theatre, asking each one to give at least fifty dollars to pay for an ad. The response to that was terrific. People kept hearing about it and calling me and offering money. So we took a big ad in the *Times*, in the form of an open letter saying the play was a great play and a very funny play, and the letter was signed by Marlon Brando and Sammy Davis and Julie Harris and Mike Nichols and Herman Shumlin, and people like that.”

“Actors in other shows all over town are making curtain speeches for our play,” Miss Moreno said. “Every night, at ‘The Subject Was Roses,’ Jack Albertson stops the applause after the curtain and tells the audience to go see our play—a really marvellous play, he says, just down the street.”

“What else?” Mr. Brooks asked.

Mr. Nemiroff said that John Braine, the British novelist, whom he had never met, had written him a long letter saying that he had been passing through New York on a lecture tour and had seen the play, and that it had had more impact on him than any other play since “Look Back in Anger,” and Braine had written an article about it for the *Village Voice;* that Max Lerner had written a whole column about the play, in which he advised people to spend their playgoing hours attending the plays the critics are cool toward, because those turn out to be the best plays; that Howard Taubman, of the *Times*, had said that there are scenes, moments, and lines in the play that “shine with humor, tremble with feeling, and summon up a vision of wisdom and integrity.” Nevertheless, Mr. Nemiroff went on, he had asked Mr. Taubman, along with Walter Kerr (who had said that the play was “alive, abrasive, arresting”) and all the other daily-newspaper drama critics, to come back and see the play again, because it had been shortened since the opening, and they might want to re-review it, as the *World-Telegram’s* critic, Norman Nadel, who had written the most unfavorable of the original reviews, had done. In his re-review Mr. Nadel had written, “The play has discovered its own eloquence.”



“Before we go any further with this profit-incentive idea, I think we should decide whether or not we invented it.”

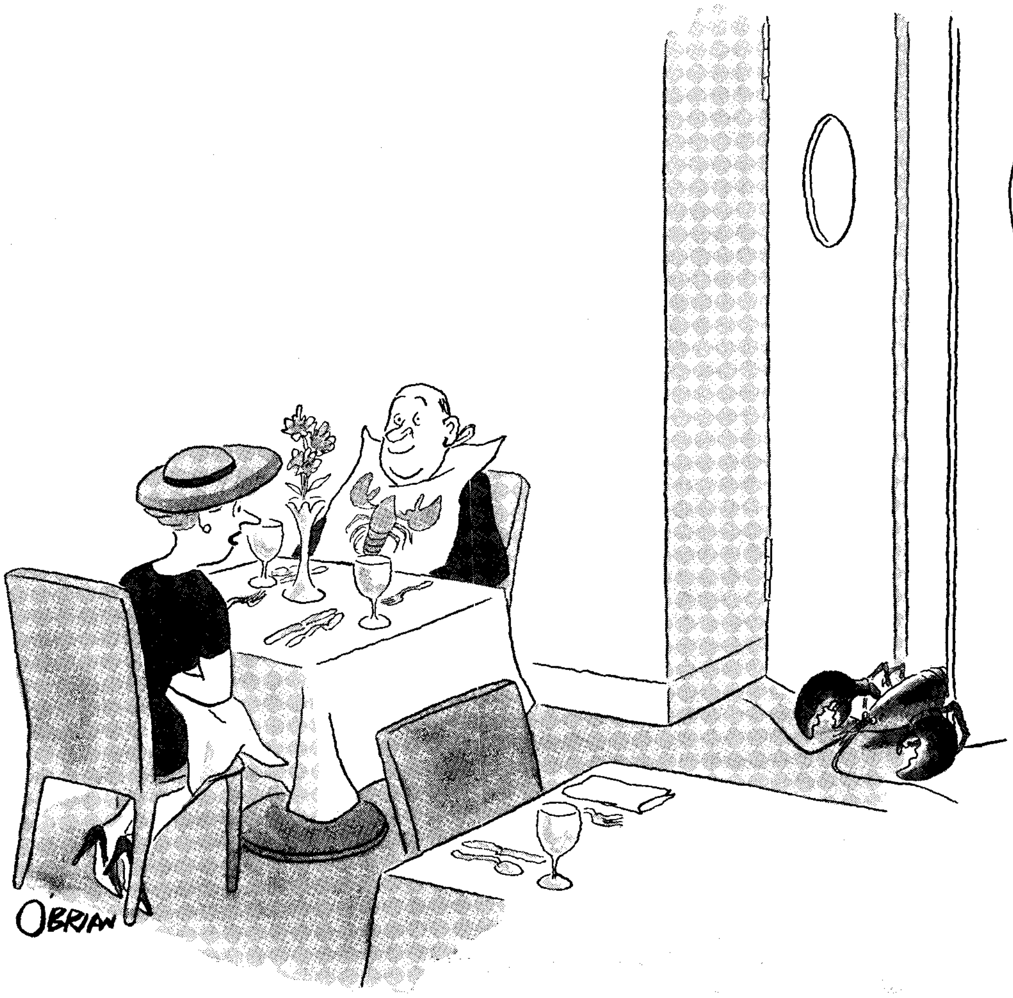
The two producers then said that people ought to know that the salary budget of the play had been brought down to close to half of what it had been at the opening, thanks to the actors, who had taken voluntary pay cuts. But the show needed to gross $15,-

500 a week just to break even. This announcement was followed by a few moments of silence.

Miss Bancroft broke it. "I have an idea," she said. "Let's get somebody to do what Ed Sullivan did for 'All the Way Home.' He told his whole television audience to go see the play. Let's everybody think of one big thing like that that will save the show."

There was another interval of silence. Everybody seemed to be thinking. During the lull, Miss Ghostley said that she would put stamps on the Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft letters that needed to be mailed, and would take the others around to the theatres.

Then everybody came up with ideas. Miss Moreno said she would phone Earl Wilson and ask him to write about the play. Mr. Stein said he would phone Leonard Lyons and give him an anecdote about that night's meeting. Miss Lindfors said that she had been invited to go to Wantagh and speak about the play to two hundred and fifty people in the town's library, and had been told that five more meetings, with just as many people at each meeting, could be arranged, and that it had also been suggested to her that all the high schools on Long Island might sell tickets to the play. Somebody proposed that they ask *Life* to write an article about the play. Mr. Nemiroff said that the article would have to run within a week for it to do the play any good. Somebody else said that *Life* never did an article in such a short time except in a national emergency. Three people quickly said that this *was* a national emergency, whereupon somebody was assigned to call up *Life*. Mr. Nemiroff said that a special performance of the play would be held on a Sunday afternoon for actors, and that afterward they might have a meeting right in the theatre about saving the play. He said they might invite Senator Jacob Javits and Senator-elect Robert Kennedy to come to the meeting and help them figure out ways of doing things about the terrible economic plight of the American theatre. Somebody was thereupon assigned to call up Mr. Javits and Mr. Kennedy. Mr. Strouse said he would ask Sammy Davis to give both Mr. Kennedy and Peter Lawford tickets to the play. It developed that June Havoc might devote one entire television show to talking about the play, and that Paddy Chayefsky would do much the same thing on the television program "Hot Line," and that Mr. Brooks would ask Les Crane to arrange a sensational argument on *his* television show among Miss Moreno, a playwright, and a drama critic. Miss Ghostley said she could go on Tom Ewell's radio show and talk about the play, and Miss Bancroft told her to call up a man named Bernie Seligman, at the William Morris Agency, because Bernie's wife, Margie, knew Tom Ewell's telephone number and could give it to Miss Ghostley. Somebody suggested that Representative John Lindsay be invited to attend the Sunday performance of the play and talk at the meeting, because he was deeply interested in the theatre.



"Here comes yours now, I think."

• •

"I've got *another* idea," Mr. Stein said. "Let everybody give tickets to the play as Christmas presents."

"And I'll call up Jackie Gleason," Miss Moreno said. "We'll get him to do on his show what Ed Sullivan did for 'All the Way Home.' It could be the one big thing we're looking for."

By that time, it was 3 A.M., and everybody was wide-awake.

Insight

A WOMAN we know who has just moved into an apartment twelve stories above Park Avenue found that her windows very badly needed cleaning. She lost no time in hiring a local professional window-washer, who, safely belted, climbed out on a ledge and attacked the first gritty pane. Before it was half washed, he suddenly put his squeegee in its holster and crawled back into the apartment. "You know something?" he said to the woman. "I'm quitting. You don't owe me anything for what I've done so far. I'm quitting."

"Why?" our friend asked, startled.

Lighting a cigarette, the man replied, "Because I just realized how dangerous this business is, and I've had it. I'm going to get a factory job, or something. The boss will send somebody else over to finish up. Good luck in your new place!"

With that, he gathered up the tools of his ex-trade and departed.

A MEETING AT DORS RIVER

IN 1920, the Rosing brothers, Jacob and Elias, lived in a sprawling, single-storied house of a typically South African kind—with white plastered walls, a wide cement stoep running all around it, and rectangular wooden pillars holding up the roof over the stoep. On one side of the house was a drygoods shop, which the brothers operated. On the other side was a ragged orchard of peach, fig, and pomegranate trees, and scattered among them were such things as a chicken run and an old iron windmill. Behind the house, across a bare yard, were the servants' rooms, a few lumber sheds, and two stables, one converted into a garage, the other housing an old Cape cart, its shaft and body covered with dust. Beyond the back yard you looked across a sandy plain toward the Dors River, which was marked only by the tops of the trees that grew along its sunken course.

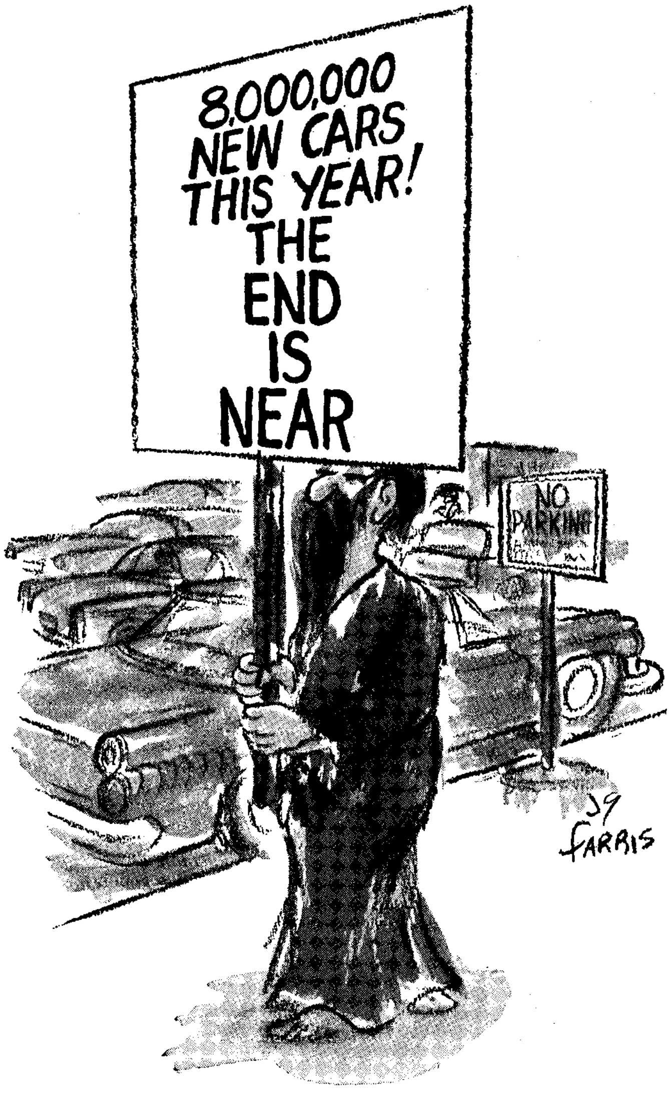
From the front stoep of the house a path ran to a wooden gate, on either side of which was a cypress hedge that gave off in the heat a faint resinous odor. When you opened the gate, you saw, set at a distance in a grove of bluegum trees, a small railway station, the houses of the railway officials, and a hotel little bigger than any of the houses. To the south, on the left, you could see the girders of the bridge that carried the railway, as well as the main road, over the curve of the river. To the north, both road and rails ran dead straight until they were lost to sight at a point where the gradual slope of the veld at last met the sky.

Outside, there was much empty space and glaring light, but indoors, both in the shop and in the house, there was darkness and a lack of air. The shop was a crowded jumble of goods of all kinds—blankets and tins of food, boots and sacks of meal, patent medicines and overalls, saddles and chinaware—ranged on shelves or displayed on zinc-topped counters. The house was filled with heavy furniture, and every room was guarded from the sun by curtains, mosquito screens, and slatted wooden blinds, swinging on hinges. The only books in the house were those in the unoccupied room of Manny Rosing, Jacob's only child, who had recently graduated as a doctor from the University of Cape Town—schoolbooks and others, as well as the remnants of Manny's boyhood enthusiasms for fishing, stamp-collecting, and chemistry experiments. The only photograph in the house was a large oval portrait of Jacob's late wife, hanging over the sideboard in the dining room. Elias was a bachelor.

The Rosing brothers, both of them bent, bald, and thick-bodied old men, who looked so much alike they might have been twins, had been living in Dors River for almost thirty years. When they came to Dors River, there had been no railway line, no telegraph, and barely even a road. Now a passenger train going south passed through every morning, one going north every evening, and goods trains clattered through at odd times of day. Jacob and Elias knew all the white people in the district, and most of the blacks; their houseboy and cook girl had been with them for years. Once a year, separately, each brother made the six-hundred-mile trip south to Muizenberg, near Cape Town, for a three-week holiday. More often they went, by train, the twenty-five miles north to Lyndhurst—on Jewish holidays, or for visits to the doctor or dentist, or to bank the money that, between visits, was kept in a big green safe in Jacob's room. So the years had gone by, scorching summer succeeding upon bleak, dry winter, in an alternation of heat and cold that did nothing to change the look of the landscape.

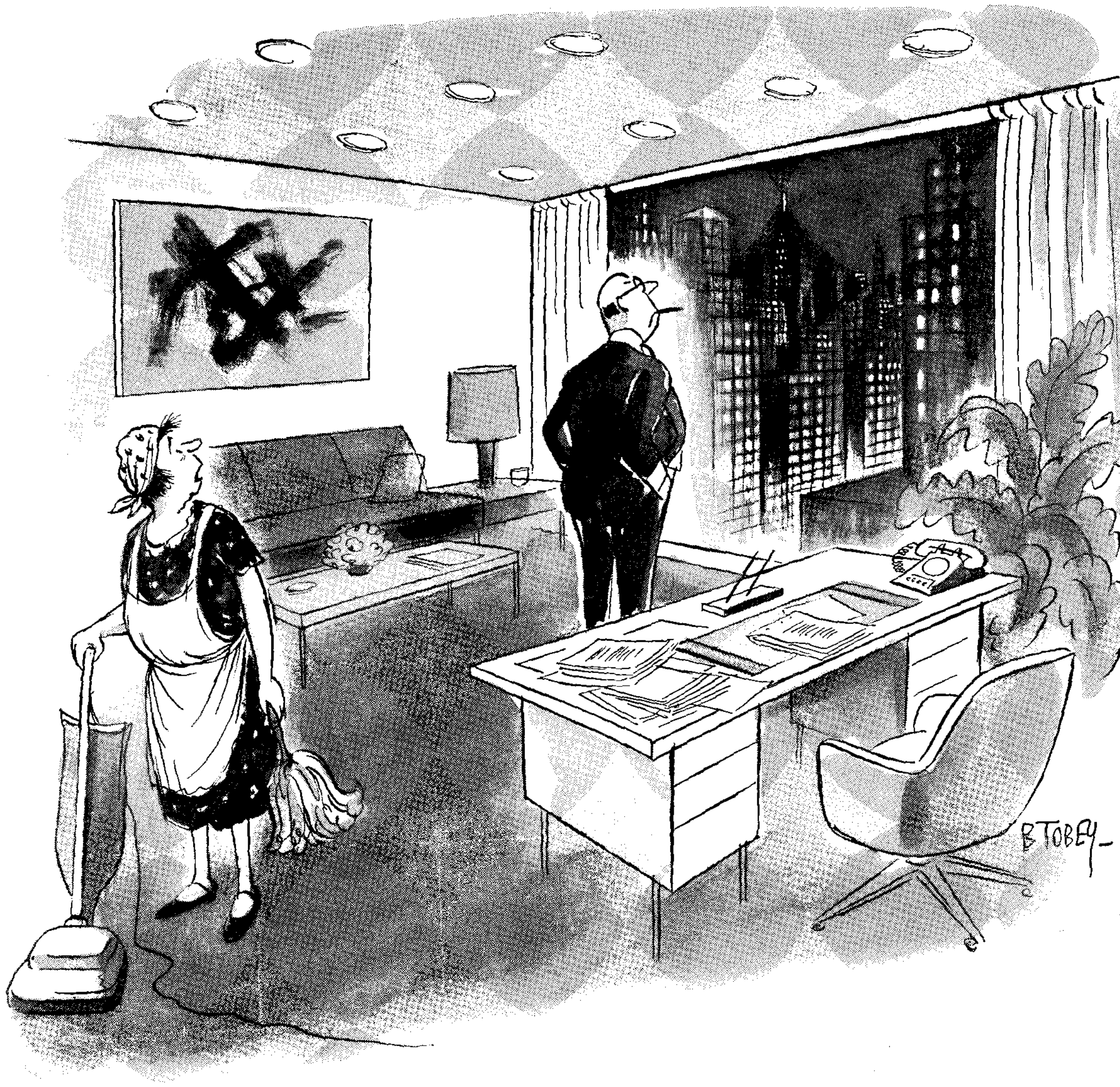
IT was with these two brothers, cousins of her mother's, that Sarah Talmon, daughter of the late rabbi of Marniyus, in Lithuania, came to stay immediately upon her arrival in South Africa. Her mother and her brother Samuel went to live with another set of cousins in Germiston, near Johannesburg. These were the best arrangements that could be made at the moment, for the family was penniless. Their fares had been paid out of a collection made up among relatives and former members of the rabbi's congregation, who had preceded them to South Africa.

At the time of her arrival in South Africa, Sarah Talmon was in her middle twenties—just a few years older than the century itself. She was a plump, large-headed girl, with shapely legs and slender hands. Her soft, curling hair was cropped short, her features were small and her forehead was wide, and her brown eyes were candid behind the horn-rimmed spectacles she wore. In the old country, she had enjoyed, at her mother's insistence and against the wishes of her father, a secular education at a Gymnasium, where she had shown a particular aptitude for languages. She had learned German, French, and English, as well as Russian (Yiddish she had spoken at home, and her father had taught her Hebrew), and in every one of these languages she had read as much as she had been able to. Her reading had promised her that life would be abundant in its stresses and beauties, terrors and satisfactions, surprises and reassurances. She


8,000,000 NEW CARS THIS YEAR! THE END IS NEAR
NO PARKING
FARRIS

believed her books—in fact, it worried and dismayed her that she believed in them far more than she did in her own experiences. In Africa, strange Africa, she had hoped, things would be different.

So Dors River came as a profound shock to her. It seemed to offer only an abundance of blank space—space and dust. The dust rose from every car wheel, every horse's hoof, every flock of complaining sheep driven to and from the railway paddock, every stick dragged in the sand by the piccanins who hung around the shop and whose cries had no echo in the wide spaces where they played. The triviality of the cluster of habitations around the railway line, the baldness and emptiness of the surrounding veld were revealed at a single glance—nothing was withheld; nothing at all, it seemed to the girl, was promised her.



"I sympathize, sir. But, believe me, it's also lonely at the bottom."

• •

Jacob and Elias were kind enough to her in their way. They gave over to her the running of the house, and complimented her on her cooking, which she did with the assistance of the cook girl. In the evenings, the two men talked to her of their boyhood in the old country and of the changes they had seen in Dors River and Lyndhurst, and they told her the histories of the people whom Sarah saw passing the house on their way to the shop—which she seldom entered. Jacob spoke often, too, about Manny, whom he was expecting shortly for a brief summer holiday at home before he left for England, where he was going to specialize in psychoanalysis. "A whole new science—imagine!" Jacob exclaimed. The thought of it obviously made him uneasy, in spite of the pride with which he spoke. The brothers also encouraged her to go to Lyndhurst for weekends, where she could, they said, "meet other young people."

But much of the time Sarah was left on her own in the dark, airless house, and she was often in tears when she woke in the mornings, roused unwillingly to consciousness by the raucous, foolish, trailing calls of the hens in the *hok.* The sense of her own loneliness and a half-pleasurable anguish at the uncertainty of her future seldom left her as each day slowly passed. In the late afternoons, when the sun was setting and the air was cooler, she used to walk by herself along the banks of the river, among rocks, reeds, and camelthorn trees. On these walks, she recited aloud in her East European accent those poems of Shelley and Tennyson she had learned by heart.

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

She kept a diary, and filled it with vague, grandiose plans. She might become a doctor, she might become a poetess, she might become the wife of a famous man. Or she might spend the rest of her life in Dors River—at times, even that prospect had something grandiose about it, in her own imagination. She thought of herself as a kind of female hermit of the veld, or a doer of good works in the tiny, squalid Dors River "location."

ONE evening, Sarah came back from her walk along the river to find that Manny Rosing had arrived, a few days earlier than he had been expected. From a distance, she had seen the train from Cape Town halt at the station and then move off, an elongated, black disturbance against the horizon. Manny, a prematurely bald young man in a light, loose suit, was sitting alone and at his ease in the front room of the house. As she came to the door, she saw him from the side before he saw her. His face was sharp, almost wedge-shaped, thrust forward to the point of his long nose, under a receding forehead. The back of his head and neck was flat. When he stood up, his movements were lithe, and he was shorter than he had appeared to be in his chair. He crossed the room to greet her.

"You're Sarah."

"You're Manny."

He took her hand in his, looking at her without embarrassment, with something like amusement in his eyes, which were pale brown and set closely together. "Father tells me you've been looking very carefully after him," Manny said.

"He managed before I came. The servants do all the work, really."

"That isn't what I've heard. He'll miss you when you go."

"I have no plans to go."

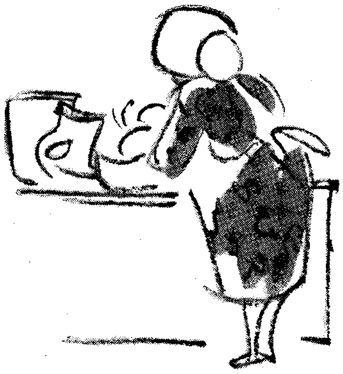
"But you've got no plans to stay? Not in Dors River?"

"I have no plans."

"Then we must think of some." He was smiling confidently, almost scornfully.

Discomfited, Sarah felt herself growing warm under his scrutiny. Her hand was still in his, and she pulled it away. "I must go and see that a bed is made up for you."

When she came back into the room and sat down, she found Manny talking to his admiring father and uncle about the work he'd been doing as a houseman at Groote Schuur Hospital, about the letters of introduction to various people in London that the professor of psychological medicine had given him, about "the Institute" at which he would be studying. He talked of going to Vienna "to sit at the feet of the Master himself, if he'll have me," of the "incredible backwardness—the primitiveness, really"—of what passed for orthodoxy "in this benighted country." The two old men nodded uncomprehendingly but proudly at everything he said. Manny took no notice of Sarah, yet she felt that much of what he was saying was directed to her; there was no need, after all, for him to try to impress the old men. She sat listening to him, and looking at him—at his slightly stooped posture in his chair, the quick forward movement of his head when he wished to emphasize a point, the habit he had of running his hand back over his brow, as if feeling for the hair that was no longer there. She was relieved that nothing was asked of her. At supper, he still spoke almost entirely to the two old men, asking them now about their affairs, about people he knew in the district and in Lyndhurst, about their speculations in cattle and sheep, which they grazed on pieces of hired land around Dors River.



After supper, the two young people found themselves sitting alone on the front stoep. A small oil lamp provided the only light. From the darkness beyond, there rose the persistent but irregular call of the crickets among the trees in the orchard. Sarah's wicker chair was a few paces from his, half turned away, near the edge of the stoep. He sat in shirtsleeves and a waistcoat, his back to the wall of the house. From his pocket he brought out a pipe and tobacco pouch, and when the pipe was lit he sucked absently at it and watched the smoke rising in the air. "It's strange," he said at last. "I was born in Lyndhurst, and now I'm going to London. You were born in Marniyus, and now you're living in Dors River. What a world! How long have you been in South Africa?"

"Six months."

"Only six months! Your English is very good."

"I learned English in the old country, at school. And I go sometimes to Mrs. Wheeler for conversation lessons."

Mrs. Wheeler was the stationmaster's wife. Manny smiled when he heard this. "I shouldn't think she has much conversation."

"It helps. And I read a lot."

"There isn't much else to do here."

"No."

Sarah stood up and moved to the edge of the stoep. She looked out, over the trees, to the stars scattered so thickly and brightly in the sky. She said, "Sometimes in this country—here anyway; it's all I know—I think there's more life in the sky than there is on the ground. In the daytime, there are such clouds there, shifting and piling on top of one another—they're like mountains and valleys and rocks. It's another geography up there, always changing. And at night . . . Look at it now! Look how many stars, and how bright they are. We never had stars like that in Lithuania."

"You're lonely," Manny said.

"Yes," Sarah confessed gratefully, turning to face him. She spoke directly to him, her hands working together in front of her. "I am lonely here. But I feel it's wrong for me to say so. Where would I be better off?" She smiled, but the movement of her hands went on. "You asked me about my plans. I wish I did have plans, real plans. Instead, I have nothing but daydreams. And doubts."

"We all have doubts," Manny said.

"You don't seem to have many."

"You don't know me." Presently he said, with a restless jerk of his legs, "Don't you understand—my job is to spread doubt. So how can I be without doubts myself?"

"I thought your job is to help people, to make them confident?"

He shook his head. "Not in the way you imagine."

"In what way, then?"

He glanced at her, as if wondering whether it was worth his while to speak seriously to her. "What we want them to do is to accept their lack of confidence, to know they'll never be confident again." It seemed that he was going to go on, but he did not.

Heavily, almost obstinately, unwilling to be put off, she asked, "What do you mean? What do you mean when you say 'again'?"

"Well . . ." He drew the word out. Then, with a slightly mocking, obedient, downward tilt of his head, he answered her. "Confident as we imagine people might have been when they believed in God, for example. Or when they believed that the world was a place that changed slowly, if it changed at all. Or when everybody thought he'd been given a self or a soul that he could learn to know and could struggle to improve." He looked up. She was listening earnestly to him. "We know that that old self no longer exists. It's dead. It's been killed—not by us, you understand. Or not just by us. We're simply the first—among the first—to recognize what has happened. And the

first to say that if it's dead then you must throw it away as you would throw away any other old rubbish. It has to be done." He was crouching slightly forward, the thin, fairish, waving hair on the back of his head glinting in the lamplight, his eyes resting flatly upon her. He looked as though he were coiled under the blade of his own head. "Modern writing, modern art, the political revolutions, the psychoanalytic movement—they're all parts of the same transformation. You see it at work everywhere. You see it inside, deep inside, everyone you meet. It's in you, in me, even in my father. It's a breaking down, not a building up, you understand, that's begun."

"And after it?"

"Who can say? We don't know. We can't know. What will emerge, if it's to be truly new, must astonish us—isn't that so?—or it wouldn't be new."

"You speak like some kind of anarchist—a *narodnik*—not a psychologist."

He laughed at the comparison, leaned back, and fiddled with his pipe. "Have you ever read any psychoanalytic literature?"

"Never."

"It's time you began. I have some books with me. We'll read them together."

Their glances met. Sarah was the first to look away. "I'm very ignorant."

"So tell me what you have read. Let me judge for myself."

She began to tell him, glad that he had asked. In spite of the avowal of ignorance she had just made, she was sure he would be impressed by the range of her reading. He listened attentively, yet Sarah was aware that his attention was directed more to her face, her gestures, her expression than to what she was saying. The knowledge didn't embarrass her. Having been silent for so long, ever since she had come to Dors River, she spoke without constraint, pausing only to search for an English word now and then, and sometimes offering in its place a Yiddish one. He nodded quickly each time she did this, to show her that he understood, that he was following her closely.

They were interrupted by Jacob and Elias, who had not let Manny's arrival disturb their habit of sitting in the front room and reading from front page to back—the one handing to the other each part as he finished it—the daily paper published in Lyndhurst, which arrived every day by train. The two old men now sat with them for a few minutes; then they shuffled off to bed.

Manny turned in his chair and watched them go through the front door. "You see," he said to Sarah, as if proving some kind of point, "what different people we are in their presence from what we are when we're alone together."

"I feel it also," Sarah said. "I didn't at first, but I do now."

He moved his head at her reply, in a curiously sharp, intimate gesture of acquiescence or satisfaction, at which something in Sarah flickered for the briefest instant and then sank away. The strain of it, the knowledge that it had happened, left her heart beating clumsily. She rose to her feet. "I must also go."

"You're early birds in the country." He got out of his chair. "You know, I came home only because I felt I had to see Father before I left—for his sake. But I wasn't looking forward to the visit. I am now."

"So am I."

They laughed breathlessly, each aware of the closeness of the other's face. Jerkily, she left the stoep. She was glad that her bedroom was at the side of the house and that its window did not open on the front, where Manny was still sitting. She lay awake for a long time in bed, conscious of the peaceful, still darkness outside, of the chirp and stir of the insects, of the halfhearted creak and rattle from the windmill when a faint breeze sprang up and almost immediately died away. When she closed her eyes, it was as if she saw again all the stars in the sky; they wheeled slowly under the dark arch of her lids. "I'm not so lonely," she said aloud, savoring the denial.

THEY took their books to the river, in the mornings, and looked for a shady place and a shelf of clear sand where they could sit. The riverbed was wide, but there was little water in it, and there were many places where they were able to cross right over, stepping from one rounded, veined, blue-gray boulder to the next, between the stretches of idle water, or over the streamlets that still flowed here and there. They looked every day for a new place, though it was not always easy to find one. Many of the trees, which were all willows or camelthorns, seemed to grow from mere cracks, crevices, slivers of soil, among the boulders, and the shade they did find was cool only in comparison with what was beyond it, where the sunlight was reflected dazzlingly from the rocks, from the muddy, dark-green water, even from the stems of the reeds, which grew in clusters. Usually they chose to sit under a willow, for it was a prettier tree than the camelthorn, and its drooping branches provided more shade.

They disturbed few living things—the small, pearl-gray namaqua doves with long bills, whose cooing echoed among the stones, or occasionally some goats, sheep, or hump-necked Afrikander cattle come down to the water to drink. Once, they clambered around some rocks and were startled to see a *likkewaan* a few yards in front of them—a scaly, heraldic, dragonlike lizard, fully three feet long, with an uplifted head, a throbbing throat, and a heavy tail. But for the movement of its throat, it might have been made of the rock amidst which it lived. Then, with a harsh scrape and a splash, it plunged into the nearest pool and was gone. A few times, too, they were disturbed by small groups of piccanins, some in ragged shirts and some in ragged trousers but none in both, who had come to the river to hunt for doves with their catapults or to catch fish with homemade rods and the hooks they had bought at the Rosings' store. But for hours on end there would be no stir of life around them. The only sound would be the cooing of the doves, the only movement that of the clouds overhead, which massed together in corners of the sky, making high purple and white halls of air, and then drifted away, without bringing rain.

Sometimes they simply succumbed to the heat and stillness, and to their nearness to one another. They touched each other seldom, but she was aware that he was always watching her movements; she sensed his restlessness and was roused in response. She watched him when he stood up abruptly and went exploring around them, and she waited for him to return and drop down by her side once more. When he did turn to his books, they found in them an excitement of another kind. It excited them both that he should be introducing her to what the books contained—to the thrust and flux of *unassuaged sensualities, primitive rages,* rudimentary gratifications, truncated gropings of mind, which were his and hers alike, inescapable, self-renewing, fed by and feeding every demand and fear. The presence of each provoking in the other zeal and shame, curiosity and pride, they followed the texts, pronounced the words, repeated the arguments. They smiled or laughed occasionally, and met each other's eyes less often; they were liberated and constricted by every paragraph. They never doubted the truth of what they read, or, rather, the truth of it seemed to them borne out by, contained within, their own excitement, and by what they felt to be the poignance and nobility of their being able to read together such books in this bare, unpeopled, unrecorded corner of the world.

ONE day, however, Manny did not touch the books at all; instead, almost fiercely, he questioned Sarah about herself. No, she admitted, she had never before been alone with a man as much as she had been with him. Yes, she was frightened; not frightened, she corrected herself—nervous. Yes, she had been embarrassed, very embarrassed, by some of what they had read together. No, she did not believe in God, she believed in none of the things her father had brought her up to believe in, she had never believed in any of them, as far back as she could remember. No, she had never told her father this; while she had been at home, she had done everything (except for going to a secular school) that he had expected her to do, without argument or comment. Of course, this had been a strain on her sometimes, but she supposed she had taken it for granted that one day she would leave home and then would be able to live as she liked. No, she had never been away from home for any length of time until her father's death. Yes, their *shtetl*—their village—had always been a peaceful place, even during the war and the troubles after it. When the Germans had come, in 1915, they had behaved very well, and she had worked in an administrative office they had set up there. The Germans had asked her to, because she knew the language, and her father had agreed, because he thought it would be good for the Jewish community if she obliged them. No, she had not had any affairs with any of the German officers, or with any of the young men who had come to study under her father. She laughed at Manny's notion that she might have. No, her father had not seemed anxious that she might remain an old maid. Yes, sometimes she was anxious about it herself. But she was anxious about everything in her future.

"And in your present? Now?"

"I told you—I'm nervous."

"Why? Because you're alone with a young man?"

"Not just a young man. With you." Yet, behind her glasses, her eyes were soft, open, hopeful.

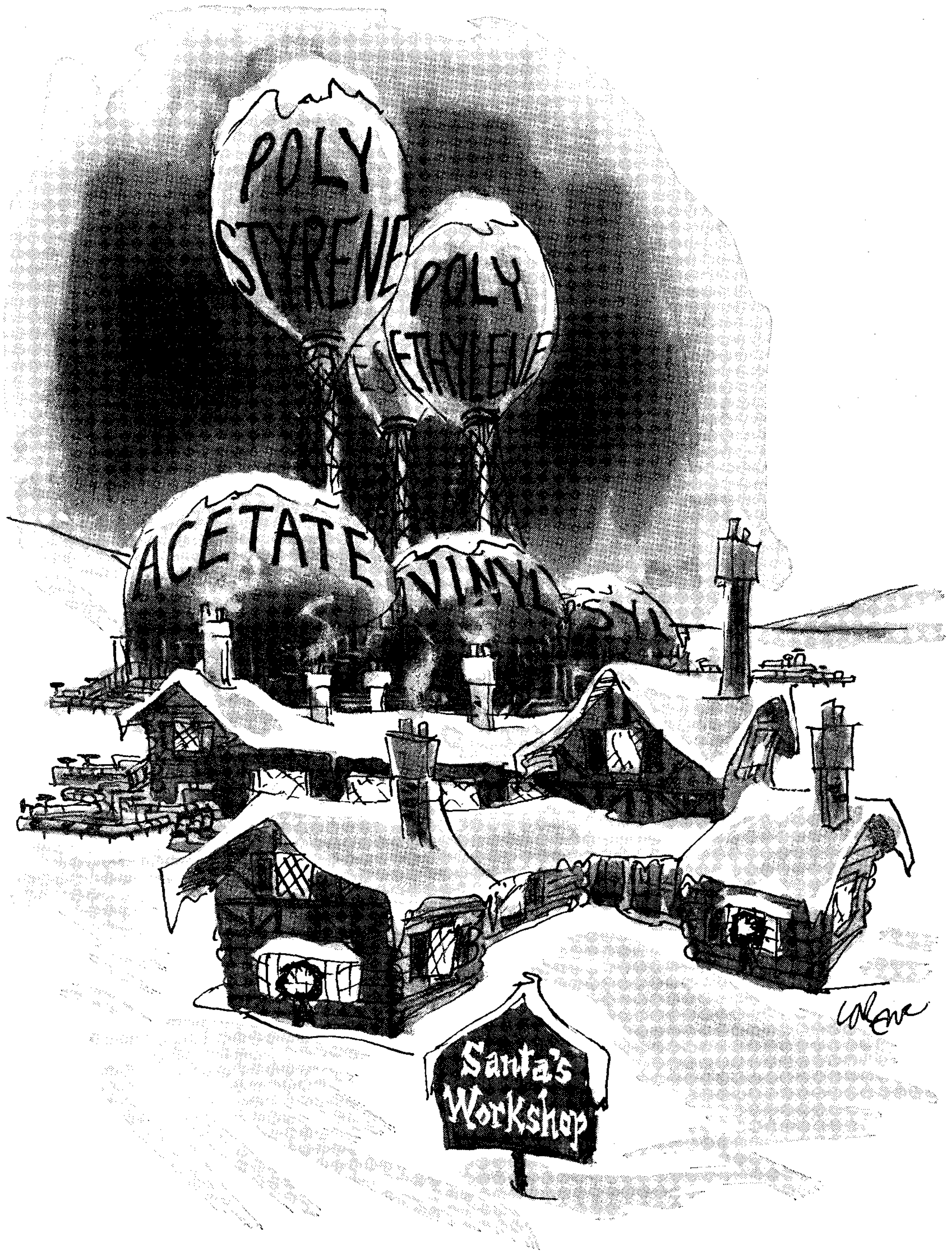
"What do you think I might do to you?"

"I don't know. That's why I'm nervous." Her voice shook. When he leaned forward and kissed her on the lips, she trembled. It was the first time they had kissed. She was conscious only of the strangeness of it. What next? She tried to draw him closer. "Come," she said, and closed her eyes, not knowing what she was saying. He kissed her again. This time his kiss seemed to run through her—too sharply, too quickly. It was gone before she had learned to know it. Yet she had been touched; he had summoned all of her together for that instant.

Unwillingly, she opened her eyes and saw that he was sitting back. On his lips was the faint sardonic smile she had seen the first time she had met him. The sky behind him was blue; a few green, tapering leaves hung across it. A dove called. The fullness within her rose in answer to the sound, and she burst uncontrollably into tears.

He took her home very soon afterward, and from then on he kept his distance from her. He stayed in the house, saying that he had letters to write; he spent more time with his father and uncle; he went to Lyndhurst for a day, and he even jokingly served behind the counter in the shop. Tormented, the girl went about the house wondering what she had done wrong, how she had offended him, what she could do to set matters right. Should she not have let him kiss her? Had it been her tears that had changed his attitude toward her? Should she have shown herself less eager for his company? Should she have refused to listen to his reading? But what else could she have done, at any stage? In her mind, she went over every conversation, every exchange they had had together since the evening of his arrival, and nowhere could she find a place where she could have acted other than as she had. When she thought of their mornings by the river, they seemed to her—in their freedom, excitement, boldness, and promise—already so distant she could not believe they had taken place only a few days previously. She could not believe they had happened in these surroundings she knew so well, where space imprisoned her, emptiness confined her, vacuity exhausted her.

She sought Manny out, then avoided him, then sought him out again, waiting for a word of explanation or tenderness from him. He spoke to her kindly, distantly, politely. But at any agitated movement of her hands, any rise in her voice, he turned away. The days of his visit passed inexorably. One day, she burst into tears at the dinner table, startling Jacob and Elias, who looked expectantly at Manny when she had fled from the room, confident that their psychologist son and nephew would be able to explain this phenomenon to them. But he merely raised his



eyebrows, shrugged, and muttered something inaudible.

THEN it was Manny's last day in Dors River; he would be leaving on the next morning's train. Sarah had been dreading this day, but she was surprised on waking to find herself more at peace than on any morning that had preceded it. It was too late now to mend whatever had been done or undone. And for the first time it occurred to her that perhaps she had done nothing at all wrong, that she had nothing to be ashamed of or to reproach herself about. She made no effort to meet Manny, none to avoid him. The morning passed, the afternoon passed. In the evening, she set out for her usual walk along the river. Manny joined her as she walked across the back yard.

It was sunset. Simple, flat reds and yellows filled the western half of the sky; there was nothing between that immense brightness and the level earth.

"You're going for your walk," Manny said, embarrassed. "Can I join you?"

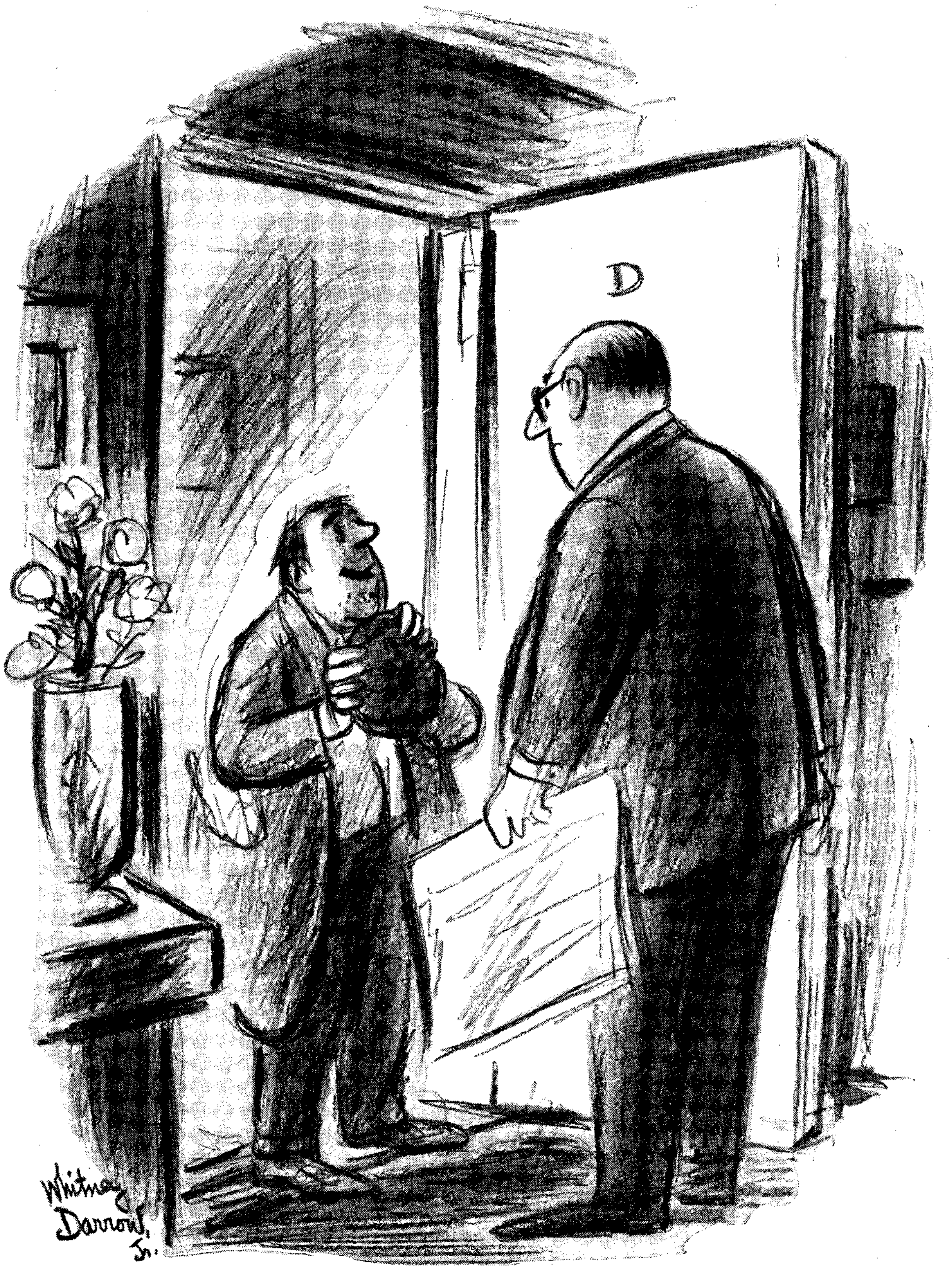
"Why do you want to?"

"It's my last chance."

"You didn't use the other chances you had."

"I'd like to use this one."

He fell in beside her. But instead of going across the bare plain that led to the river, she turned and began walking in the opposite direction, toward the railway line, leaving the shop and the house behind them. He followed.



"You gave me a quarter down at the corner this morning, sir. It's all gone."

There were no sounds but those of their footsteps, dull on the sand, harsh on the dry grass that grew in meagre clumps here and there. They came to a fence that shut off the railway line, and walked north alongside, on a path that went parallel with the fence. Path, fence, and rails ran straight. The blazing, still sunset was on their left, the distant river to the right, the diminishing cluster of low buildings behind them. Ahead of them was the veld and the sky.

"You're angry with me," Manny said.

She shook her head. "No."

"What, then?"

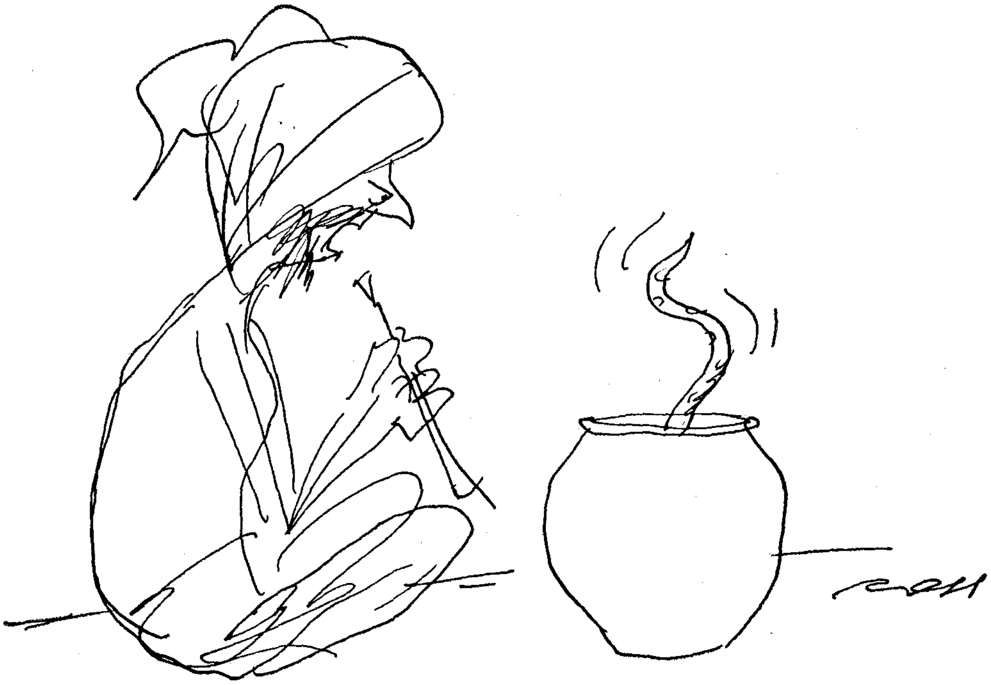
Still walking, she turned to look at him. He looked small, sharp, ill at ease against the spaces around him. "Disappointed," she said.

"Why? Because I didn't seduce you?" he asked brutally. She made no answer, but walked on. "Is that what you wanted?" she heard him say from a little behind her.

"No!" she cried, halting suddenly, standing slightly bent and awkward. "I just . . . I wanted . . ." She breathed out, a long shaken breath. "I had what I wanted," she said simply. "For a moment you gave it to me. Then you took it away." He was about to speak, but she would not let him. "I don't think you've ever thought about me, except as someone to impress and excite and then to disappoint. Well, you did it. You can be satisfied. I hope you are. I don't want you to walk with me anymore. Please leave me. Go away from me now."

"No."

She did not say another word until they returned to the house. But Manny talked. He cajoled, explained, argued, accused, pleaded, raged. He had been thinking of her; he had restrained himself for her sake. He was leaving; he could not become involved with her; he had acted out of consideration for her. It had been wrong for him to disturb her with his books; she was an innocent, a rabbi's daughter, a green girl from Europe. Couldn't she understand why he had withdrawn? Wasn't she grateful to him for holding back? He had kept silent before only because he had been sure she did understand. What was the matter with her, anyway? Why was she living in Dors River? What kind of cowardice kept her there? She could go to Johannesburg or Cape Town; she could find work; she could teach Hebrew. She didn't have to bury herself in the veld, keeping house for two old men who she herself had said did not need her. She



"Head first, damn it!"

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was like a child, not like a grown woman. She was fixated on her father. She should think seriously of undergoing treatment. She was wasting her life.

His head jerked, he opened his lips, the words came out. Now he was talking about himself. He supposed that to her he seemed a lucky man—educated, free, someone who could do as he liked. What did she know about it? He was the doctor son of a Jewish storekeeper in Dors River. There was nothing very grand about that, whatever she might think. This desert was the place where he came from. Who was he to take up a subject like his, to think about London and Vienna, to talk about the transformation of the modern consciousness? Beyond shame now, in a frenzy of self-scorn, he mouthed out his own phrases derisively. Then he shook his fist at her, as though she were the one who had jeered at them. He had his ambitions and he was going to carry them out, he was going to be in front, he was going to go where others were afraid to go, he was going to make people listen to him. In London. In Vienna. Right in the middle of the world. He would show her; he'd show everyone what he was capable of doing. He would make his mark, make his name; he'd win through, right through.

By this time, they were back at the house, standing at the front gate. The light in the sky had shrunk to a single red flare in the west; the earth was without color or form. "I understand," Sarah said sadly. "What use would I be to you—the daughter of the rabbi of Marniyus? No wonder you let me love you for just such a short time. But I didn't think—I never imagined—that you could have been so frightened of me."

He reached out for her, but she slipped away from his grasp and started up the path. He did not follow.

THE next morning, Sarah, Jacob, and Elias saw Manny off at the station. Then they returned to the house, Jacob wiping his eyes, because he was sure he would never see his son again. Her eyes were dry. She and Manny had done no more than shake hands, like strangers, when he left. But she had told him that she had decided to follow his advice and leave Dors River, at which he had nodded in approval before turning away—a spare, quick, bald young man whom she, like Jacob, was sure she would never see again.

Six months later, when she was living in Johannesburg and working as a Hebrew teacher, she had a letter from Manny, in which he told her that though he had tried hard to do so he had been unable to forget her. He had found he could not put out of mind her candor, her gentleness, her intellectual eagerness, the sweetness of her face, the beauty of her figure. He loved her, he said, and was ready to save money to pay for her fare to England, or to ask his father for the money, if she wanted to join him. He could never forgive himself, he said, for not having seized the chance that had been given to him on his last visit home.

The letter came some weeks after Sarah had become engaged to Benjamin Glickman, whom she had met at a Zionist function at which the children from her Hebrew school had sung some Hebrew songs. The letter did not move or disturb her; in a curious way, it did not even surprise her. She did not reply to it, and told her husband-to-be nothing about it. And when they went on their honeymoon, it was at her suggestion that they went to stay with Jacob and Elias. Jacob had written inviting them to come, and they had been glad to find a place where they would not have to pay anything for the fortnight's holiday they were taking, for Benjamin had only just made a fresh start in a business of his own—he had taken over the assets of a bankrupt butter factory—and they had no money to spare.

So Sarah saw once again the veld and the sky, the camelthorn trees and the rock-littered river, the railway line and the white plastered house that had been all she had known of South Africa for so many months. Once again she heard the hens squawking and grumbling in their pen, the creaking of the windmill, and the occasional sound of a train approaching or receding from Dors River Station. But the emptiness and blankness of the place, the loneliness of the lives the Rosing brothers lived no longer threatened her; she was no longer upset by them. Instead, she felt a deep compassion for the country itself, as if it were a sentient being that knew and grieved over its own barrenness and pallor, that felt the ugliness and weight of the rocks that lay on it, the harshness of the scar the Dors River cut across it, the fierceness of the stroke of the sun each day. Of Manny she thought hardly at all.

At night, in their room, she let her husband do what he wished with her, and he, a man in his mid-thirties who had always been awkward and shy with her before, was roused to an intensity of desire that only her passive yet total compliance could have provoked in him. His touch never made her tremble, but she was glad she was able to satisfy him so easily. Her attention was directed elsewhere—where, she did not know. But she thought much of the children they might have. —DAN JACOBSON

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In Minnesota, he said, the medical needs of the indigent are well taken care of, with a large proportion of them able to take care of themselves.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

That's our kind of indigent!

SEVEN SONNETS

I

A Garden and a Face

The countryside that I love best is here,
And in this countryside a certain place,
And in this place a garden, and a face
That in the garden sometimes will appear—
It is the gay face of the gardener, dear
Beyond all others; she it is will brace
The drooping vine-branch, grant the weeds no grace,
In the full green and glory of the year.

Great trees encircle her; her praise shall be
The thrush's song; the sea-wind for delight
Buffets her cheek while, massive in its might,
Around these island solitudes the sea,
Chanting, like voices from eternity,
Will shake the shore with thunders day and night.

II

So Dark, So True

You turn to me with the old childlike, shy,
Questioning glance that first, in boyhood, took
My heart in bondage to those eyes—their look,
So dark, so true, be with me till I die!
From meadowy land, the meadow lark's clear cry
Brings back, like something in an old storybook,
The days of our lost youth, and hours that shook
Their dear delight upon us in passing by.

Though these are ended, though life, that stays for none,
Must now flow on in others, shall we demur
That had such bounty of happiness from her
In years together and hours that made us one?
Blessèd be they in whom life's ardors run—
Great life, whose temporary abode we were.

III

Slow Summer Twilight

Slow summer twilight. Darkening branches loom
Beyond the window. Your belovèd head
Bends over the pale page by lamplight, shed
Like a soft aureole round it in the gloom.
Kind destiny holds back the stroke of doom;
We are together, though no word is said,
We are together, and are comforted—
A peace, stronger than joy, fills all the room.

Outside, the darkness deepens, and I guess
What darker things the years may hold in store—
Watching your face, even lovelier than before
Age had given it this grave tenderness
Love stretches hands toward, that would shield and bless
A face, once young, in age loved all the more.

IV

The Sea's Voice

Our talk has been all banter, to-and-fro
Of raillery, the bland mischief of your smile
Still leads me on, with nonsense we beguile
An empty hour: we speak of So-and-So,
Of Eliot and Michelangelo,
And of James Jones, his high, pedantic style—
And touch, by chance, after a little while,
Upon some sadness suffered years ago.

Now your eyes darken, turning serious,
As thoughts of the long past, by memory stirred,
Waken—life's venture, tragic and absurd,
How strange it is, how brief, how hazardous.
Far off, the sea's voice says it all for us,
Saying one thing forever, barely heard.

V

Cloud-Shapes

What huge phantasmagoria of cloud
And travelling moon works magic in the east!
Now gulfs of night, cloud-shapes of man or beast,
Grow bright or dim, with light or dark endowed
As the moon floods them, riding clear and proud,
Or pales, cloud-prisoned, soon again released—
Toward her they drift, diminished or increased,
Becoming now her nimbus, now her shroud.

Some night—and time will have annulled us then—
These things shall be once more: the moon will shine
Through shifting cloud-rack, casting silver-fine
Lustre upon strange shapes of beasts and men;
And we not there to watch, ever again.
Come closer now, and lay your hand in mine.

VI

Bread and Wine

We breakfast, walled by green, as in a bower;
Across the windowpane cloud-pictures float,
A trumpet vine hangs there, a ruby throat
Glimmers, and is gone. Wind rocks the shaken flower.
The supper hour here is a golden hour:
Light gilds the treetops, eastward the remote
High clouds shine rosy gold, the oriole's note
Falls goldener, falling from his elm-tree tower.

Oh, in this green oasis here, we two
Together still—whatever fate provide,
To be together still! In humble pride,
I break the bread and share the wine with you,
Knowing, even as the disciples knew,
Love's very presence sitting at my side.

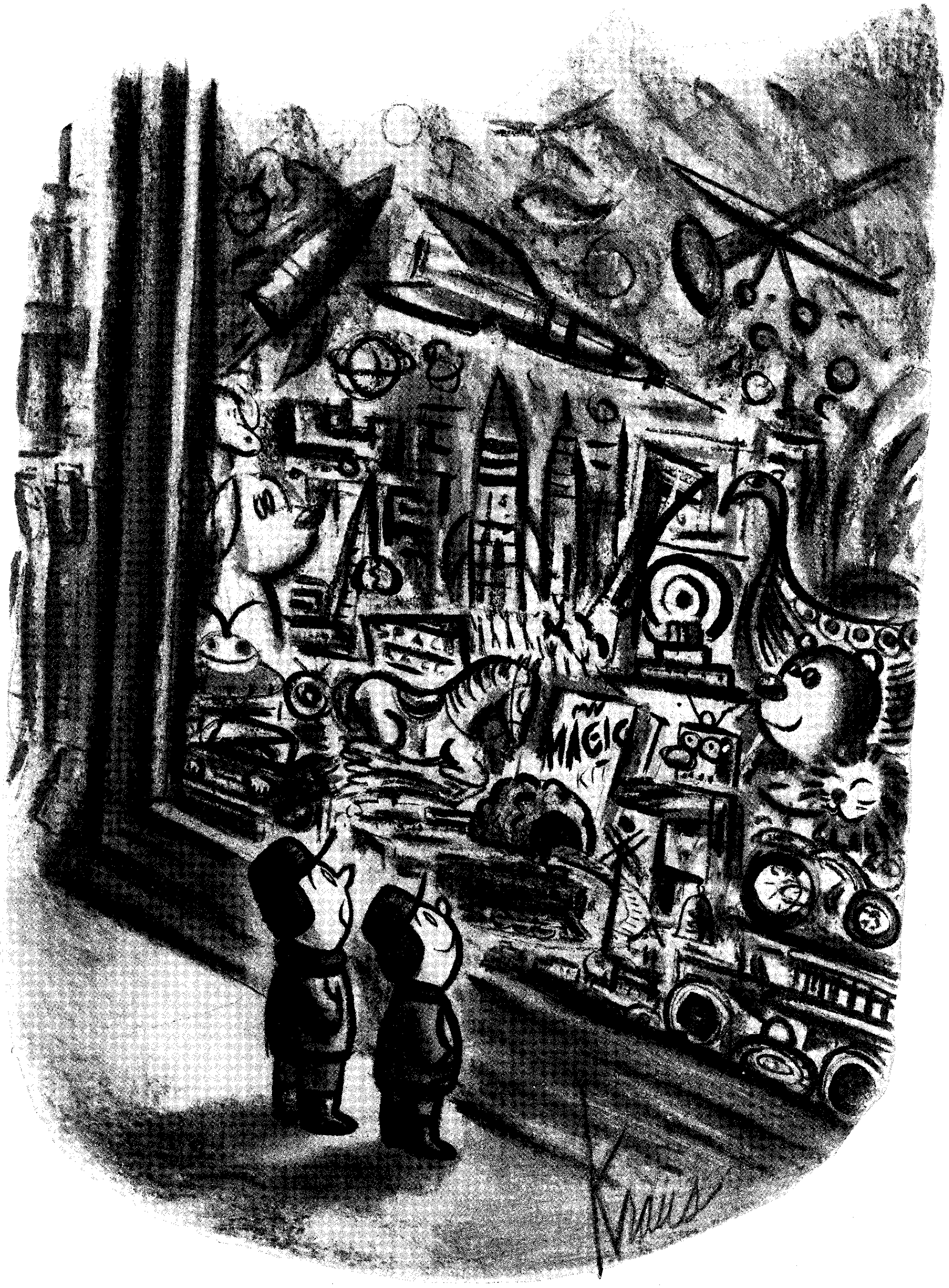
VII

In This Green Nook

In this green nook and cranny, hidden away
From time, the ever-watchful, we have grown
Wiser in age, clung closer for our own
Defense against the inevitable day
When time shall part us, time that grants no stay
For natural grief's sake, which not we alone
Shall have endured, and questioned the Unknown,
That deigns no answer, question as we may.

The old inexorable mysteries
Transcend our sorrow; no mere discord jars
That music, which no lesser music mars—
It was enough to have made peace with these:
To have kept high hearts amid the galaxies,
Love's faith amid this wilderness of stars.

—John Hall Wheelock



"I can't imagine what they'll find to give me this Christmas. I've got all this junk."

THE OLDEST MAN

IN my life, I have known two very old men. The oldest one I didn't know really, for I never even spoke with him. For a time, he lived across the street from me in Aix-en-Provence, so placed that I could look over at him from my room on the fourth floor. He was one hundred and four, and when he died the funeral procession was very long, from his house to the church and then to the cemetery, made up of people who only knew of him because he was the oldest man in Aix and perhaps in Provence, and because they felt a kind of personal pride or vindication in that. Dead, he must have been tiny, judging by the size of the coffin I looked curiously and sorrowfully down upon from my peephole on the fourth floor. Alive, he seemed merely small and light, sitting in a wing chair reading, with white mittens on his hands. At mealtimes, he wore a large white bib, but his manners were slowly meticulous, and he smiled and talked in a lively, twinkling way with his ancient daughter, who pottered about him and served the food on his small wheeled table. I missed him when he died and the shutters were closed in his room and through them shone the dim light of the candles at his head and feet. I had never heard his voice, or touched his hand.

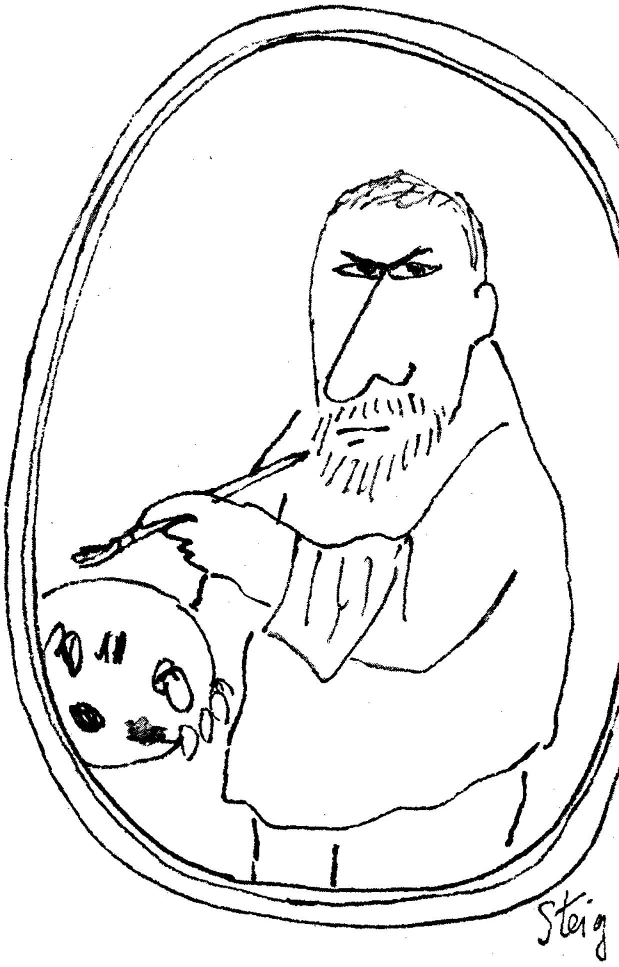
The oldest man I really knew was Pépé Connes. My two teen-age daughters, Anne and Mary, and I visited him in his hundredth year; for four days, we actually lived with him. Before our visit, I had met Pépé several times at the home of his son Georges, in Dijon; Pépé spent half of each year with Georges, the other half with a daughter-in-law in Normandy. I had known Georges for forty years. He was Dean of the Faculty of Letters at the university, and I had once gone to school there, with Georges as my professor. After that, I visited him and his wife, Henriette, in that Burgundian town, but I saw little of Pépé. I was shy of his remote courtesy and his great age. Every night, he played bezique with his son, and at meals he pulled out my chair for me and then served with ceremony and skill some special little dish he had bought on his long afternoon walk: a terrine of pâté from Strasbourg, a tin of white tuna from Nantes. He ate with the slow nicety of a fastidious old man, and as he kissed both my cheeks when I left for Aix I noticed that he smelled fresh and powdery.

Anne and Mary had met him, too. I had presented them to him in Dijon—a quick meeting that they remembered because he bowed low over their hands and told them without a smile that he regretted having lost all but one tooth, because he liked to be "well appointed" when he met charming ladies. It was five or six years after this meeting that Georges invited the three of us to visit him and Pépé in their natal village, Le Truel, in the Aveyron, where the two men went every spring as soon as it grew warm enough. Henriette, busy with her teaching at the Girls' Lycée, remained in Dijon. The visit was planned well over a year in advance, the details of our meeting requiring an arduous schedule of letters. Georges was to meet us in Montpellier, and he instructed me fussily about trains and buses from Aix to that city. Then I looked closely at my Michelin map of the Aveyron and decided that I could not stand the prospect of a ride as long as from Montpellier to Le Truel with Georges, for he is probably the most eccentric driver I have ever ridden with. So I hired M. Lov' in Aix to drive us in his taxi, and I picked a small town called Lodève, hours nearer Le Truel as Georges would drive, and told him that friends were driving us and would leave us at the bus stop there at a certain time. Georges was plainly overjoyed, and I could understand why when we made the eight-hour hop from Lodève to Le Truel; it would have taken him at least twelve hours, each way, had he met us, as he first so generously suggested, in Montpellier.

M. Lov' picked us up in his second-best taxi after lunch one Friday in May. We took two large suitcases along with us, and a big basket full of cherries and cheeses—Camembert and Gruyère, which Georges had once told me were hard come by there in the Roquefort country. We stopped at an inn in Lodève overnight, and the next morning, after breakfast, we carried our bags and the large smelly basket down the road a few yards to the bus stop. We sat half out into the road, so that Georges could not miss us. It felt fine to be in the shade and sun of the pale trees, and we did not feel we had been waiting too long when, around eleven o'clock, he drew up in his dusty 2 CV.

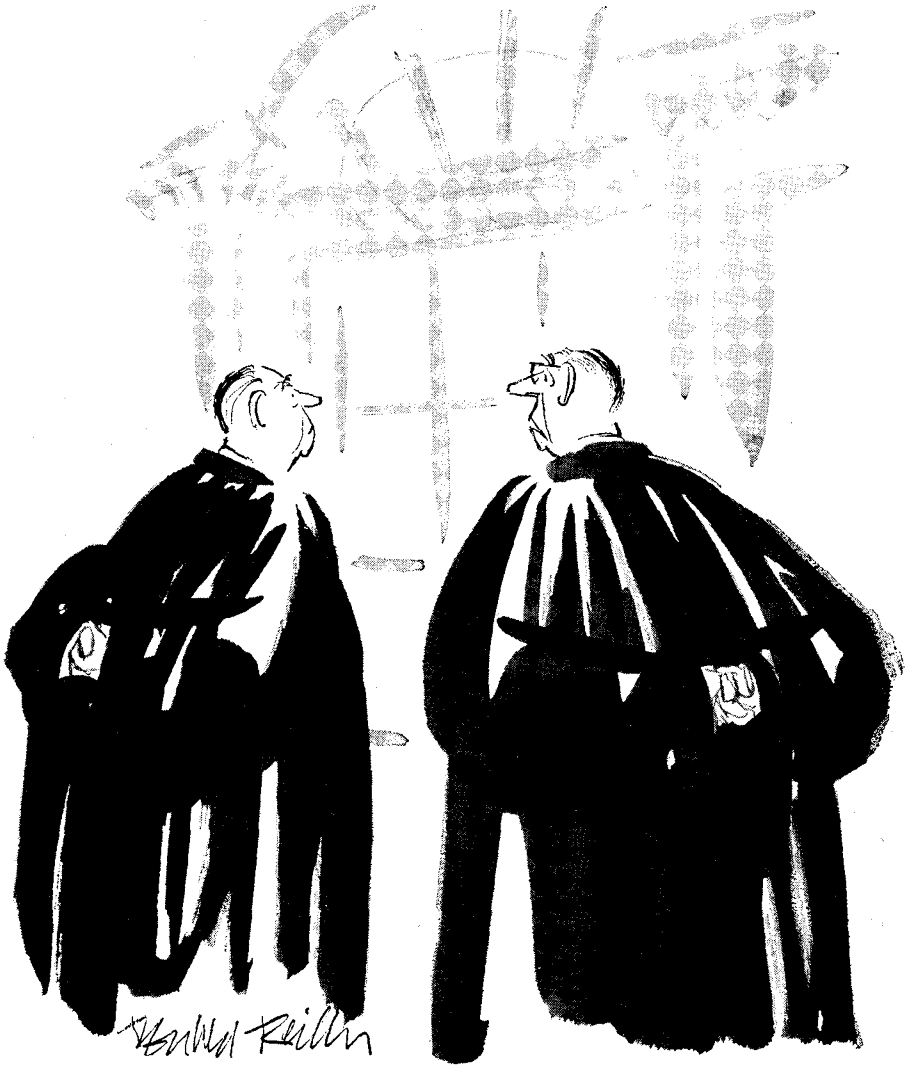
Before he had even killed the engine, he announced that we must do a few errands in town. Ceremoniously, and with the extra pomposity that for Georges marks unusual emotion and perhaps nervousness, he changed his big beret for a hat, his espadrilles for shoes, and his knitted jacket for a surprisingly loud tweed one. He handed us some baskets from the back of the car and then carefully fitted our things into place, meanwhile scolding us for bringing cherries when his trees were full of them, and cheeses when it was a foolish extravagance.

We tagged along after him about a mile to the covered market, where he asked me to choose "a fine fat chicken," and I pretended to and then pretended not to see his look of abject dismay when across the street he saw a caterer's shop full of prettily roasted ones, and on to the *économat*, where he bought four



tins of *quenelles de brochet* with a seignorial air of disdain. "These cost too little to be good," he said loftily to the huge old woman waiting on him. Then we went to three tobacco shops, where, finally, in the piles of magazines about dream interpretations and movie romances, he found a copy of *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*. Then we went to a pastry shop, where he bought two very dry-looking large cakes, one a local specialty of brioches curled and pressed and glazed into a form to imitate a pan of baked apples. (These two cakes turned up at every meal but breakfast for three days, and we finished them both off before we left, in a cloud of crumbs.) And then we straggled back to the car, and we packed ourselves and the tins and the chicken and the cakes here and there in it and jounced and jolted away.

Georges still drove his car as if he had never before sat behind its wheel, although he had clocked some seventy-five thousand kilometres on it. All the way to his place, he drove at between twelve and twenty-five kilometres an hour, though once, going down a steep slope, we reached the mad speed of forty. The slowness was all to the good, for Georges prefers to drive either in the middle or on the left side of the road, and somehow the trucks, buses, and sports cars that approached us seemed to sense our situation and do everything but plunge into the almost continuous gorges to help us get past them. Georges was then well past seventy, and he has never been involved in any kind of accident, although he drives from Dijon to Le Truel several times a year—a distance of perhaps three hundred miles—taking three days and nights each way.



"I agree the book is definitely obscene, but do we want people to think we're square?"

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THE Aveyron is at the lower tip of the Massif Central. It is made up mainly of high, flat tablelands called causses, cut this way and that by profound gorges. Some of these brutal river-made cracks are wide enough to shelter little villages like Le Truel. Others are wild canyons honeycombed with grottoes and fantastic caves, like Les Gorges du Tarn, and spelunkers love them and Englishmen practice mountain-climbing in them. And on the windy mesas, covered with sparse meadowlands and dense prickly maquis like our juniper flats in western America, there are countless flocks of ewes, to make the Roquefort cheese that is the great product of that part of the country. There are wide, shallow bowls sunk into the sandy soil for the sheep to drink at. Some of these bowls are much older than the Romans, perhaps Celtic or Gallic. They are made of artfully fitted cobbles, so that the sheep cannot slip as they drink, and there are a few modern ones designed in concrete with the same ridges, to catch the beasts' hoofs. To get from one causse to another, a traveller must descend and then mount the sides of the gorges—and so we did, uncounted times, in the dogged little car.

At noon, we pulled into a village where, on the way down, Georges had ordered lunch for us. I had not been in such a country dining room for perhaps thirty years, in France anyway—bright, plain; a taciturn waitress; a few motorists and drummers and a crew of ravenous road engineers. And we ate exactly what I would have been served so long ago: local sausage in thick slices, with good bread and olives; a stew of morsels of veal in a respectable sauce, with Camargue rice; big sautéed pork chops, with tinned peas cooked with bacon, and a green salad; cheeses; strawberries. It was a thoroughly heavy stodgy high-cholesterol meal, and we ate it like healthy hounds. We were about thirty-five hundred feet up, of course.

Once outside the village, we took off over the moors. It was windy and bright. The broom was in full bloom, as it had been all the way from Aix, but this high it was more brilliant, and we caught puffs of its heavy honey smell. We drove for many miles before we joined the main road, and then went past a village where the Templars once kept all their sick and wounded, and through a town where they stabled their horses. Once, we drove slowly past a dolmen, the only one I had seen except at Stonehenge. It gave me the same atavistic prickle of awe. It was very simple—a table of three stones, standing about ten feet high. Then, in a while, we wound down and down, up again, down. Then we went up.

We stopped at a village called Saint-Victor, where many of Georges' relatives lived and where we met the blacksmith, a cousin. He was greasing a plow. Georges went to get bread, for there has not been a baker at Le Truel for some thirty years, and he sent Anne and Mary and me on to the chapel, where, he said, we would be astonished.

True enough, I have seldom been more so. Every inch of its simple hollow had been painted, and not more than ten years before, by a wandering Russian who agreed to do it for so much the square foot, right onto the clean plaster, from his own ideas. Legend says (Georges' cousin, for instance) that the painter did the whole thing alone, and in twenty-eight days. This seems possible; the technique is very slick and fast and expert, like that of a highly trained illustrator for popular magazines. The colors are limited, with blues and browns predominant. But the whole thing has what seems like an inspired rhythm, as if the artist were really uplifted and full of praise for the stories he was picturing. Probably he was hungry, too, for the theme of nourishing and feeding is everywhere: Moses with the manna, the Wedding Feast, the Loaves and Fishes, and, of course, the Last Supper. It was like being inside a finely illustrated children's book—pictures everywhere, at every angle, and in such fresh, clear colors. All the symbolism was simple, as for children. We went back through the cold bright wind to the 2 CV, to the enormous loaf of warm new bread, which Georges put on Anne's lap for want of any more space, and to one more descent into the narrow valley of the Tarn.

Georges has many slow, almost hypnotic rituals. For one, he carries an undistinguished old carved box everywhere, tied shut with a piece of grimy string. In it are his spectacles in a shabby case, tobacco loose in the bottom (Gauloise Bleue), a book of white silk cigarette paper with an elastic band around it, and a little gadget for rolling cigarettes. He takes fifteen or twenty minutes to roll one, and if he wishes to smoke it more slowly than usual he makes it with two thicknesses of the silk paper. After a meal, he extravagantly lets the tobacco bulge out at the fire end, so that it makes an odorous torch for a few seconds when he lights it. Once, on the ride to Le Truel, he slowed to a stop—not difficult at our speed—and said that this was the spot where he always halted for exactly three puffs on a cigarette. There was a sign: "Roquefort, 23 km." We felt very gay and silly, drunk on the thin pure air, and we laughed and said, "What, not four today, this high holiday?"

Georges agreed that perhaps it might be four for this once, and he went on slowly, precisely, with his little ritual. Then he tidied the box, knotted the string about it, and put it in the open space that in more elegant cars is a glove compartment, and took his first long, slow pull. It seemed at least a minute before he exhaled through the open window. "One," he said loudly, and took another drag. He took exactly four, and we burst out laughing and cheering, and then he tossed the half-smoked cigarette onto the road, started the car, and we bounced off again. It was for some reason funny and also startling—such a nonchalant, careless gesture at the end of such a careful pattern.

It was growing dark, and down at the bottom of the Tarn valley by the swift black river it was cold, the way mountains always are when the sunlight goes. We passed a long narrow house, with the little road in front of it, and then the river, and straight up behind it the cliff. There, said Georges, was where he had left his father for the day, with a niece. There was not space to park, so we drove on down the one-way road to an abandoned powerhouse, where Georges turned the car around and I picked some red roses and we looked farther down the Tarn to the new electrical plant—an enormous and quite beautiful white thing of dams and outlets, with the generators and all the mysterious machines and cables back of it. Then we walked back to the house to salute Pépé.

He and his elderly niece came down the stairs of the long thin house. He walked slowly but surely. He had on the mountain beret, like Georges', wider and floppier than those worn in the lowlands. His eyes were large and bright, and his one tooth, straight in the middle of his lower jaw, was strong, tall, and brown. He embraced me warmly, and then instead of making the courtly bow Anne and Mary were prepared for he kissed them on their cheeks, saying to each of them, "*Bonjour*, *ma belle*." We were in Le Truel, not Dijon.

Georges introduced us to the niece, a little hunchbacked widow with a sweet smile, who had been a schoolteacher. She and Pépé had been making cherry preserves. They went back into the house, for plainly the 2 CV could not have held or pulled a bigger load, and we started off again. Georges would return for his father.

The village of Le Truel, which has

THE FALLS

The pretty girls of the fall
are not all so barren as these
that fly down on the north of the mind
through the eye of the south, the red
radishes of their bare knees
advertising the onset of sleep.

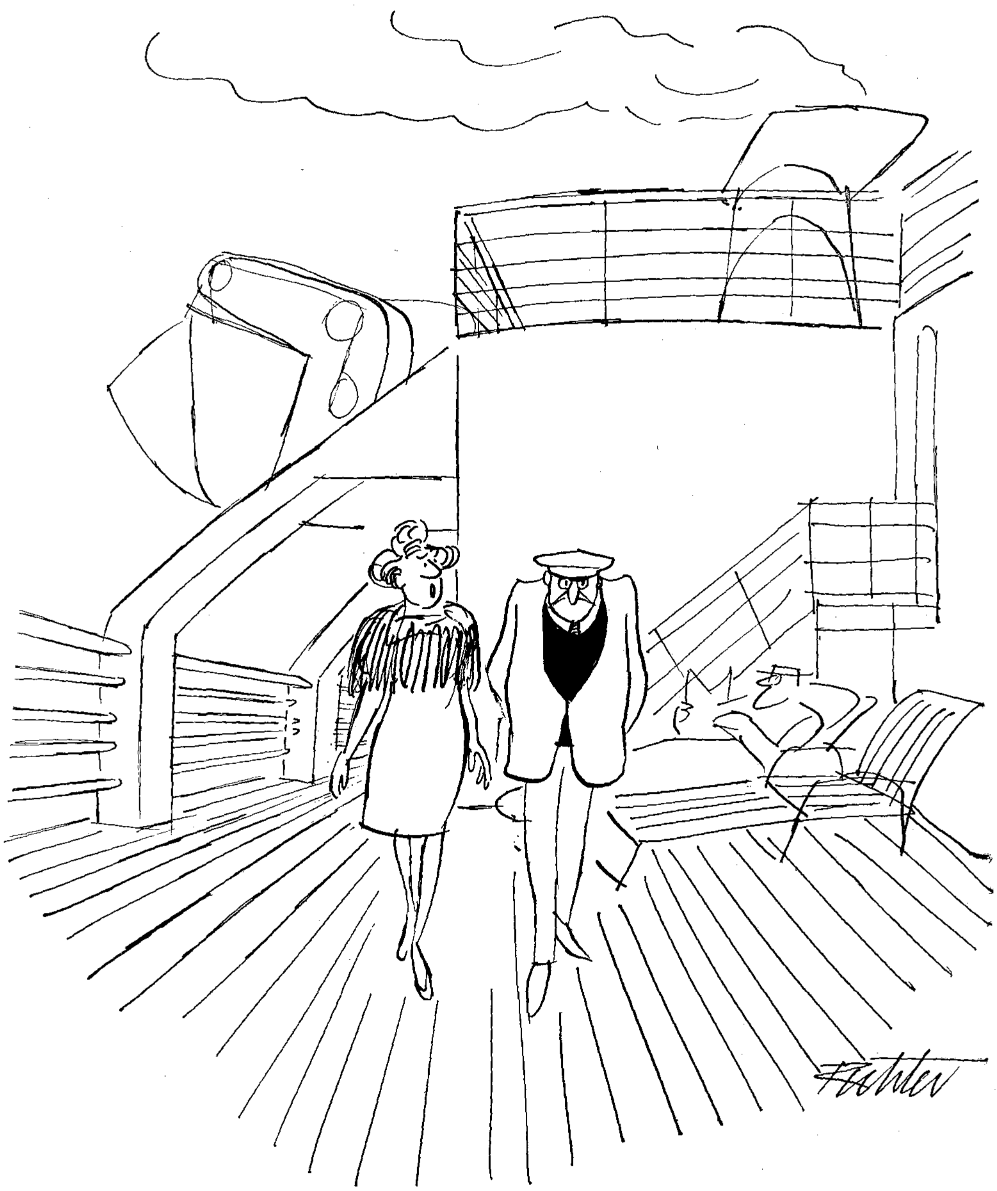
Bears do not hibernate; they sleep
away a lardy intoxication,
and their ladies give them the nod
inside the cave of retreat
or under the leaves a call
summoning the naked beast.

Some women are scared by beasts,
some animals by clumsy calls.
Some daughters make their fathers fall.
Some eyes shoot through the mind
like the north wind, then sleep.
Some minds, dying, drop to their knees.

But the prettiest fall of all
is my own in a gesture of love
as I arc through the heaven of death
and the angels blow my body on,
and I head for the heart of a girl
on the soft white breast of the world.

—F. D. Reeve

• •



“To meet a fun couple, be a fun couple.”

• •

a postbox, a tobacco-and-general-merchandise store, and a café, with houses for what used to be six or seven hundred people, though they now hold less than two hundred, is crouched along the south bank of the Tarn, a treacherous river, which the people there speak of as a person: “Tarn is high today.” “Tarn needs rain.”

We started up—straight up almost a thousand feet—to Georges’ house. The road is really ghastly. In four kilometres of single-track gravelled surface, there are eleven hairpin turns. There is not even an occasional boulder between the edge of the road and the Tarn, which, by the time one reaches Les Pénarderies—the name of the Connes property—is like a black snake almost straight below. The last part of the road was the worst, for, in order to make the sharp turn to the right and *down* into his place, Georges had to go on along a very narrow trail through a kind of copse, but with the river still right below, widening out above the dam into a still, chill, metallic lake, until we came to a place where he nonchalantly started to back and fill. I could not keep down a memory that I had resolutely smothered ever since we decided to visit him, of the day in 1955 when he stalled his engine in the middle of an unlawful U turn on the Route Nationale, in the village of Palette, near Aix. Diesel trucks sped down onto us from both directions, and the drivers swerved cursing past. And then Georges put his car into reverse instead of first and shot backward across the highway, and it was one of the most horrified moments of my life. Now I was halfway up a perpendicular mountain with nothing but a few spindly branches between me and the drop to the Tarn River, and at the same instant I was on the highway in Palette waiting for Georges to kill his engine. Which he did, both times. But he did not go into reverse now. We got to his house in about ten more minutes, and my legs almost buckled when I climbed out of the little car onto the thick short turf.

Georges said, “How about a nice little drink for everybody after our ride?” and we thundered up the steps and through the small hallway into the kitchen. I had never needed a good strong shot of liquor more. But no, there was, instead, a precise setting out of glasses in the other downstairs room, which was the dining room-salon and, occasionally, with the beautiful little couch in one corner, a bedroom. Two bottles of Perrier were slowly brought up from the cellar below the kitchen. They were dusted and uncorked. A bottle of non-alcoholic Cassis de Dijon was opened, a half inch was poured into each glass, and the glasses were filled with water. And then we toasted our arrival, and I tried to keep my hand from shaking.

Georges pulled out again. He told me later that in normal driving he averaged about two minutes per kilometre but that on the road between Le Truel and his place, either up or down, he counted on at least ten minutes per kilometre, or roughly four miles per hour. The road had been built only about five years before—it was simply a bare gravelled path, but at least there were no ruts—and until it was built by the commune and the national government anyone who wanted to get to Les Pénarderies walked, or rode a mule. For hundreds of years it was that way. Pépé was born there, and from there walked to the next village, Asseynes, where he could learn French in the one-room school, for in Le Truel everyone spoke Rouergat, one of the Langue d’Oc dialects.

IT was easy to find my way around. Les Pénarderies is built like a stone doll’s house, with four exactly similar rooms, two up and two down, and a stair in the middle, narrowing up to an airy attic and down to the cellars. There is a grass terrace in front, which falls off almost violently to the Tarn, a thousand feet below. From the terrace, the main floor is reached by a longish flight of stone steps with an iron railing, which continues around one corner of the house to become a balcony. A low wing, built over a slope, juts out from the house to the east. For years, I had been a familiar there, from the image kept clear in my inner view by snapshots, postcards, talk. And there was the “publicity card” Georges had ordered printed in some nearby town like Roquefort, which he sent with jaunty cynicism to his prolific relatives and enduring friends:

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Operating Since 1404 A.D.
Albert, Georges, Pierre, and Yves Connes, Proprietors
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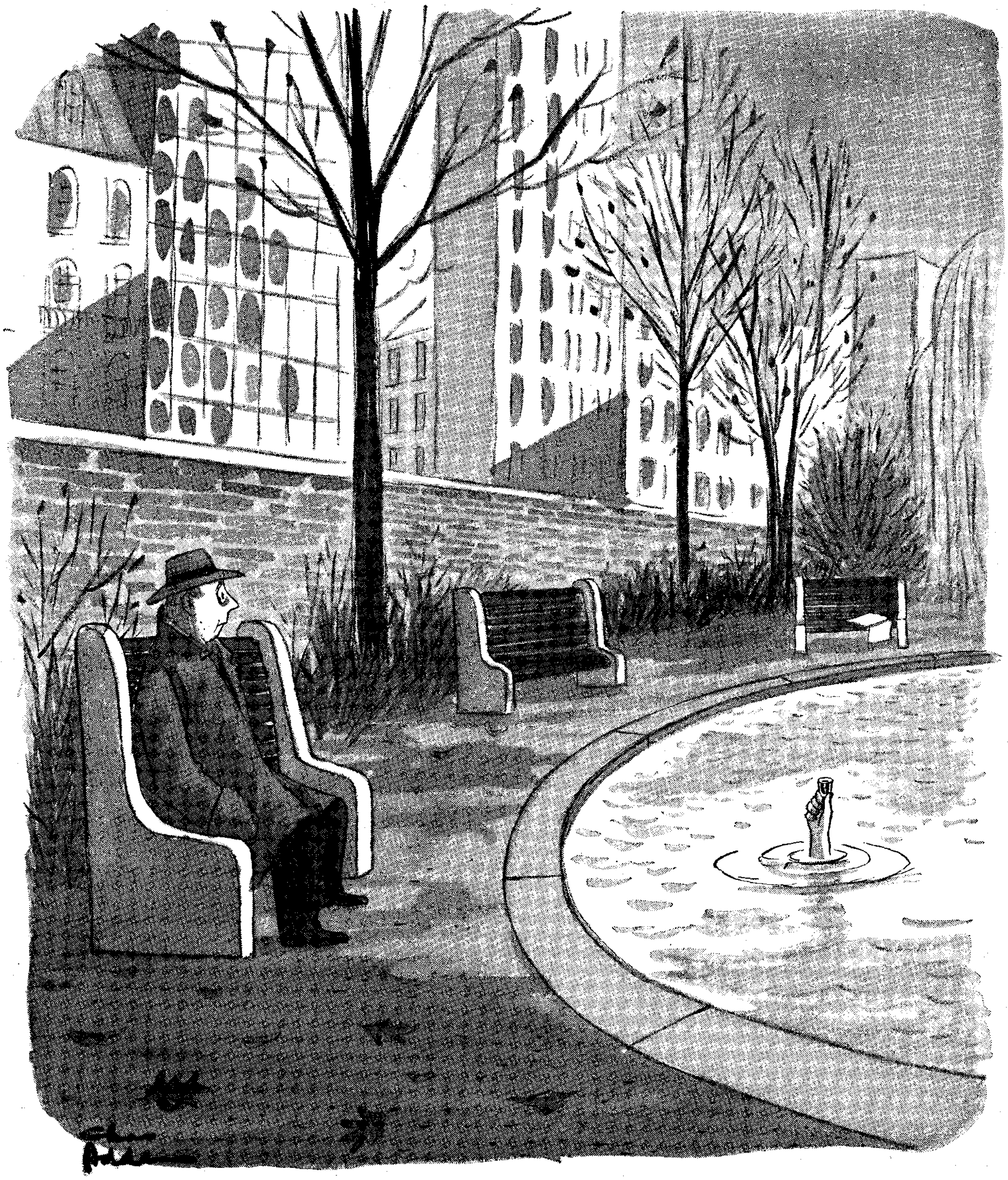
The only inn in the world without telephone, radio and television
The chef's own cooking!
Prices challenging all rivals
YOU WILL COME BACK!

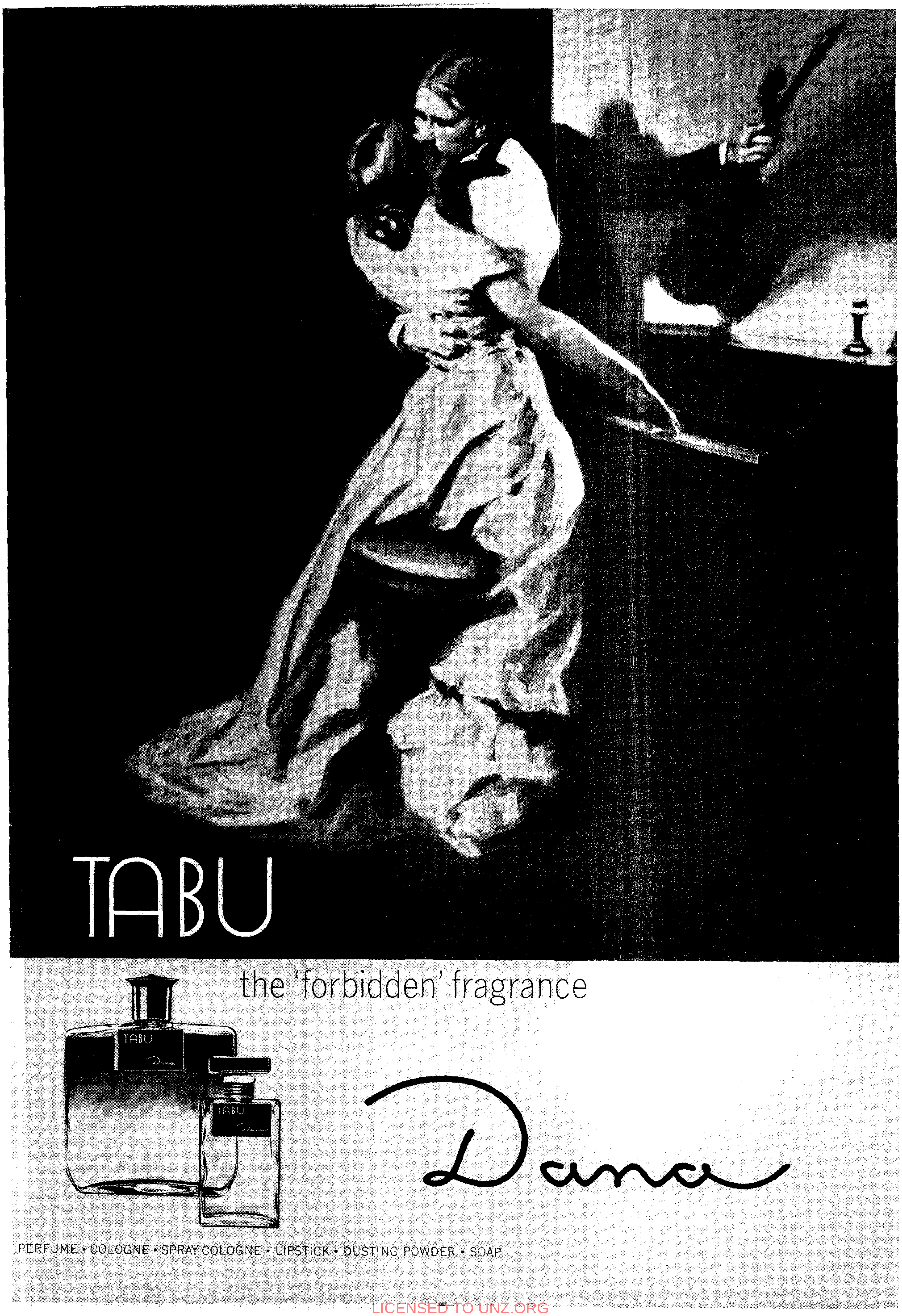
When I last got one of Georges' notes on the back of this jaunty card, Albert, our dear Pépé, had left the earth, and Georges was in his mid-seventies, and his son, Pierre, was a famous nuclear physicist, and Pierre's son, Yves, was a sturdy Paris child, but when I saw the place that May day, all I knew was that it was time for my girls and me to *be* there, to put away our few clothes, and make our beds with the clean linen and blankets Georges had put out for us.

We began with mine. I was to sleep upstairs in the house, in Georges' room, which is above the kitchen and across from Pépé's room, which is above the salon. My room had a generous washbowl with cold running water, and a reading light by the big bed, and two armoires filled with books, broken belts, scraps of wrapping paper to use again sometime, odd socks, and the general collection of a self-contained man. There were two windows. I looked straight across the high narrow *cañon*, as the great ravines are called there, into the wild woods of the north bank of the Tarn, a thick tangle of chestnut trees, oaks, and the strong low trees and brambles and vines that make up the maquis and that shelter the fox, the badger. There was a path cut through this otherwise primeval growth, I learned later, but it was invisible except at the two ends of the great steep bank, where it mounted at one end from the village of Le Truel and emerged at the other to lead to the separate peak where stood a tall white statue—no bigger than a thick pin to my eyes—of Notre Dame du Désert.

Pépé had one big window in his room. He slept in a fine old carved bed, in which he had been born, under a high feather puff covered with worn brown silk. There were two carved armoires, and the rest of the wall space was covered with pictures: his father in uniform in 1870, his parents on their wedding day, staring children dressed in everything from crinolines to bikinis. It was very tidy there, and smelled nice. All this we discovered at once, for I felt it right to go everywhere—not snoopily but with real curiosity: it was a house we had read about all our lives.

Pépé's room, like mine, had a big washbowl in it with cold running water, which was also piped to the kitchen and to a flush toilet at the end of the balcony around the corner of the house, where once the family outhouse had been. (When Georges retired from his job as Dean of the Faculty of Letters in Dijon, the village asked him politely to serve as mayor, because by then he was famous as a hero of the Occupation who had been acting mayor of the town when the Liberation came. He declined as politely, insisting, at least to his family, that the real reason for the late and perhaps dubious honor was not his war record but the immediate fact that he had installed a flush toilet and must therefore be very rich as well as clever.) As

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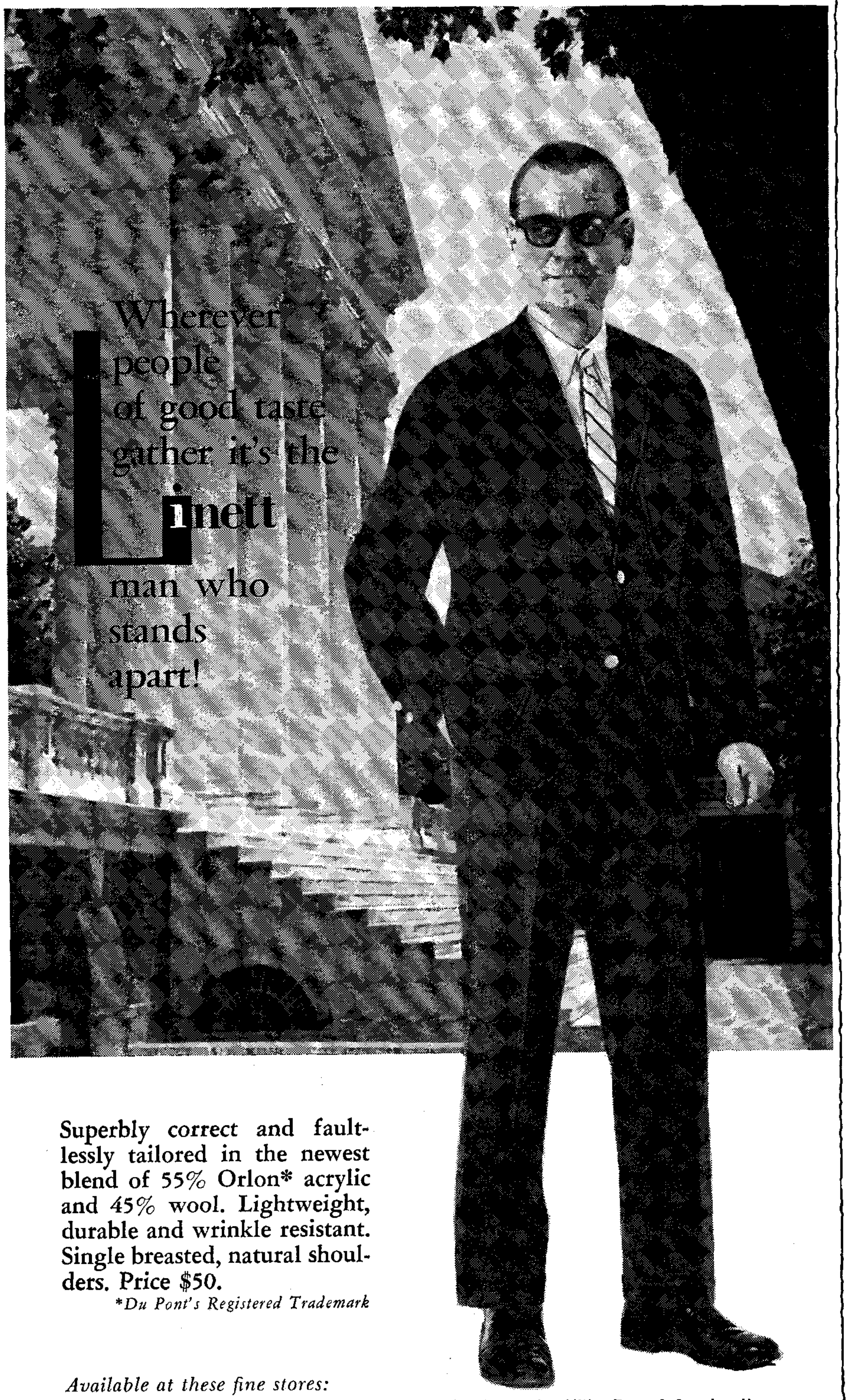

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is often the case with these secluded and contemplative locations, the view was vast and beautiful from the seat, through the wide door that was almost always left open.

Up from the bedrooms, a steep, narrow staircase led to the attic. I climbed it with Mary. The room was as long as the house, with an arched window at each end, and a dusty board floor, a couple of old trunks, a pile of tattered magazines. It, too, had a good smell, and there were a few dry delicate mouse droppings, and right at the head of the stairs there was a dead little animal, his head flattened by the strong wire of a snap trap. He was a rat, but not like any I had ever seen; he had long soft fur colored brown, white, and black, like a calico cat, and a furry tail. Anne came up and observed him sadly. I vetoed saying anything to Georges about it, in a sudden qualm of embarrassment at our exploring during his trip down the gorge for Pépé, and we closed the door respectfully on the small corpse and went to make the girls' beds.

Under the balcony, there was an airy, neat cellar, one of two rooms on what was literally the ground floor, of solid earth as hard and cool as marble and not much dustier. Wide arched doorways opened onto the grass terrace, and in the room next to the cellar Georges stabled the 2 CV where once had been the family herd of sheep, with their food bins still at the back. Higher, in the little wing but still on the ground floor (here boarded over), the mule's room had been made into an airy chamber where Georges was sleeping in order to give me the luxury of his washbowl. Back of it, higher still and with an even lower ceiling, was the old loft, where Anne and Mary were to sleep. It was reached by stone-and-grass steps, and it contained one door and one window, two cots, a straight chair, a nightstand with a reading light on it, a little table with a washbowl, and, under it, two pitchers of water. Anne said that she felt like Heidi.

Then there were the two big rooms on the main floor, separated by a little hallway. The salon, to the right, was dark and hospitable, with a fireplace, a wall covered with books, a fine Empire couch with a shabby dark silk shawl on it, a big oblong table in the middle of the room, many straight solid chairs, photographs and maps, and awkwardly painted pictures of things important in the family. The floors were of dark-red tile everywhere on this level.

And to the left was the kitchen. It was painted white, with gray trimmings, and under the enormous chimney, still with its spits and chains hanging on

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movable arms that would swing out over the hearth fire in the early days, were three small stoves, two of them table models—electric, butane—and the biggest one for wood. There was a good plain sink. A cooler and a cupboard set into the stone walls held the minimum of food supplies in cans and old glass jars, and a cracked mess of china that reminded me of all the shabby rubbish that we used to keep at our summer house in Laguna when I was a child: cups without handles, chipped platters, bent forks, and dented old saucepans that would tip and dribble.

GEORGES got supper that night, in his own slow rhythm. (Once, he had said blandly, dispassionately, to me, "Of course, I am a secret person." He had described Pépé as "imperturbable," but Georges, too, has some of that deliberate detachment about him, remote from clocks, human hungers.) The supper was really not very good, with a watery packaged soup, and then, perhaps half an hour later, an omelette burned on the outside and too thin everywhere else, although I know Georges meant it to be better. But our first attack on the huge loaf of bread, still slightly warm, was worth the long wait, and we all felt very friendly and merry. We drank part of a bottle of the local red wine. We finished the Aix cherries and started on the bowl Georges and Pépé had picked the day before and ate some cheese, and by ten we were in bed.

We each had three blankets, which, when I helped Anne and Mary make our beds, I thought ridiculous. We finished the beds with two, and I folded the extra ones and laid them aside, sure we would not use them. But the first night proved me wrong. The nights were not chilly but cold, down to six or eight above zero—centigrade, of course—from a pleasant twenty-five or twenty-eight during the day. The air was thin, too. And all the windows of the house stayed open, and the hearth in the salon stayed cold and bare. I got up in desperation and put my third blanket on too late, for I was cold into my marrow. By morning I was wearing socks, and a sweater over my pajamas. (The next night, I started out in that rig, as soon as I could decently leave the supper table and the salon somewhat warmed by four other healthy people, and by dawn I could kick off the socks; and the girls told me they had double-folded their blankets and slept happily under all six back-cracking thicknesses. The nights were fine, though, with good dreams and many gentle half-awakenings to listen

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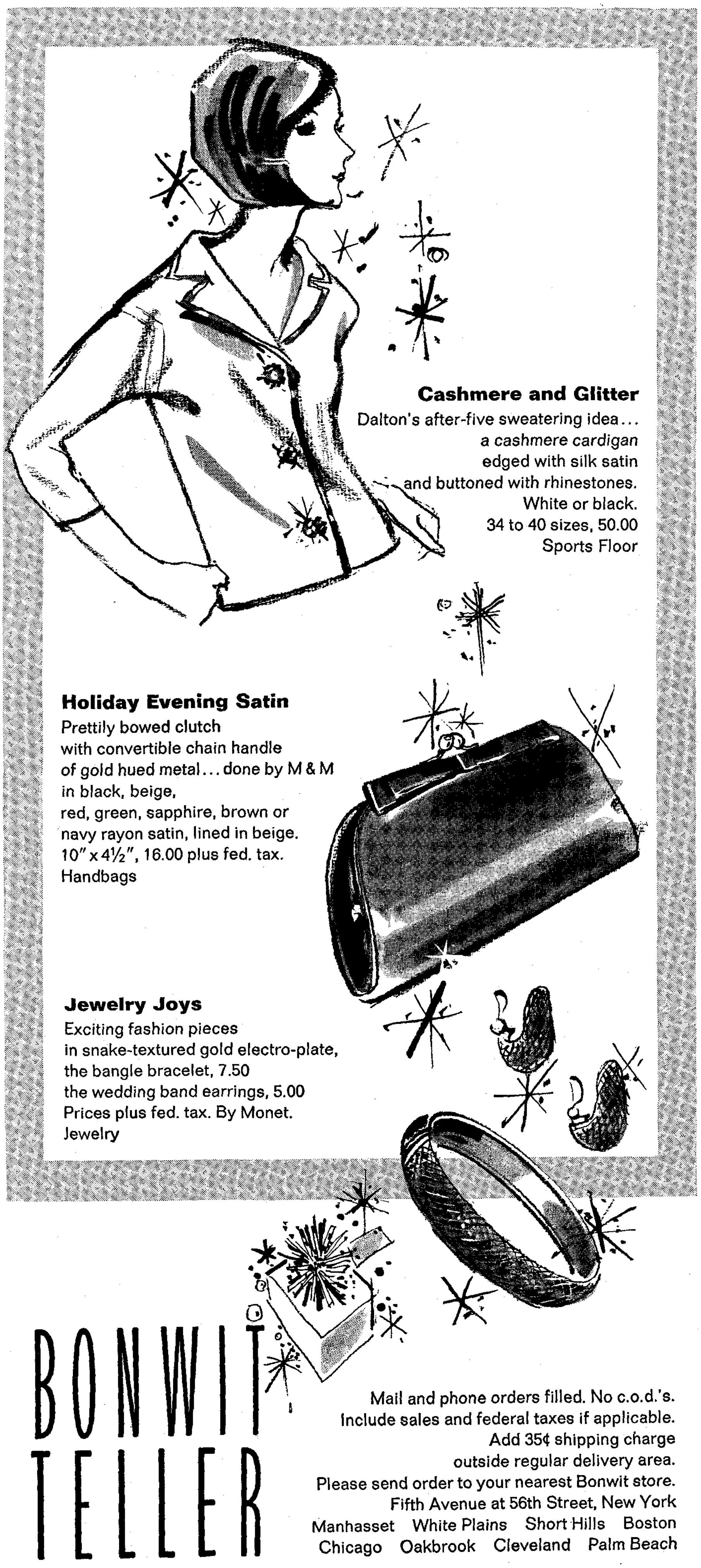

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to the river far below, a little breeze, the cuckoos before daylight. My girls heard a nightingale once, but I did not, though I did see a cuckoo fly one day from a tall chestnut tree. I was congratulated, for it is said to be an elusive bird. It was surprisingly large, and I thought clumsy: gray with some black and white on it.)

The first morning, we started a joke that lasted until we left. Georges appeared with the little dead rat soon after breakfast, and asked us how we could possibly not have heard it during the night. "How soundly you city people must have slept in this poor hut," he kept marvelling in his professorial way. "And here is my poor old father who complains of sleeping lightly, and boasts of his perfect hearing! Surely you heard this poor creature's last agony, Pépé?" He described at length how a trapped rat must and always does sound. "Even with the quickest and most humane snap of the trap," he finished, "there is one big thump as the animal dies. And quite often there is a *series* of thumps, crashes, and even screams, depending on how the trap has been sprung, and *where* on the little body. Yes, often there are sharp, high cries. Occasionally, it is necessary to go to the merciful rescue and, with infinite caution, catch the wounded creature and do away with it by other means." Yes, it was indeed astonishing—in fact, almost incredible—that neither Pépé nor a sharp-eared, sensitive woman like me had heard the rat as the trap was sprung during this past night! It never once occurred to Georges that the macabre event could and obviously did happen the night before, when he himself was sleeping in his own room under the attic. Every morning, the subject was opened wide. "What? No more agonized thumpings to disturb the dainty slumbers of you townspeople?" Now and then, he would shake his head ponderously and tease Pépé about never believing him again when he complained of insomnia. "And how did *you* get through the night?" he would ask me. "Not as soundly as the first one, of course, when you could ignore the death throes right above your head!"

Georges had a sign on the door into the kitchen: "No Women Allowed." The arrangement when he was alone with his father was that he cooked and marketed and Pépé did the dishes. He agreed, however, to let me take over the kitchen during our stay, and the first noon we ate the chicken from Lodève, which I roasted with some anxiety in the peculiar little electric oven. It was delicious, and fun for me to be cooking again after months of restaurants. Pépé sat all morning at the big kitchen table, while I puttered about. He was shelling a basket of peas Georges had got in the village the night before, and mumbling and growling because they were indeed too young to be picked—barely a bowlful at the end of his two hours of fastidious labor. He promised the woman who had fobbed them off on Georges a rare talking-to (she was the widow of a distant cousin, of course), and meanwhile he scolded his son whenever that young fellow of seventy-four came into earshot.

There was almost nothing in the kitchen to work with. It was interesting to try to cook without all the tools and supplies that I take for granted in my own kitchens. While I was in Le Truel, I kept wishing with real regret that I were capable of living in such continued simplicity. But I am not. Sometimes I honestly want to live in a plain room with a narrow bed, a chair, a table. But then I would need a bookcase. I would see a poster I must put on the wall. I would pick up a shell here, a bowl or vase there, another poster, enough books for two bookcases, a soft rug someone might give me—and where would the first plainness be? I cannot fight too hard against it, but I regret it.

That first noon, Mary and Pépé did the dishes together, and she was astounded by the mixture of persnickety and sloppy in the old man's much vaunted method. He had learned it in Normandy, he told us, from his daughter-in-law. It was based upon a careful balance in stacking, he said: largest plates at the bottom, and so on. It involved many changes of water, all of which must, at Le Truel, be heated in a very small teakettle. The water fairly well covered the floor, the sink, and one wall with vague splashings and drippings; the table was a great puddle; the towels could be wrung out halfway through the ritual. *But,* Mary told me with pride, Pépé the Imperturbable never dropped a plate or spoon, and while the goblets might be a little smeary, they were basically clean.

Pépé's hands were surprising. They were not at all mottled or gnarled, with the loose papery skin one expects in old hands. They were well formed, firm and sturdy to the touch, and as steady as a healthy young man's—much younger in every way than Georges', which I sometimes felt he was forcing himself to keep from fumbling and clumsiness, when, for instance, he rolled his cigarettes.

I realized later that he was indeed quite nervous and shaky about being alone with his father. One day, he and

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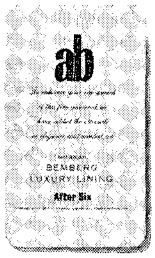

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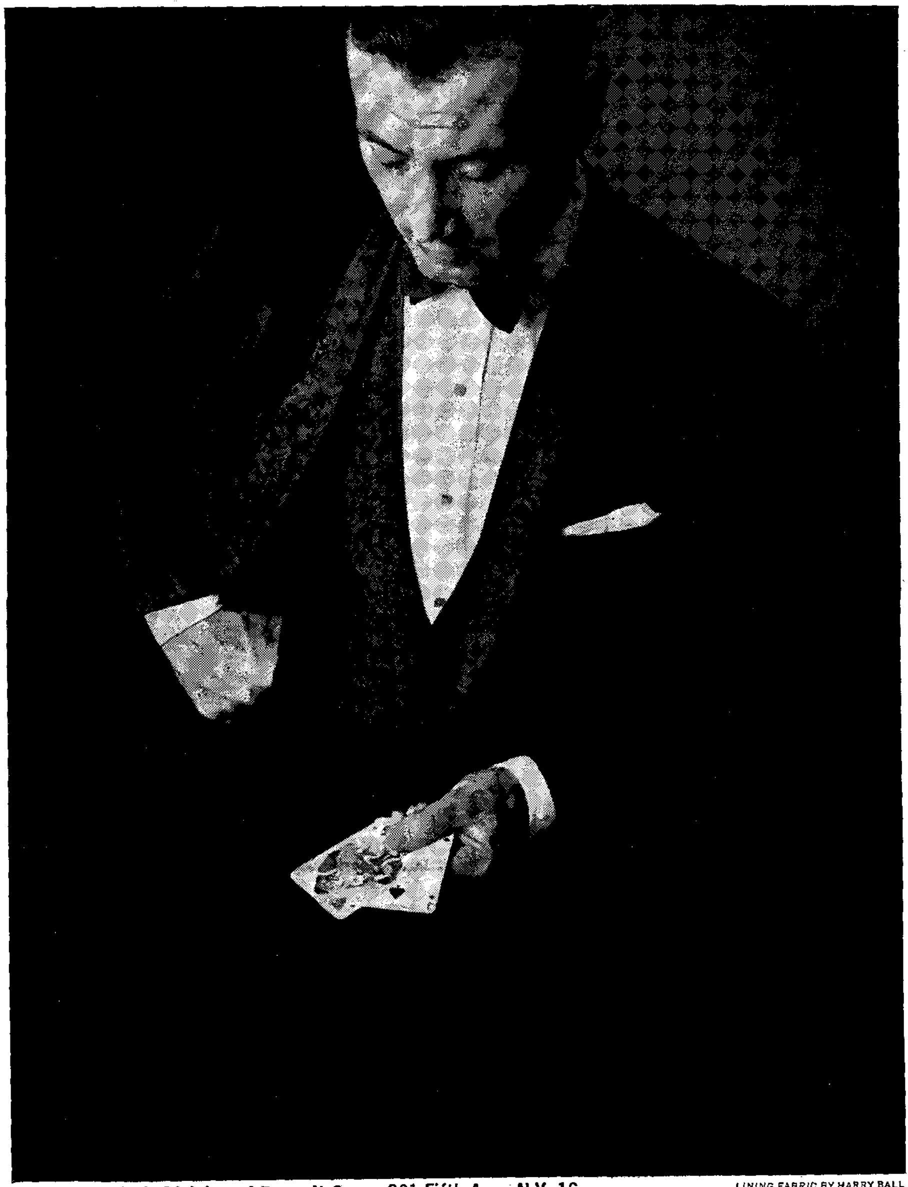

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LINING FABRIC BY HARRY BALL

I walked out to the little bridge that went over the huge water pipe snaking down the mountainside to the northeast of Les Pénarderies, to carry water from the upper lakes of the Aveyron down to the electric plant on the Tarn. It is a silver-painted tube over a thousand metres long, about ten feet in diameter at the top and diminishing, of course, at the bottom for pressure. Georges said that on June first he would start for Normandy and the daughter-in-law, with Pépé. "I must confess that once I have settled him with her," he said in his sombre yet nonchalant way, "and have got myself back to Dijon alone, I shall feel an enormous relief. It is a foolhardy thing for me to be up here, hours from any help, with a man as old as my father. I live in constant apprehension—a fall, a chill. Each year I say that this is the last one."

I could not help thinking that, except for the immediate anguish of the son, it would be a fine poetical thing for Pépé to be able to die in the same strong, plain stone house where a hundred years before he had been born, and in the same bed in the room above the mule and the little flock of sheep. In that time, every family in the Aveyron had a flock of about twenty, for wool, meat, milk. Pépé's father, like a Connes of every generation, was a blacksmith, but he raised his family on the food he scratched from the part of the mountainside that was his, like all the other people of that stern country.

FOR two more round deep days and three more glittering cold nights, we lived high above the black river, in a kind of dream. Occasionally, the thin air would be filled with a kind of humming from the generators far below, but we seemed free from all the pulls and pressures of sound, of the bells and sirens and alarms that kept telling us, down in Aix, to move faster and get up and lie down and run, run, run. I saw the girls look sweeter before my eyes, and younger and gayer. They lay in the grass, and climbed the cherry tree, and moved about with soft words. They washed dishes together, and swept out the kitchen. Their hair, like mine, took on a softer, glimmering look.

Our meals, when we all met in the dark, friendly salon, were long and enjoyable, although we ate lightly and drank almost nothing. Georges is really an austere person. During our stay he opened four or five bottles of wine, none of them more than fairly good, but we did not finish a single one. He is not at all stingy, but simply ascetic.

Pépé was basically a much more open

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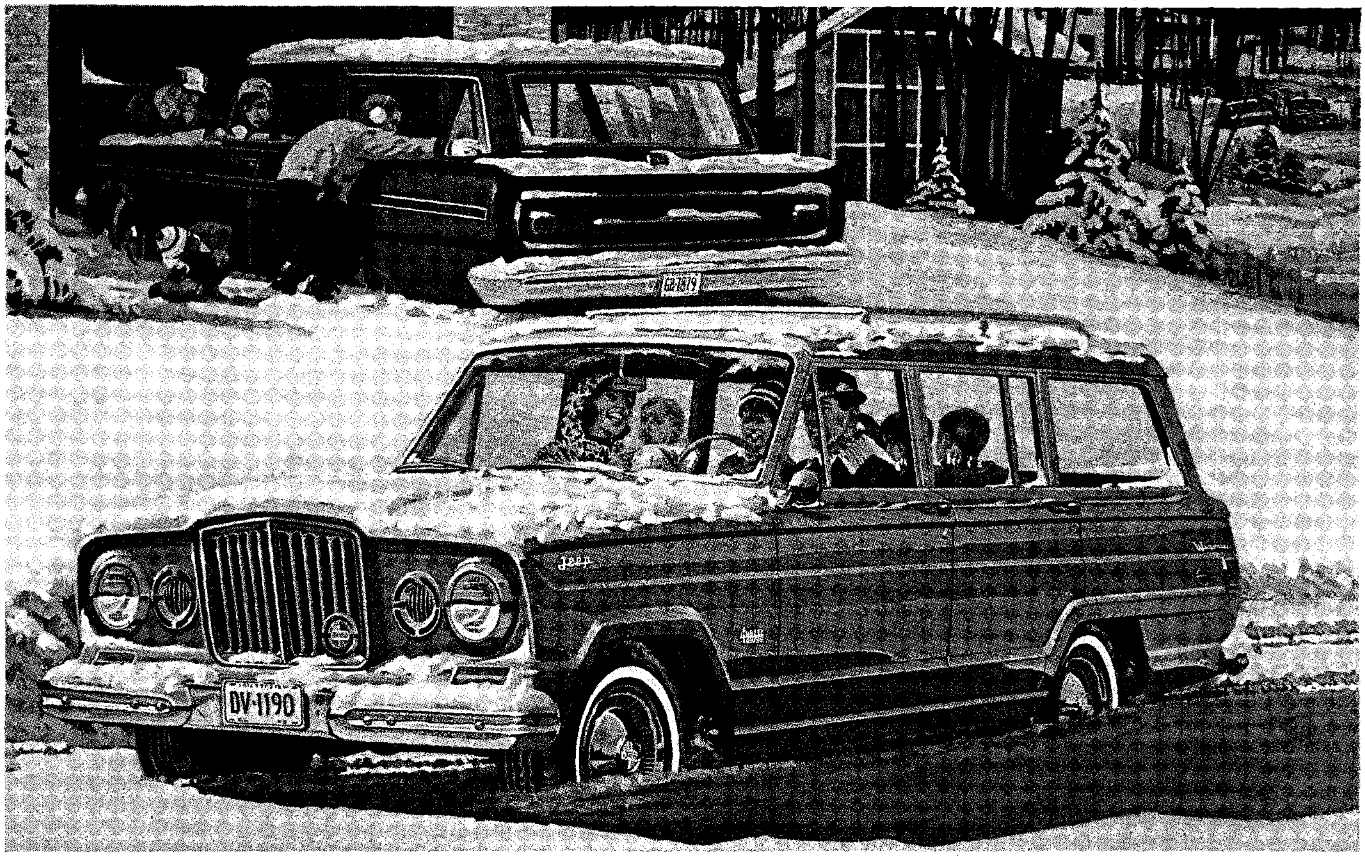

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happy nature. One night at supper, he said to Anne and Mary, laughing in little snorts, with his eyes very bright, "*Vive la gaieté!* That's my motto! Yes, and it always has been. All my life I have practiced it. I love to be gay."

Once, I asked Georges where his more withdrawn melancholic character came from, and he said from his mother's side. She was a quiet woman, very well read for her time and social level. Pépé inherited from *his* father, Georges' grandfather, his happy nature. This man was known for three things throughout the Aveyron, where he was one of the few literates and, like my own grandfather Holbrook, kept books and made loans and so on: he did not believe in the Immaculate Conception; he never came home from work without bringing in a piece of firewood he had found or a handful of chestnuts or berries he had picked; and he always wore a flower or a sprig of leaves in his hatband.

At least twice, Pépé started, in the extra-perfect syllables of a person who is speaking his second but familiar tongue, to recite La Fontaine's fables to us. He cannot finish, we all thought, for nobody ever does. But he did, in a spate of magnificent rhythmic rhyme. He disdained the ones we all had learned, like "The Crow and the Fox" and "The Grasshopper and the Ant;" he rolled out to us long stories of unsuspected chicaneries and revenges of other beasts among us, political as well as social. Then he laughed with pleasure. Another time, he sat back and sang at least ten verses of "Malbrouck S'en Va-t-en Guerre," and I feel quite sure that Georges had no more previous knowledge of some of the couplets than I. I looked across the dark and cluttered table at him, and his eyes were full of delighted tears as he regarded his father. Pépé's tooth shone unashamedly in his strong ancient face. Anne and Mary thumped their feet to the chorus, unconscious of anything but the man within the shell, ageless and alive.

Always after the noon meal, Georges would amble to the kitchen and take an interminable time to make coffee. The girls were twitching to be out in the grass, but they sat helplessly while he brought Pépé the coffee mill, got out his little bag of beans brought from Dijon, heated water, on and on. The coffee, once it had dripped, was exquisite. Then, in the same excruciatingly slow way, Georges would get out a small bottle of Myrtille, and after we had drained our little cups of coffee he would pour in a sip or two, no more, of the pungent sweet liqueur. A digestive,

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he said in excuse. It was indeed very good.

Gradually we finished the two dry cakes from Lodève, and the cheeses we had brought from Aix, and two big bowls of wonderful strawberries from Le Truel, bought from the same unfortunate soul who sold Georges the tiny peas.

Almost always after the noon meal, Pépé and Georges played a little *boules* or *pétanque* on the terrace in front of the house. I have never been able to follow the floating rules of their game, but the sound of the balls is good against the earth and when they click together, and there is a special relaxed melody about the voices of the players.

One evening before supper, Pépé asked me hopefully if I would not like a little apéritif. I bounded with delight, but too late. Georges had already said a stern and sneering no. "Mary Frances should not be introduced to those noxious, dangerous, habit-forming poisons," he said to Pépé. "A little good wine with a meal is enough for anyone." Pépé and I grinned secretly at each other, and the next evening I asked blandly if he would still like to "introduce" me to a glass of Cinzano. It tasted like nectar. When Pépé said he would join me, Georges frowned mightily, mouthed from the doorway, "Very little for him," and left in a pout.

THE second full day we were there was Pentecost Monday, a great festival. Georges said, "I would like to show you the Gorges du Tarn, but the road will be bumper-to-bumper." So we sat on the terrace, or leaned from our windows, and watched the slow creeping of a procession of perhaps fifty villagers leave Le Truel at about eight in the morning and then disappear into the forest across from us. They were almost invisible before then, but between us we believed we identified the priest in front in long black robes, and a little boy bearing a cross, and another, bigger one the tricolor, and then a few white-clad children who had obviously just made their First Communion, and a straggle of older, slower figures all in black.

"Why don't we hear them chanting as they always do?" Pépé fretted, and Georges repeated several times to him that the wind was blowing away, away. And also there were few people this year. "Ah," Pépé said, "all the young ones are leaving the mountains—too lazy to put in a real day's work anymore." We forbore to remind him that he had been one of the first to escape—to Paris, to become a fairly high

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functionary and not to return until he was in his eighties and hiding out during the Occupation in the early nineteen-forties.

About an hour later, the little procession, much smaller than a line of ants, emerged from the forest onto the clear trail that led past a group of farm buildings and up the newly graded road to the parking place at the foot of the Virgin's summit. There were a lot of cars, and plainly it was an important pilgrimage. Georges said there were stands selling sandwiches and wine and postcards and rosaries. Once, he and his young son, Pierre, went to the Mass on Pentecost Monday with the pilgrims, perhaps two thousand of them. It took the two men about six hours to descend to the Tarn and then climb up again to the chapel to join the procession on the other side of the statue—and longer to get back.

When I asked what Notre Dame du Désert stood for, why she was there, who had built her, the two Conneses shrugged. Why does any village have its Virgin? No special miracle; just intercommunity rivalry.

We kept an eye on the pilgrims across the valley all that day. Pépé now and then deplored, naïvely but firmly, the lack of faith, to make the crowd so small. We did not mention his own lifetime absence from it. We approved of the fine weather, for ourselves and all fellow-creatures, and Georges got out the old leather book his grandfather had started more than a hundred years before, which he was continuing, with reports on the weather and debts cancelled and so on (some of the loans were for as little as two francs and took ten years to be repaid and crossed off), and it seems that we were unusually lucky not to be in a drench, a bog, called succinctly the Pentecostal deluge.

Pépé said that the biggest crowd he ever saw walking to Notre Dame du Désert was in the spring of 1875, when smallpox cut down the countryside. Only four died in Le Truel, but in a nearby village more than fifty people died, and the whole valley walked in a body to pray for help. Their singing rang back and forth against the mountainsides, he said. It was an expression of blind desperation and faith. Little difference there, he added noncommittally. That was a bad year, 1875; the Tarn roared out of control and destroyed the few bridges and swept away fields and dwellings. People drowned. Many believed that the end of the world had come, with flood and pestilence. Pépé was about thirteen, and

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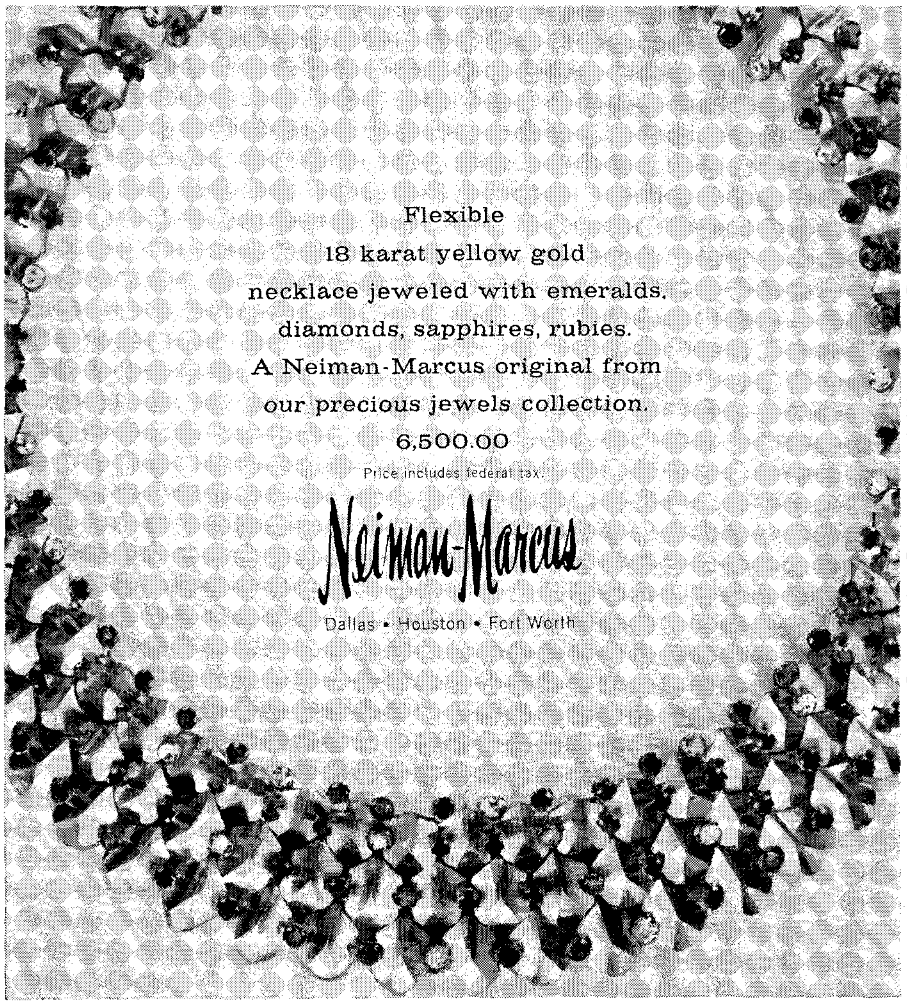

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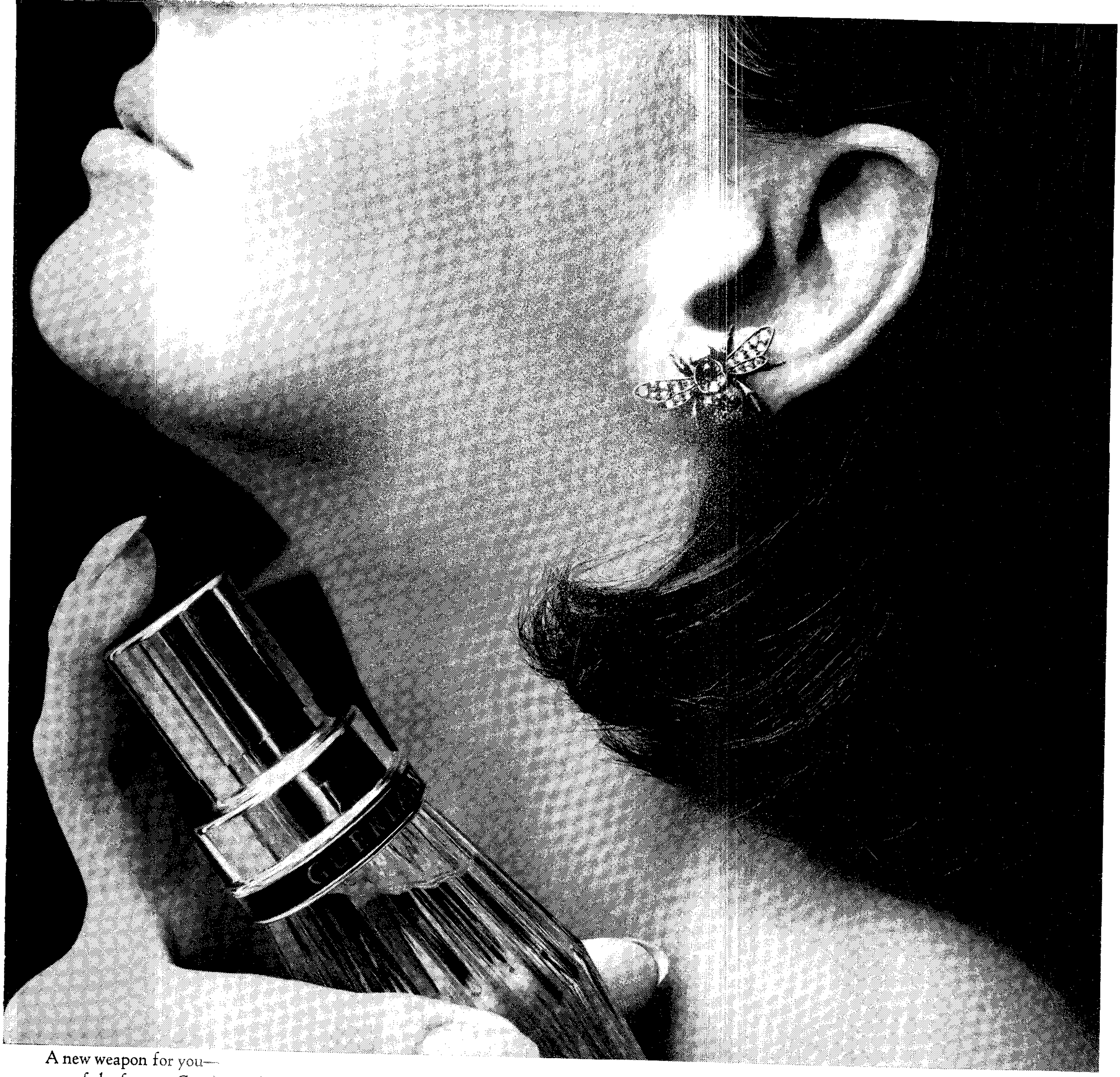

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he remembered the wild scene of the river after two solid days of rain, and how people returning from the pilgrimage were cut off from their homes when the newly built bridge at Le Truel broke, and how the lakes up on top, from which the enormous silver pipeline now snakes down to the dam, overflowed and spewed a great gush of dead cows and sheep and even men, and green trees and bedsprings, past Les Pénarderies and on into the flood below. He remembered, too, the hideous pockmarked face of one little girl who survived the plague in the village.

Pépé said that the Virgin had sent out the news of freedom in 1945. Men working on the electric lines that ran up to the little farm hamlet from the new dam had got radio news of the Liberation, and they hurried up to the chapel of Notre Dame du Désert, the nearest place, and roused the old bell ringer there, and for several hours the bell rang, to catch every wind and send the news through the air of the mountains. Pépé, his old wife, and one or two of their hideaways from the North heard the bell off and on all day and knew what it meant, although on this present Pentecost Monday, when we all felt free, we heard nothing but one faint snatch of song after the noon Mass, and a few salvos of musket fire. Then, halfway along the invisible path across from us on the mountainside, about four o'clock, there was another snatch of sound, and Georges said scornfully, "Hah, somebody poured himself too good a time today!"

During the last war, Les Pénarderies sheltered many friends either getting to the temporary Free Zone or lying low. The Germans were thick in that part, because of the electric power, but did not bother the old Conneses. Once, some local hotbloods of the Maquis blew up a power line nearby, and pieces of the porcelain conductors, which Pépé loved to exhibit on a shelf in the salon, crashed through the air. But Hitler, he said, soon had the line repaired. Le Truel lost only one man in this war, a youth shot dead on his own farm when discovered helping the Underground. Always before, the men of Le Truel who died for their country did so at a great distance, as in the Franco-Prussian War, when the ten-year-old Pépé was counted as one of the few men left to care for the women and children.

THE morning we must leave, we all lingered irresistibly, so that we started down the mountainside at least an hour later than I had said we would. My bed seemed too warm and familiar

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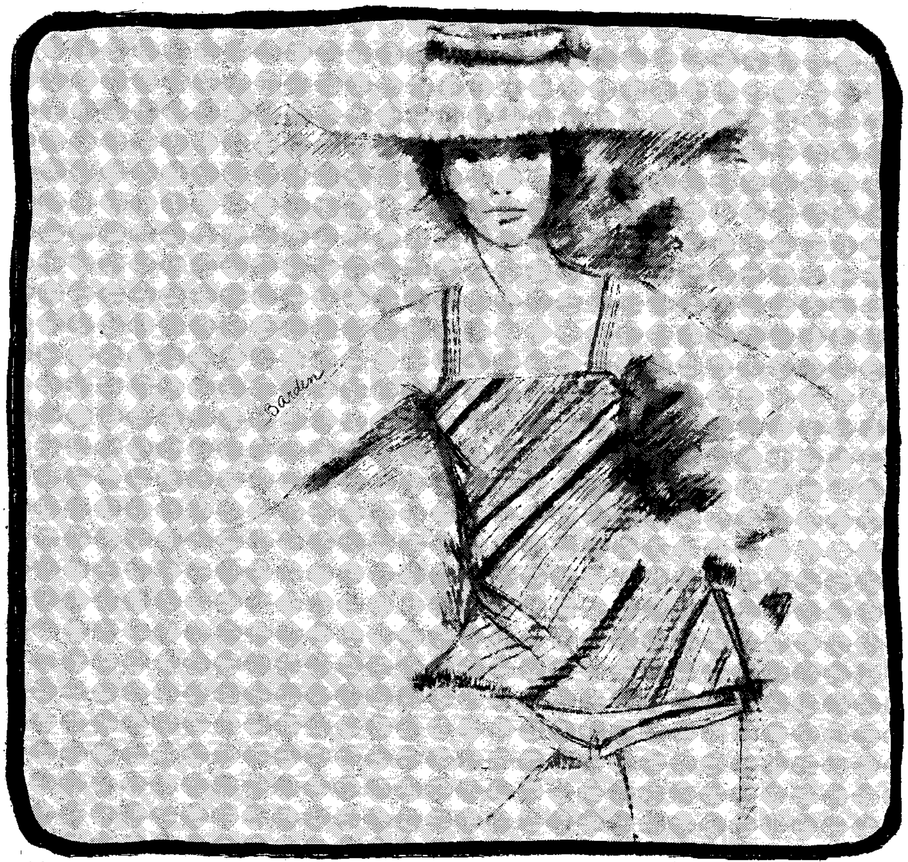

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to quit. The air was too thin and sweet. Down in the big white kitchen, the bowls of hot *café au lait* and the last wooden crust of the loaf of bread were too good to finish. We did not want to say goodbye.

Georges was remote and moody, and stalked about on the terrace, pretending to rearrange the back of the 2 CV for our tardy luggage. This disdainful attitude of his, I knew, came from his not wanting us to leave. I was going to quote one of his earliest pronunciamentos to me, but I refrained: "A guest is like a fresh fish; the first day delicious, the second day a bit boring, and the third day a stink." This was the third day in hours, really the fourth by sunrises and sunsets, but I knew that his look of sneering impatience did not mean that he was tired of us.

He and the girls teased me a little when I got into the 2 CV, for when we made the trip up from the village I had threatened that on our return I would walk down the mountain and meet them at Le Truel. But by now I felt so serene in spirit that the slow crazy crawl around all those curves did no more than interest me in how quickly I myself could grow used to driving them.

Once down from the mountain, the air did indeed feel heavier; I touched my hair, and it seemed to have lost its silkiness. But when I touched my cheek, too, it felt firmer and smoother than it had a week before. M. Lov' was waiting for us by the bridge at the entrance to the pretty village of Saint-Rome-de-Tarn. We introduced him as a friend (which he was) who was passing through the country, for even in the face of Georges' obvious relief at not having to take us any farther, I did not want him to know that we had hired a car so extravagantly. He has worried for almost forty years about my financial insouciance.

We embraced him very tenderly, and left him sitting on the stone wall of the bridge. He looked like Don Quixote, gaunt and old and still eager for new windmills to tilt at. "I am secret," I heard him say again.

NINE months after our visit, on February 20, 1961, Pépé was a hundred years old. For his centennial, there was a great celebration in Dijon. Georges and the mayor, Canon Kir, gave a reception at the town hall, the Ducal Palace. Dozens of relatives and friends were put up at the Hotel Terminus, where red and white wines are piped into some of the bedrooms, and there was much feasting. Pépé was

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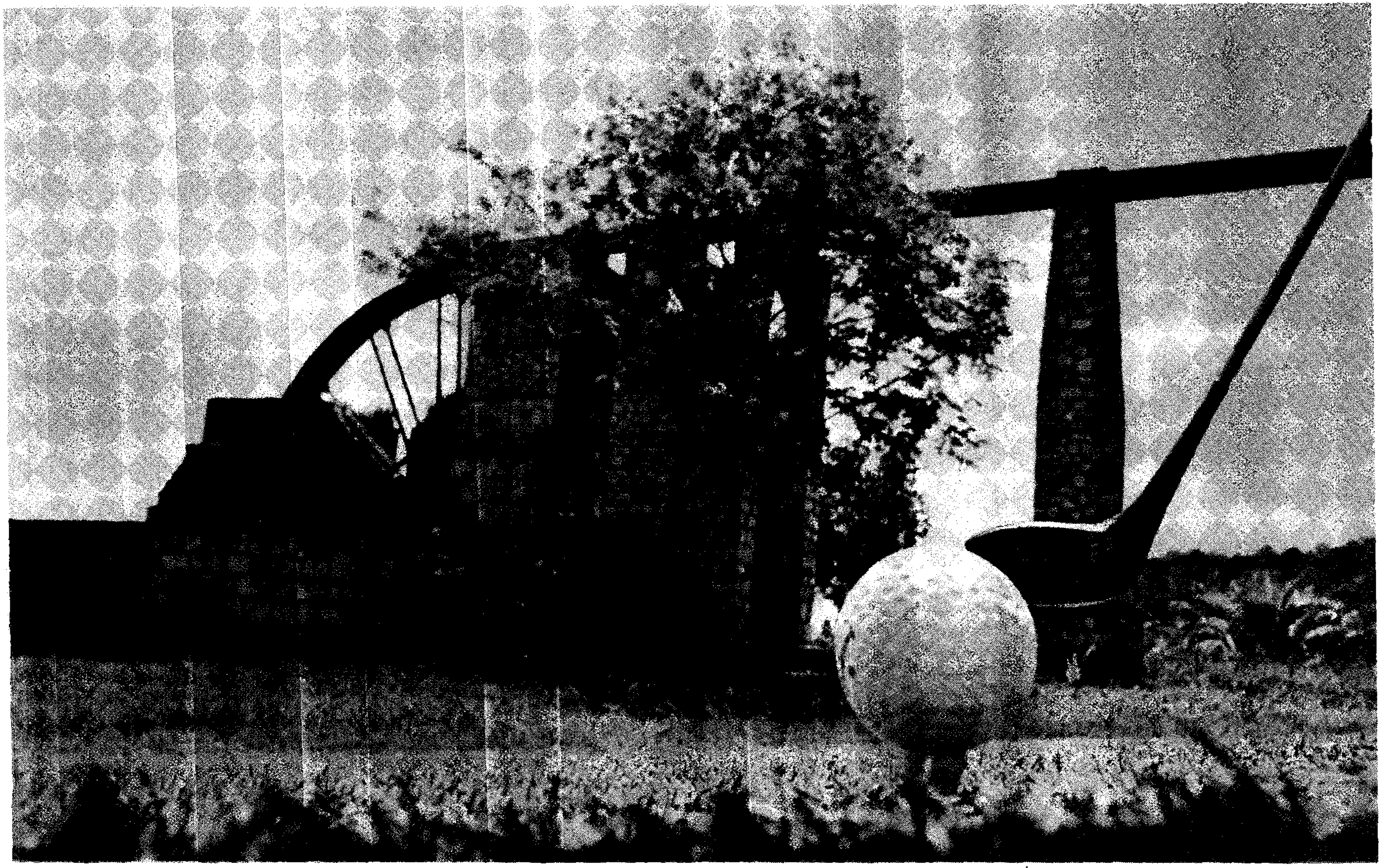

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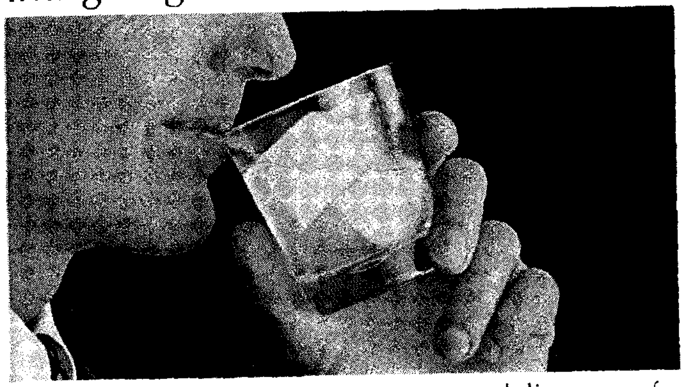

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made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and several other things, for he was not only a hundred years old but a lifelong public servant in the Postes-Téléphones-Télégraphes of Paris. We were invited to all of it, but we were far away in California. So Georges sent us a picture taken of Pépé in the Dijon garden, wearing a sporty-looking tweed jacket and baggy gray flannels, and a gray felt hat with the brim turned up all the way around and slightly cocked over his left eye, which we knew to be large, steady, and bright blue. On the back of the snapshot, Pépé wrote, "To Mme. Fisher and her young ladies, most beloved and lovable, a token from Albert Connes, one hundred today," and he signed it officially with the banker's delight, the flourishes and curlicues of a true French signature.

Pépé lived for another year and a few days. After Georges wrote that he had died, I asked, "How?" and Georges replied, "Here is the truth, since you demanded it. It is sad. Pépé's death was painful, and even cruel, for he did not die of old age and weariness but because of a lung congestion. It lasted eleven days, beginning on February 20, the day he was 101. We tried everything: antibiotics by mouth, which he could not assimilate, and then injections, which he could stand no better, and then an oxygen tent. He became pessimistic: 'Why are we born? What have I done to be this unhappy?' His last night, unconscious, he wanted to flee, and I had to battle with him. 'You are hurting me' were almost his last words. 'That really hurt me.' Then he had a final, generous thought: 'But it is I who have hurt you.' A shot of morphine calmed his last eight hours. We buried him discreetly in the little cemetery of Fontaine-lès-Dijon, still almost like a country graveyard; I did my best to avoid publicity, and only a dozen of us went with him. My next trip back to Les Pénarderies was truly melancholy: in ten places I came upon the image of him."

I was some six thousand miles removed, but my loss seemed the realer for it, and mixed with missing Pépé for the rest of my life was a feeling of amazement and delight that I had actually lived with him, been embraced by him, and listened to him sing.

—M. F. K. FISHER

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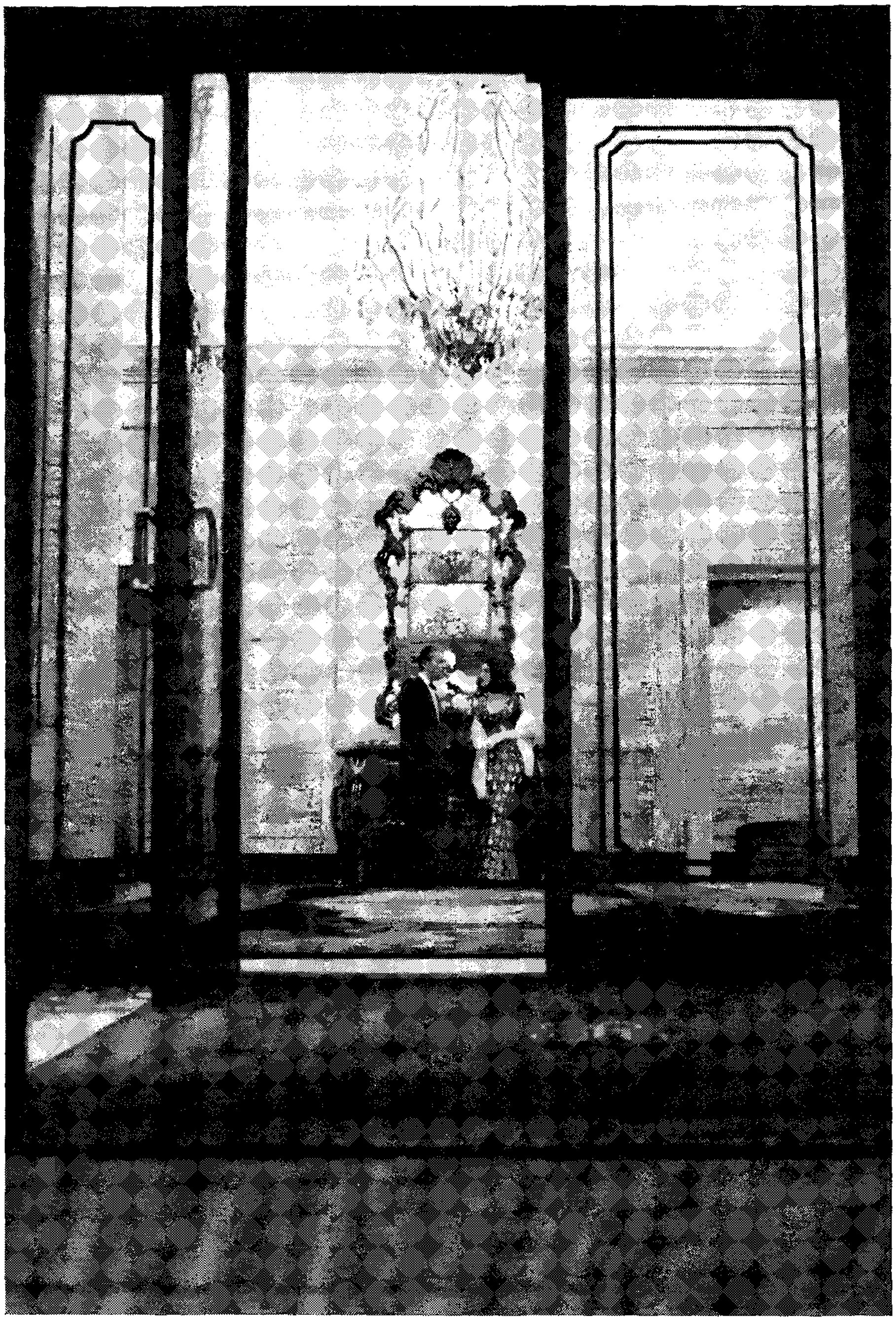

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THE THEATRE

ROMANY ROMP

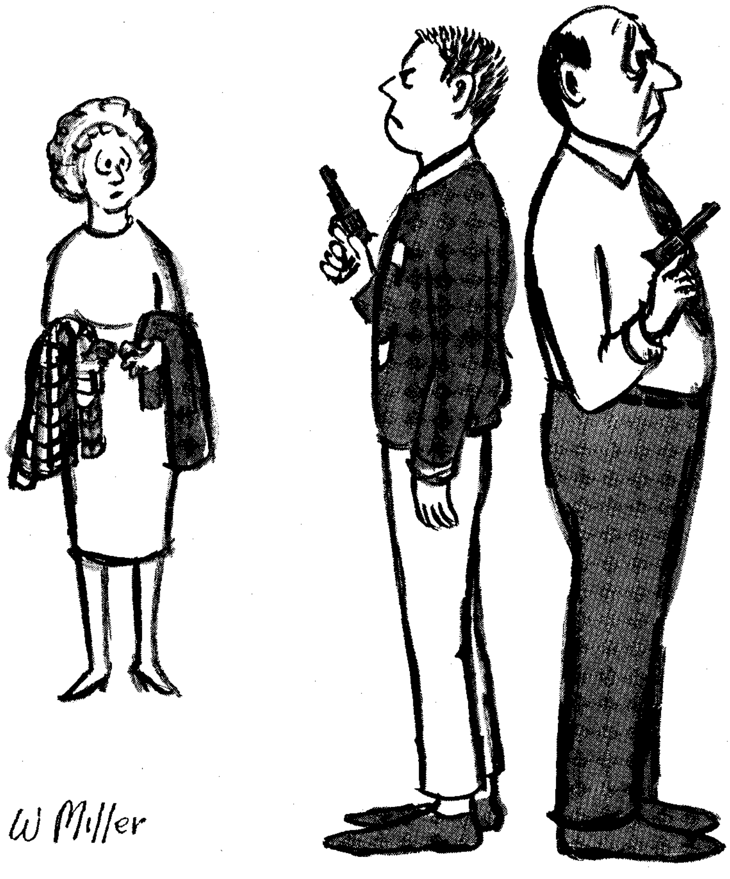
“BAJOUR,” at the Shubert, which is based on Joseph Mitchell’s reports of his séances with various Manhattan gypsies, is flamboyant, footloose, frolicsome, fervid (alliteration seems to have me in thrall), and fairly funny. Maybe the gypsies on display aren’t quite as close to earth and asphalt as Mr. Mitchell’s originals—sometimes they seem to have closer ties to a casting director’s office than to the caravans of their Romany ancestors—but they are so full of high spirits that one is compelled to overlook the dubiety of their bloodlines. The book of “Bajour,” by Ernest Kinoy, is only fitfully effective, and the same thing might be said of the music and lyrics, by Walter Marks, but the dances, by Peter Gennaro, are full of that old *tzigane* bounce, and the costumes, by Freddy Wittop, are explosive indeed. I should point out that Mr. Marks, despite a youthful tendency to depend a bit on his predecessors in the words-and-music line, can come up with some arresting rhymes and rhythms, and although he has had to keep close to the traditional gypsy airs—the gypsies love to be sad, mad, glad, bad, in the Villon style—he captured my attention early in the proceedings with an ingenious ballad called “Where Is the Tribe for Me?” This is sung by a remarkable young woman named Nancy Dussault, who is spirited, lovely, and comic, and with it she sets up the dominant, or at least the most interesting, theme of “Bajour.” It appears that she is striving to become an anthropologist, but, alas, there are no primitives left for her to study, since Margaret Mead and her crowd have a monopoly on all the uncivilized folk available. So she determines to do a thesis on the mores of the gypsies in Manhattan. She has a relative of some kind high in the ranks of the Police Department, and this permits her to insist that Lieutenant MacNiall (Robert Burr), the greatest gypsy expert on the force—with whom, of course, she presently becomes infatuated—arrange things so that she can live with the tribe of her choosing in a vacant store where it has just taken up residence. The gypsies are full of passion and larceny, and they dearly love to dance and sing. This is all to the good, since the cast is full of fine warblers and hoofers—in particular, Chita Rivera and Gus Trikonis—and while the subplot, which has to do with the efforts of a Manhattan gypsy called Cockeye Johnny Dembo (Herschel Bernardi) to marry off his son to the daughter of a gypsy king of Newark (Herbert Edelman), gets a little lethargic now and then, the piece is, over all, diverting. “Bajour,” by the way, means “swindle,” and in this case the gypsies’ mark is the mother of the anthropological heroine, who is delightfully played by Mae Questel. The sets—and there are a dozen or more of them—have been most cleverly devised by Oliver Smith.

AFTER touring all over the landscape, “Zizi,” with Zizi Jeanmaire, has finally settled down at the Broadway, and it is a colorful divertissement, not very long on wit but very opulent in style, and with a corps de ballet that is agile and drilled to perfection. Under the direction of Roland Petit, everything comes up terpsichorean roses, and if, perhaps, the affair is somewhat specialized for Broadway, it is always a pleasure to see Jeanmaire stretch those legs of hers and to hear her line out a few throaty tunes. Her companion in the dance on this occasion is Felix Blaszka, and he can certainly step around. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

On the One Hand, on the Other

THE revival, at the de Lys, of “I Knock at the Door,” Paul Shyre’s oral adaptation—not quite a dramatization, not quite not a dramatization—of the first of Sean O’Casey’s six volumes of reminiscence, rarely takes off, yet it is hardly a waste of time. For the benefit of those who missed the show the first time around, in 1957, the six performers who constitute its cast are lined up on stools and read, or appear to read, from scripts on stands in front of them. The words are so wonderful that one is almost conned into accepting the reading without asking for more, but now and then, and especially when a valuable young actress named Rae Allen is at bat, one suddenly hears what it could be. (Then, too, there is the nagging thought that if O’Casey had wanted this to be a play, he would have made it one.) “I Knock at the Door” covers the years of his earliest childhood, in Dublin with his almost destitute family, when a painful eye infection kept him going to a hospital clinic, and when his mother was caught between an Anglican rector who insisted that he be sent to



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school and an eye surgeon who insisted that he be kept out. Even so, there was a lot of happiness around, and the source of most of it for the boy was his remarkable, loving mother. She is the pivot of the action. Unfortunately, she is so inadequately played—by Jessie Royce Landis, who misses most of the fire and gentleness, the alternate boldness and timidity, of the part—that the whole production seems dispersed and without focus. The scene in which she finally tells off the rector after the boy has been caned at school should be as satisfying as the one in which Betsy Trotwood tells off the Murdstones, but it isn't. Yet if the big scenes go by the board, many of the lesser ones do very well, particularly the group scenes—of the desultory, clinical conversation of the outpatients at the hospital, of gossiping hackney drivers at the funeral of the boy's father, of a hot family discussion on Home Rule and the misbehavior of Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea, and of some children playing round games on the street.

Miss Allen is delightful as the boy's snippy, lively sister and as any occasional girls who crop up, and at times her Dublinese is a deadshot duplication of Siobhán McKenna's. She is extremely touching as she dresses and goes off alone to her own wedding, and a joy as she pipes a children's song during one of the games. Stephen Elliott plays the surgeon with quiet authority, and does well, too, as the father of the family, as an outpatient, and as a hackney driver with the kind of cough one would pick up from a career of waiting around in the damp for the family of the departed. His clammy, know-it-all rector sounded a bit overdone to me, but perhaps that is exactly how he would have sounded to the boy. Robert Walker, the image of his late father, gives a modest performance as the boy, barely making a pass at a brogue but never hitting a false note or showing off. Staats Cotsworth rates a Purple Heart and more for his reading of the connective and background narration in spite of, on opening night, a strangling cough, and Mr. Shyre is all right in a number of parts. The whole thing could have been much better than it is, but it could have been worse, too.

—Edith Oliver

•

There were many virtues that he lacked, and Marius recognized some of them clearly. Cowardice and lying, however, were not included in them.—*"The Fourth of Forever," by Bill S. Ballinger.*

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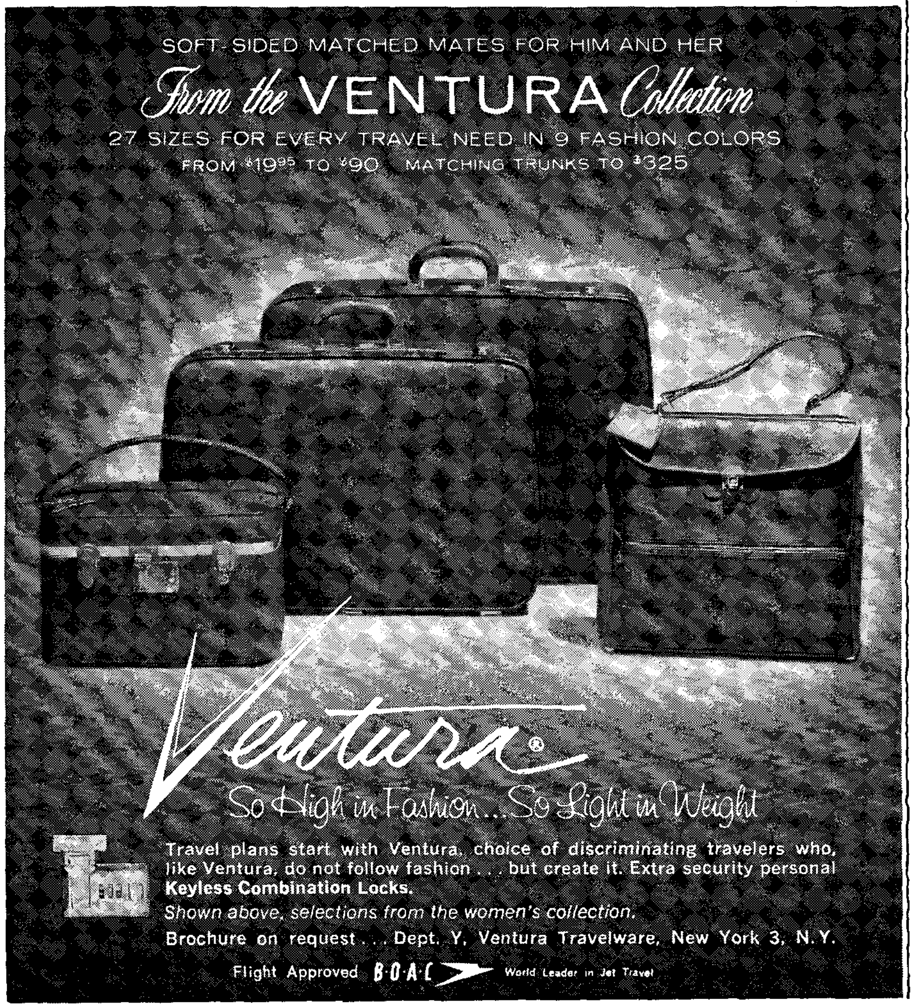

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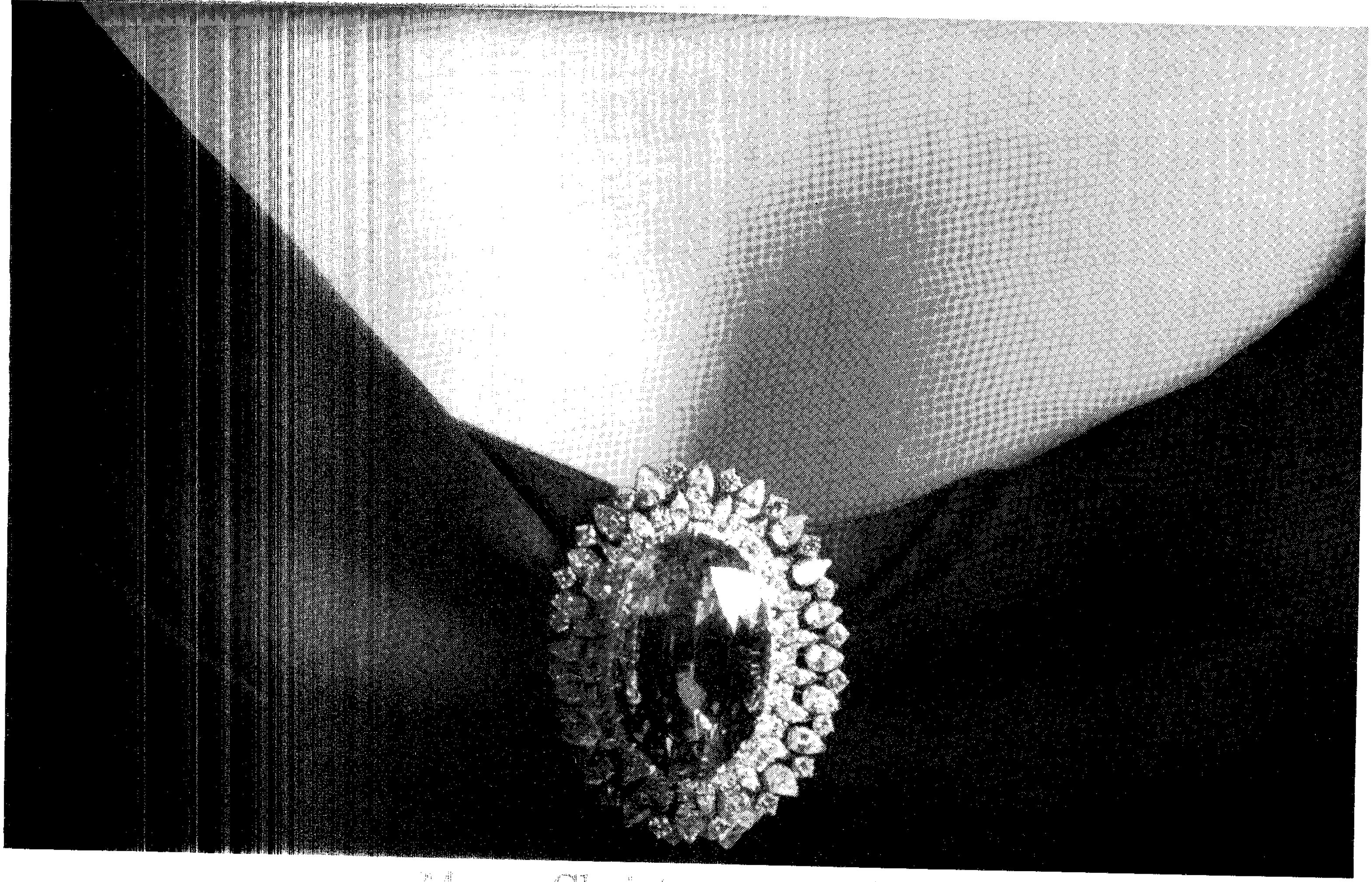

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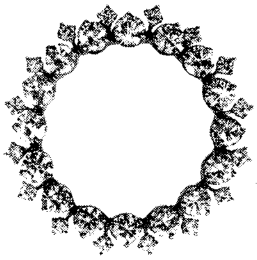

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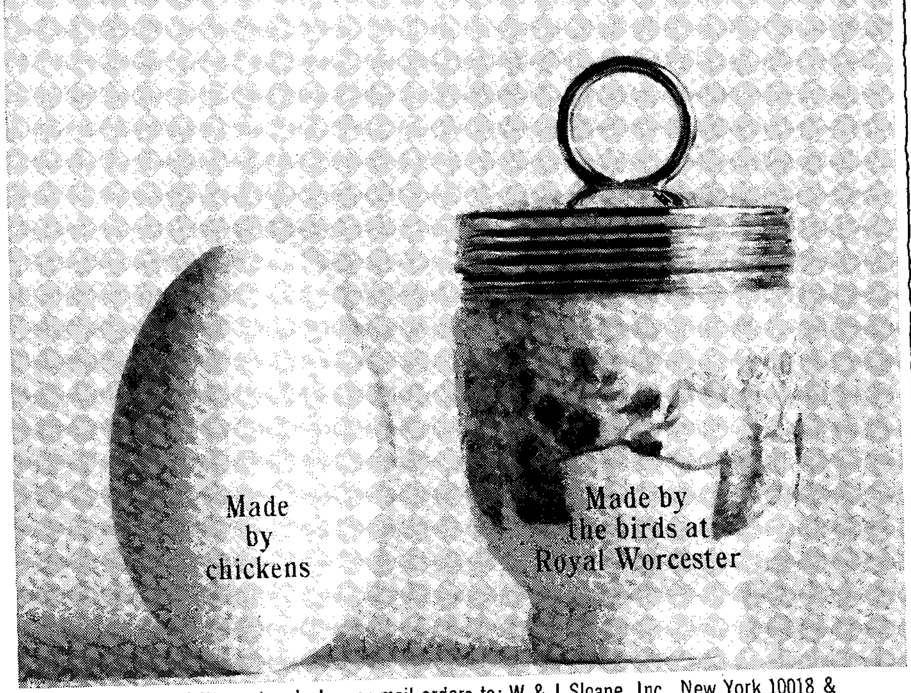

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FOOTBALL

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THE plan to convert the flower of American youth into one-dimensional football players suffered a large (but, I am afraid, temporary) setback in Kennedy Stadium in Philadelphia on Saturday last, when Army just managed to best Navy, 11–8. That tiresome beldame, gray-haired old Mother Necessity, had required Paul Dietzel, who began coaching a few years ago at West Point, to remake his three-platoon team, which had never been able to top Navy, into a one-platoon team that *could* top Navy, and mighty were the feats of the young cadets who were called upon to be so un-American as to play both offensive and defensive football. Zadel, at tackle, went the whole way that afternoon, and Stowers, at guard, skipped only half a dozen plays; Johnson, at wingback, missed just two; Braun, at guard, had an almost perfect attendance record; Champi, at end, did a fair amount of two-dimensional work; and Stichweh, at quarterback, seemed to absent himself only for occasional conferences with Dietzel. All hail to this two-dimensional sextet. (There will not, I guess, be many three-dimensional performers until the current porous rules about sending in substitutes are amended; as it is, the thinking can be done on the sidelines and communicated to the in-name-only quarterbacks by a steady dribble of new players.) At the very beginning, some of these resolute characters bowled over Staubach, the Navy quarterback, in his own end zone, and it was apparent right then that Army's trump cards were better than Navy's single trump. A couple of other potential Navy trumps, Orr and Donnelly, did get into the game, and Donnelly, theretofore celebrated only as a bulldozer ballcarrier, looked fine on defense, too; Paskewich did not appear, and though Staubach's new playmates in the backfield, especially Huey and Leiser, did well, one other thing was apparent—that as Staubach went, so went Navy, and Staubach went back on his heels, propelled by Army linemen, much too often. The wonder of it was not that a depleted Army could master a rather less depleted Navy but that the same Army had not been able to do the same thing against a much huskier Navy a year ago. For, win or lose, Army is

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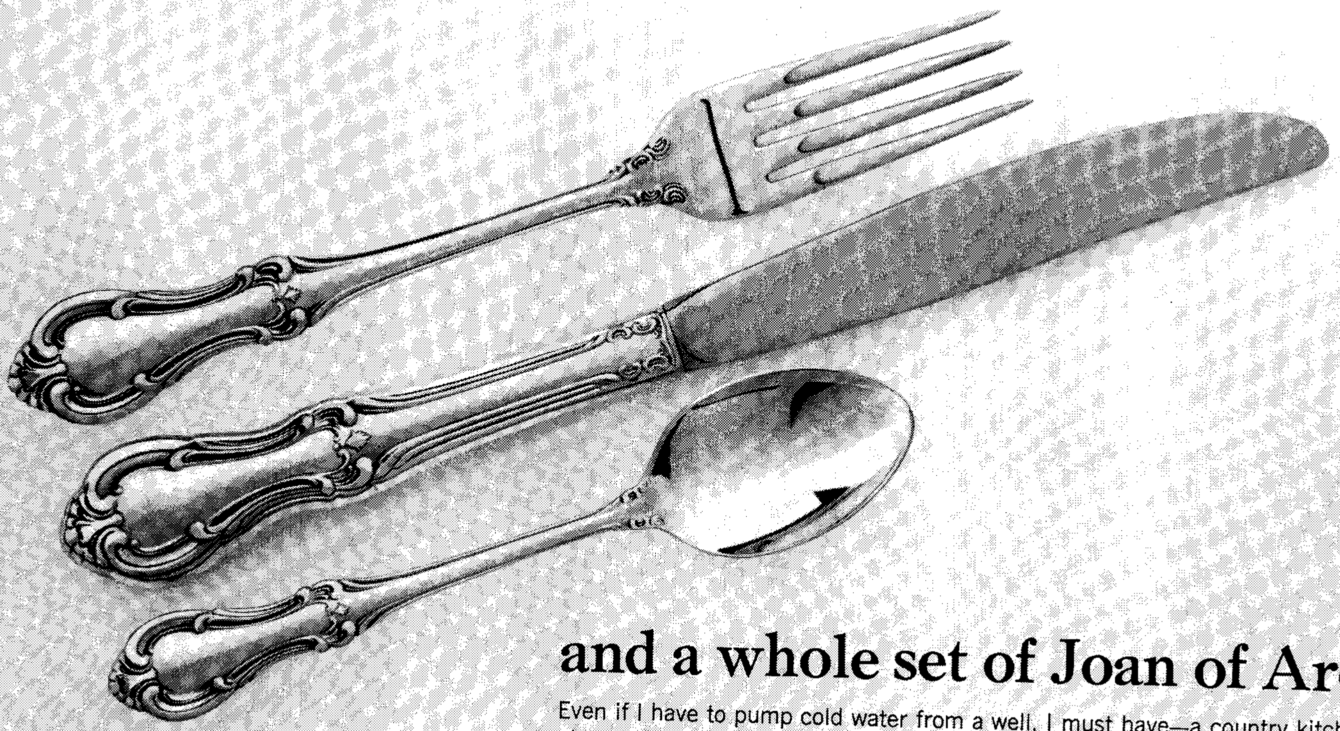

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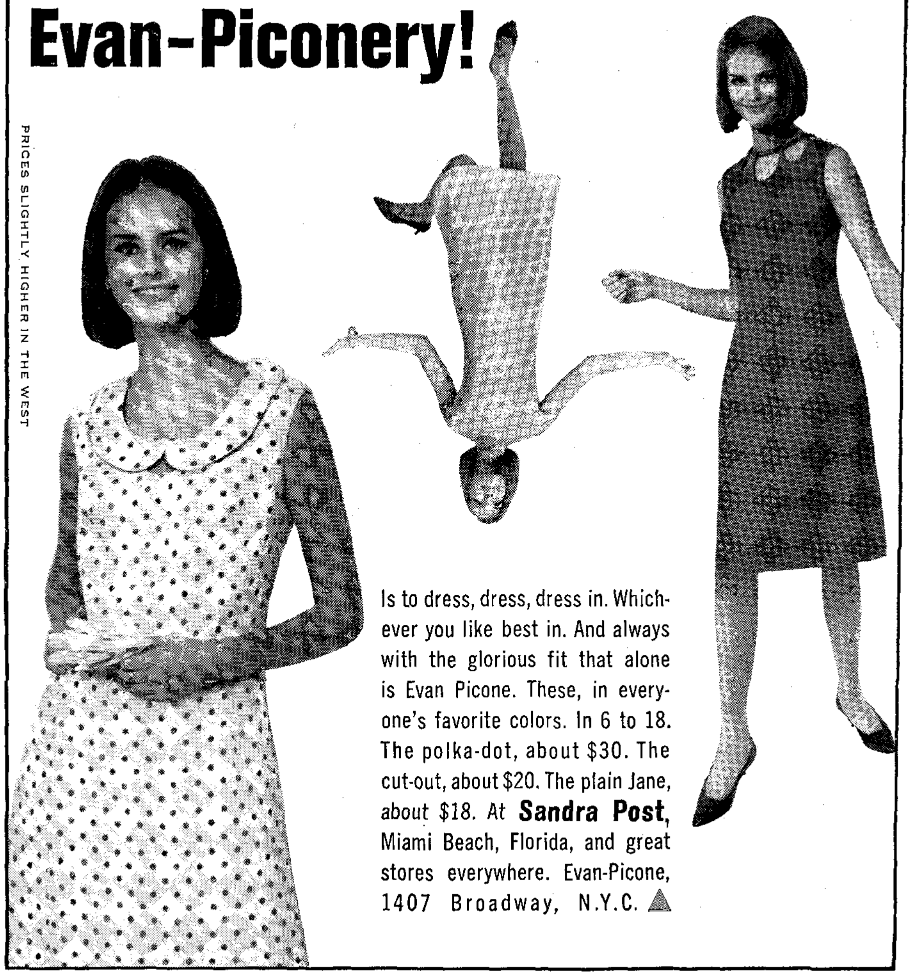

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resourceful, tenacious, rough-and-tumble (a bit much at times), and fraught with trickery.

All hail, as well, to Mike Smith, the Princeton center, who was two-dimensional the entire afternoon two weeks ago, when his team, by beating Cornell, 17–12, managed to finish out a whole season without a loss. The wonder of this particular accomplishment was not that it happened but that it was three years late in arriving. Barring certain managerial traumas and bemused ratiocinations, Princeton could have gone the past three seasons of Ivy League football without dropping a single game. Iacavazzi, who was so two-dimensional that he could break all sorts of local records as a ballcarrier and still be a defensive performer of literally staggering prowess, was one large reason for the Princetonian flowering; the other big reason was the long-delayed decision to rig a defensive backfield that could raise merry hob with the forward pass.

We shall not, in the Ivy League, see the like of this Princeton team for some time; graduation next June will do away with most of it, and with even more of a Yale team that, until Iacavazzi got to work on it, grew better and better, like Cornell, week by week. Despite a few acts of ostentatious generosity week before last by Harvard, Yale could not muster enough strength (the absence of Mercein, its best bulldozer, was one factor) to keep from losing its second game in a row. As football, the match was a glowing mixture of foolishness and fantasy; not the least of the fantasy was the winning gallop of Harvard's Leo, who on his sprint to a touchdown covered very nearly as many yards as he had covered in the previous two months.

DAMNED clever of Notre Dame to lose its final match, 20–17, to Southern California. The way the polls are going this year, no undefeated team has a chance of being named best of anything. As for matters like the All-America rosters, my man in Washington tells me that the curators of curiosa at the Library of Congress are still unable to decide whether to file them under "Light Fiction" or "Humor."

—J. W. L.

•

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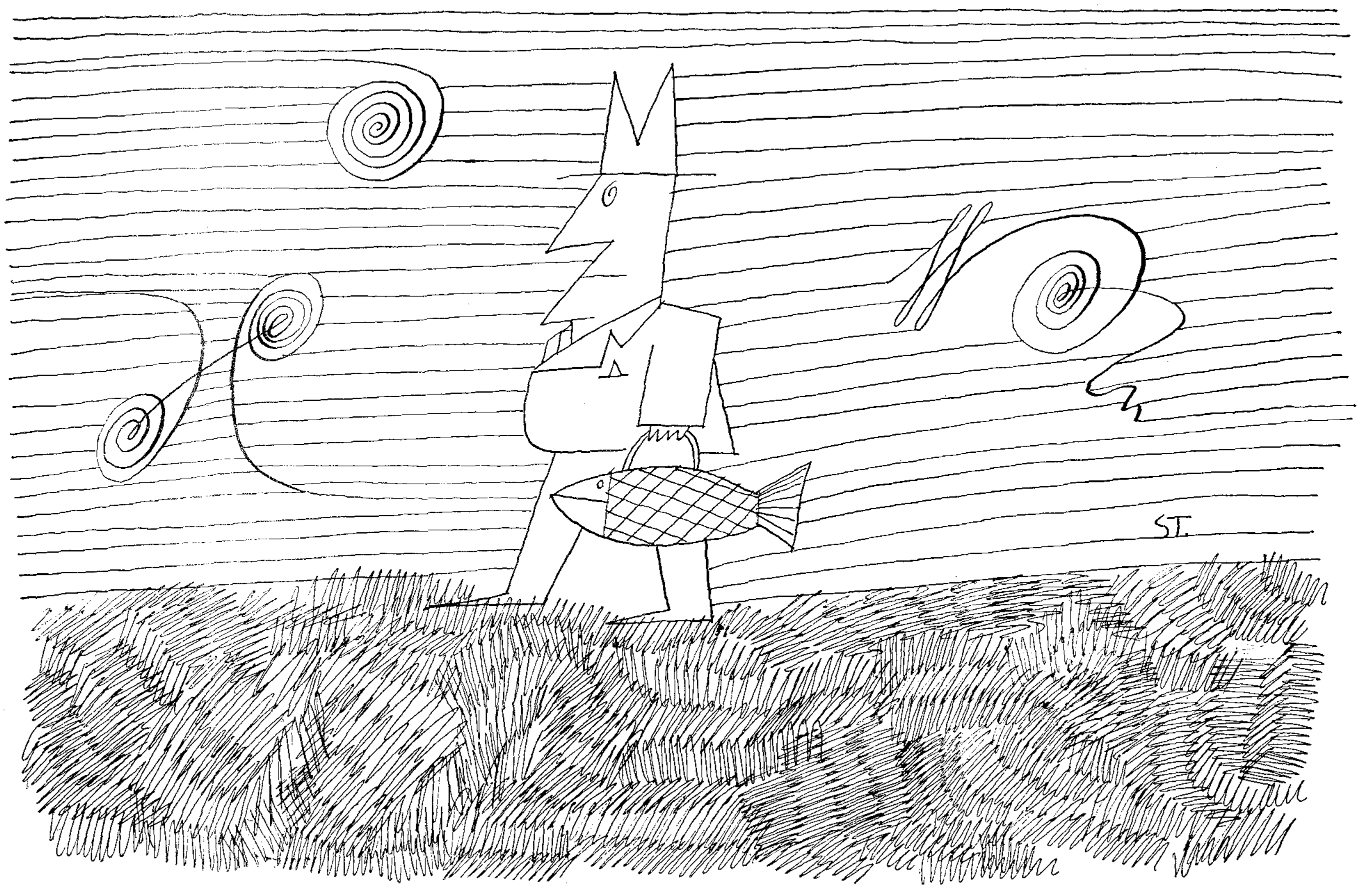
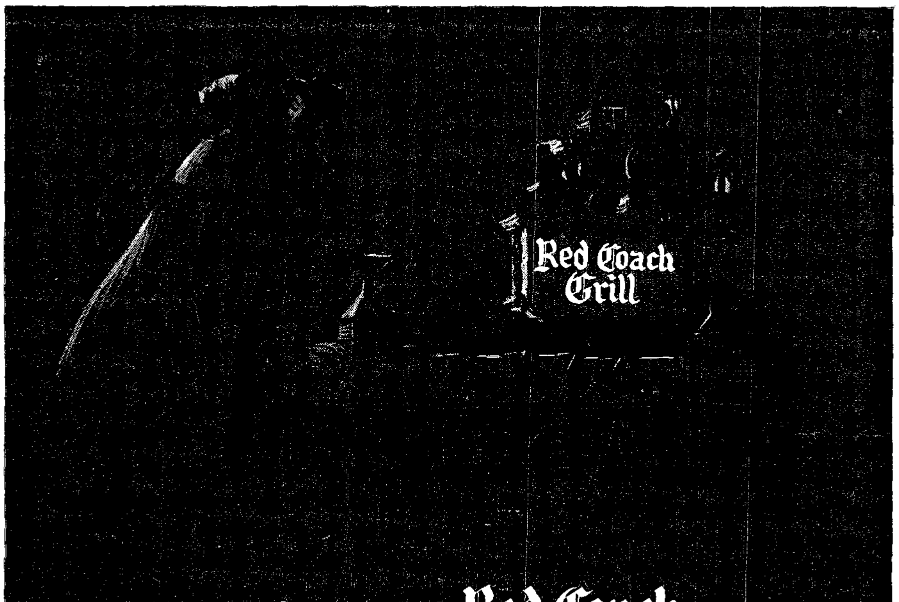
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE SCIENCES

BLAZING THE TRAIL FOR THE ALPHA AND OMEGA



IN natural-history-museum circles—whose periphery, or peripheries, I have been frequenting with a good deal of enthusiasm ever since the late Dr. Frank M. Chapman, Curator of Ornithology at the American Museum of Natural History, informed me that if you sit long enough in a well-placed thicket and, with pursed lips, squeak gently but persistently, there will be an answering *chut* from a yellow-breasted chat (and, if Fortune smiles further, an appearance of this ordinarily suspicious warbler)—it is generally recognized that the lifeblood of their institutions comes from field expeditions, since these not only produce the collections on which the public exhibitions are based but also provide the continuing, up-to-date research that generates material for the scientific bulletins, memoirs, and monographs from which museums derive their real status. Dr. Chapman's museum, which is known *in situ* as the American Museum, is a long-established, wide-scale exemplar of the virtues of this home-away-from-home, behind-the-scenes, largely outdoor work. During the first few years of its existence, it was too busy moving into quarters in the Central Park Arsenal, furnishing them with such attractions as Mr. Daniel G. Elliot's assemblage of twenty-five hundred North American birds and a great auk presented by the Museum's second president, Robert L. Stuart (whose widow, alas, revoked a fifty-thousand-dollar bequest to the Museum because of her fear, posthumously realized, that the auk, along with the rest of its displays, would be on public view on Sundays), and moving out again and into its original Central Park West unit, to give much thought to field parties, but in 1887, eighteen years after it was incorporated and a decade after it jumped across the Park, it sent Mr. Elliot and a mammalogist assistant to Montana for its first bison. Dr. Chapman joined the Museum around this time, and at once began to resort to thickets and other points of vantage in the bush all over North and South America. Since then, more than a thousand Museum expeditions have girdled the globe. I have just spent several days girdling, or sidling around, the Museum, talking to a dozen or more of the sixty-odd people on its staff who were out in the field this year digging up, picking up, netting, tape-recording, photographing, taking notes on, or otherwise studying a bag that ranged chronologically from Mesozoic fossils to contemporary American Indians. I started my tour in what turned out to be a predominantly Cenozoic frame of reference, with Dr. Malcolm C. McKenna, Associate Curator in the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology, whose major targets last summer, as they had been the summer before, were the remains of Middle Paleocene primates embedded in the sandstone of southern Wyoming.

"Very early fossils," Dr. McKenna said. "About sixty million years old. Our excavation site was near Dad, an abandoned settlement with a defunct post office twenty miles north of Baggs on the road to Rawlins, in a ranch, oil, and uranium region. The site was discovered seven or eight years ago by a girl on a University of Wyoming summer geological project. She was tipped off by a bunch of red harvester ants—*Pogonomyrmex*. Ants are often useful in paleontological research; they like to collect fossil bones and teeth to roof their nests, and when you come across this type of architecture, it means that fossils are underground. You dynamite the overburden of earth and then bulldoze it away. Then you mix the fossil-bearing sediment with water



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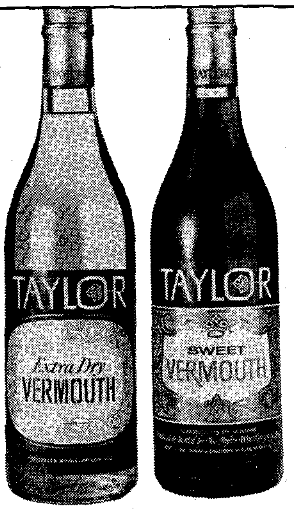

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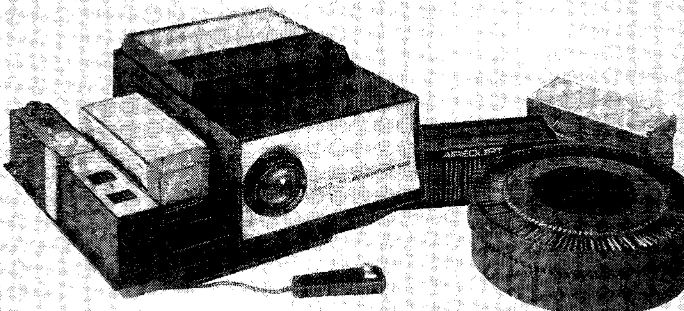
and sieve out the bones, and then you sort the dried concentrate, fitting together broken bits of specimens. The best method of sorting is to sit facing the bright sun, which lets you see the light glint from enamel and bone surfaces. Teeth are enamel, of course. As a rule, you have to process several hundred tons of sandstone to produce an adequate sampling—perhaps a hundred and fifty jaws of mammals, which is about what we got last summer. Duplication is inevitable, but you need large numbers of specimens in order to evaluate individual variation and to compare samples of different populations. Some of the things we brought back are multituberculates. Dad is a great place for multituberculates as well as primates."

I asked what multituberculates were, and Dr. McKenna said, "Superficially rodentlike mammals that flourished in the Jurassic and later but became extinct by the end of the Eocene, around fifty million years ago. They usually occur in deposits where there are no rodents, to which they were similar in habits—both have large incisors and outwardly corresponding schemes of eating—and with which they were therefore in competition. We found several wildly new ones. We come across new mammals all the time—millions of years old but new to science—and often don't know precisely what they are until we've studied them in the lab here. We give them silly nicknames in the field, like 'Skinnytherium' and 'Leg-a-lambda'—jargon we find amusing."

The Doctor smiled a vertebrate-paleontological smile, and showed me a case of tiny particles of bone and teeth; they were almost black. "Their color is dark because they pick up iron oxide," he said. "I took six assistants with me—some of them graduate students who are working for their Ph.D.s. Usually I also take my wife and our three children, who range from two and a half to ten years old—they're close to the ground and can see small bones and teeth, like the ants—but this year I left them home. Most primitive animals are small, and tiny fossils often tell you more about prehistoric environment than the big ones do. For example, salamanders and frogs and lizards are quite good for determining what the climate was like fifty million years or so ago. Also, small fossils are cheaper to get. You spend fifty thousand dollars on a dinosaur, and . . ."

He shrugged a mildly anti-megalosaurian shrug, and remarked that in the middle of July, after several weeks at



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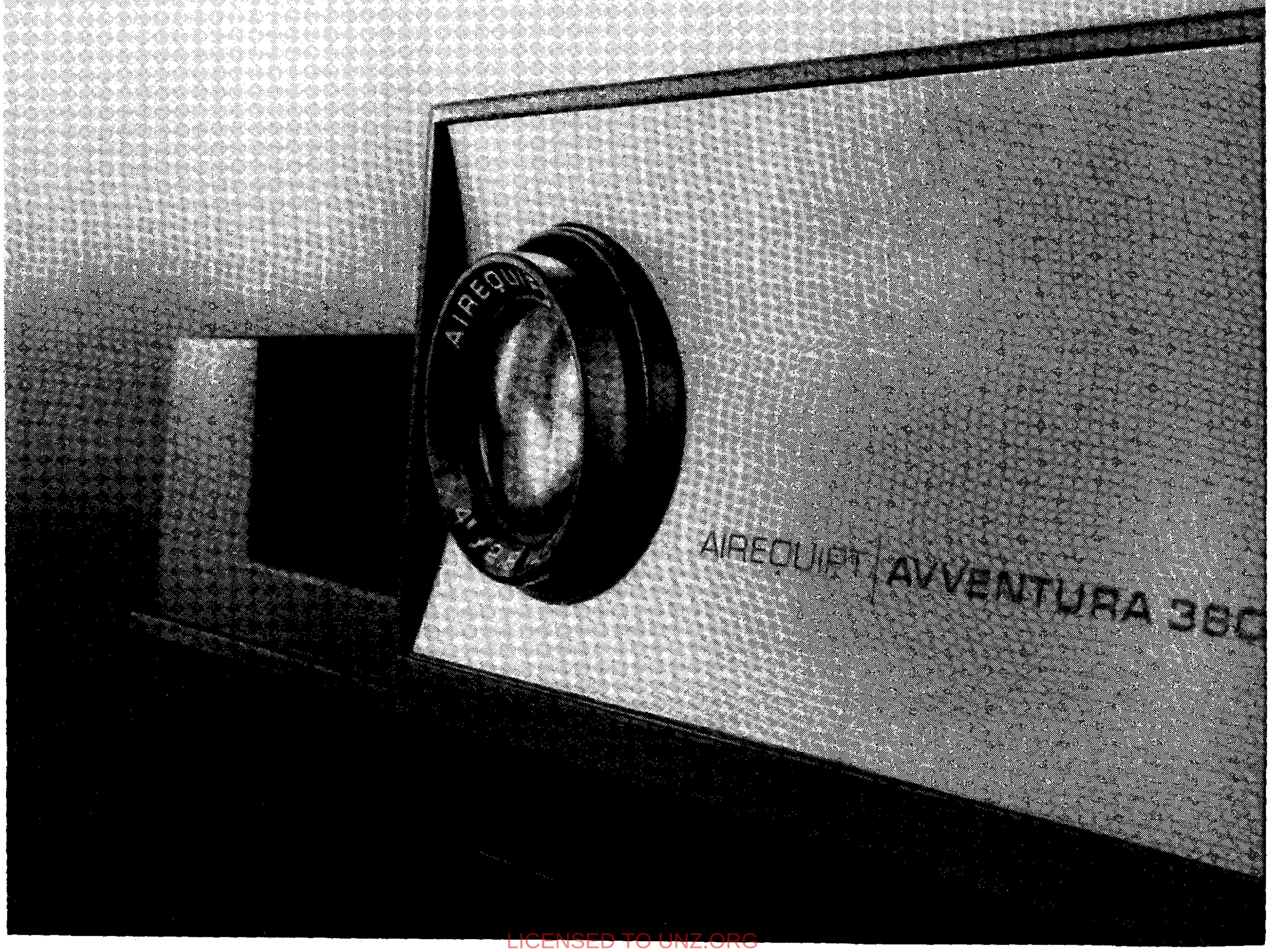

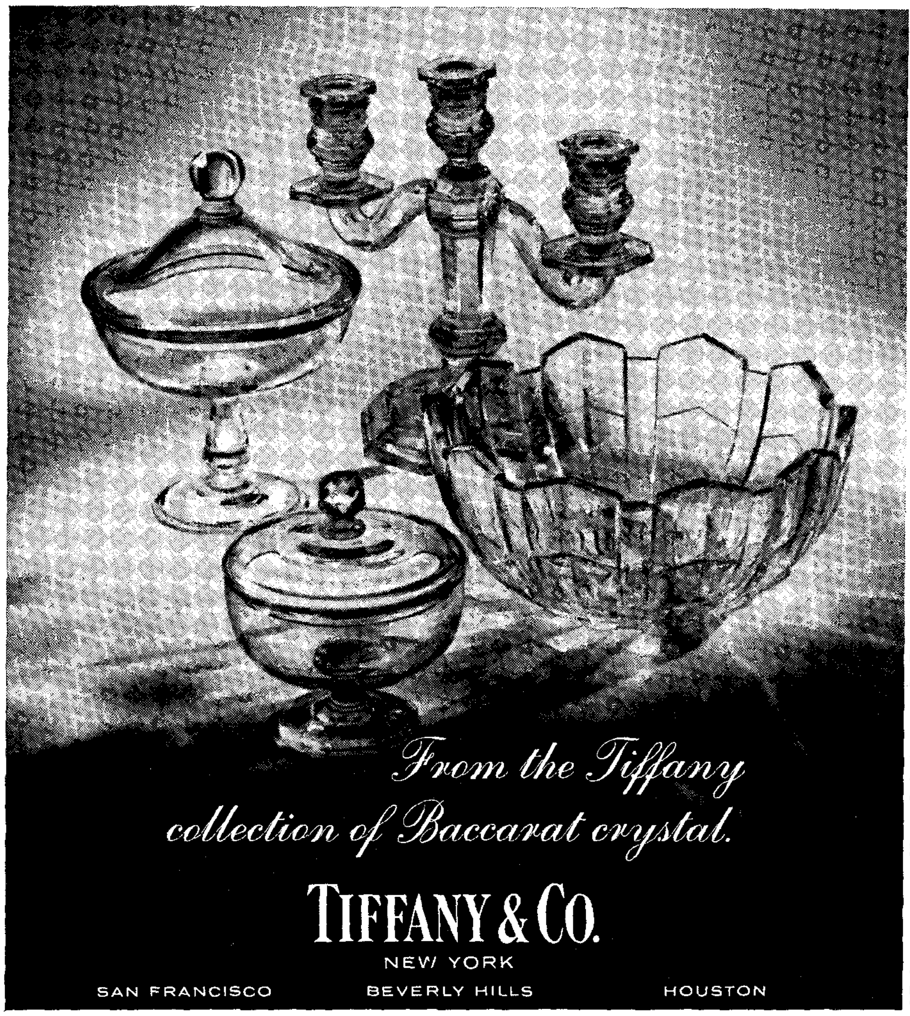

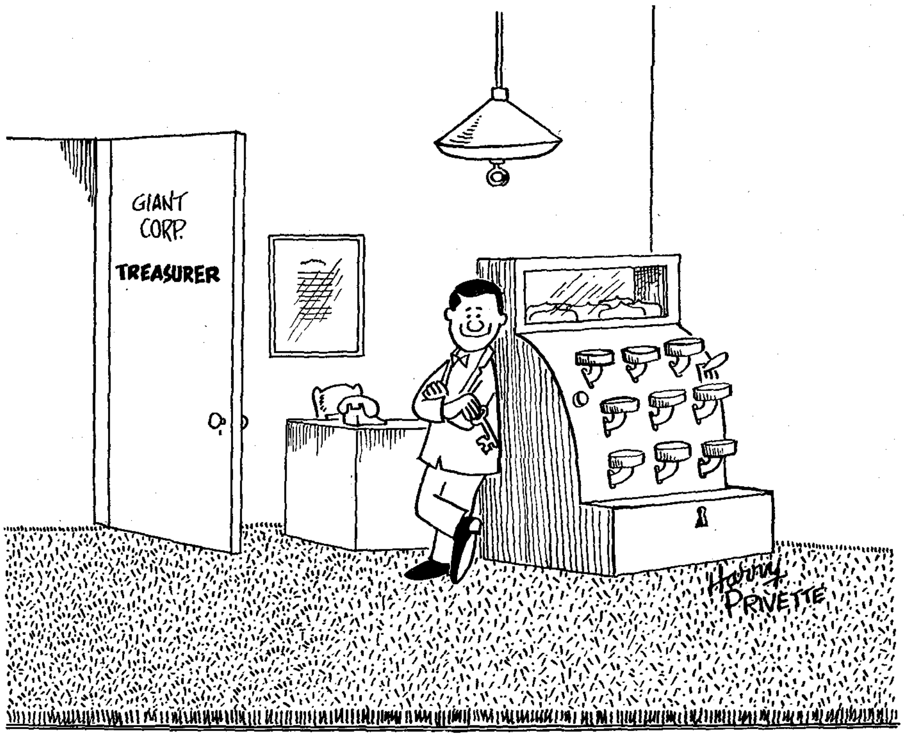

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Dad, he was joined by his wife and flew, via Russia, to Mongolia. "I went there because the Roy Chapman Andrews expeditions to Central Asia in the nineteen-twenties—the largest privately endowed land expeditions ever to leave the United States—brought the Museum an immense collection of Mesozoic fossils, some of which are now being studied for the first time," he said. "Dr. Andrews, who was director of the Museum, retired in 1942 and died in 1960; no one from here had been to Mongolia since his trips, and the younger men, like me, don't know, or didn't know, what it looks like, geologically speaking. I wanted to find out more about the local rocks and sediments. The United States doesn't recognize the Mongolian People's Republic, and my wife and I had to go in as tourists. No collecting. We were there only eleven days, but we visited some areas of extreme interest. We penetrated southwestern Mongolia as far as the south side of the Artsa Bogdo Range, about a hundred and fifty miles from the Chinese border; Andrews had been there in 1925. We took hundreds of notes and hundreds of slides, including color photographs of the old Andrews-expedition sites in the so-called Gobi Desert. Many early Mongolian mammals—the place was hopping with them in the Tertiary—have also occurred in America. Some deposits in Wyoming and Mongolia are synchronous. Rhinoceroses and rabbits came here from Asia by the northern route, across what are now the Bering and Chukchi Seas; camels and horses went in the opposite direction. I got the sort of background data that we need in studying our collection of fossil remains, and I'm corresponding with a Mongolian scientist, Demberelyin Dashzeveg, in the hope of setting up another expedition there sometime."

I asked Dr. McKenna why he had referred to the Gobi Desert as "so-called," and he said, "The word 'gobi' is merely the Mongol term for a long, flat valley between mountain ranges. There are gobis all over the place. There is no such thing as the Gobi Desert; what is called that is simply a large desert in southern Mongolia. We reached it by jeep, travelling four hundred miles from the capital, Ulan Bator, which means 'Red Hero,' and we camped out in portable tents called 'gers,' or 'yurts.' We got back to this country in the middle of August, and I headed for Dad, where my team had continued collecting. We rarely collect fewer than five thousand mammal

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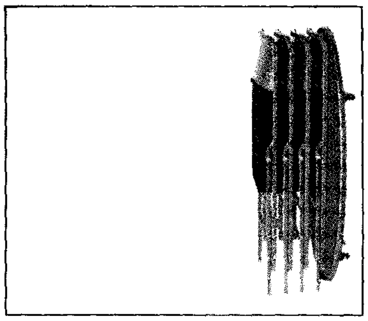

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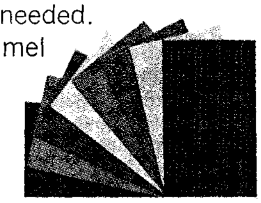

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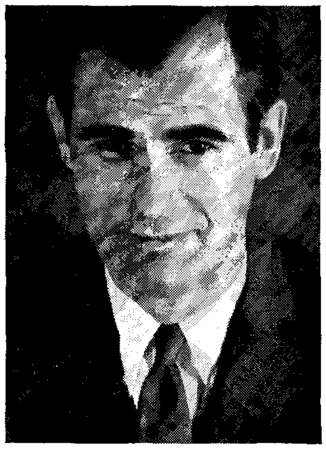
teeth in a summer. For every hundred teeth, you'll get one well-preserved jaw. In general, I'm pushing back into the Cretaceous and doing less and less work in the Tertiary. Next summer, if I don't get to collect in Mongolia, I'll work near Casper, Wyoming, on the beach of an old Cretaceous sea that has been found nearby. We've run a test on a ton and a half of material excavated in a channel there and got twenty chips of teeth, so we know the stuff is around. This is a fairly grim ratio, but when you're prospecting a new place, you go to extreme lengths. This is an eleven-hours-a-day, seven-days-a-week business, and it *does* fill in gaps in our knowledge of the distribution of primitive animals."

A SEVERE gap in *my* knowledge was filled in during my next talk, which was with Dr. Brian H. Mason, head of the Department of Mineralogy, whose name I had sifted from a list of recent field-expedition returnees that Ruth Norton, one of the Museum's administrative officials, had thoughtfully provided me with. He told me that last summer he had spent ten weeks in Australia in the company of two other mineralogists—one from the United States National Museum, in Washington, and the other from the Australian Museum of Sydney—collecting meteorites and tektites. "Australia is one of half a dozen places in the world where tektites have been found," he said. "You use a metal-detector to find meteorites; for tektites you depend on visual inspection. They're sporadic, and not very abundant even in a rich locality; we got between seven hundred and eight hundred, which we divided three ways. They're called australites in Australia, where they have the widest distribution. In Czechoslovakia, they're called moldavites; in Java, javaites; in Indo-China, indochinites; in the Philippines, philippinites; and in Texas, bediasites, from the town of Bedias. One has been found on Martha's Vineyard."

"What *are* they?" I asked.

"High-silicate glassy bodies that often show aerodynamic shapes," Dr. Mason said. "Rarely bigger than your fist. Their origin is unknown. They *may* be of meteoritic origin—solidified droplets of molten rock that were splashed into the air by the impact of giant meteorites in space and were shaped by supersonic passage through the earth's atmosphere—but no one has ever seen one fall. The Greek word '*tektos*' means 'molten.' Dr. Dean R. Chapman, of the Ames Re-



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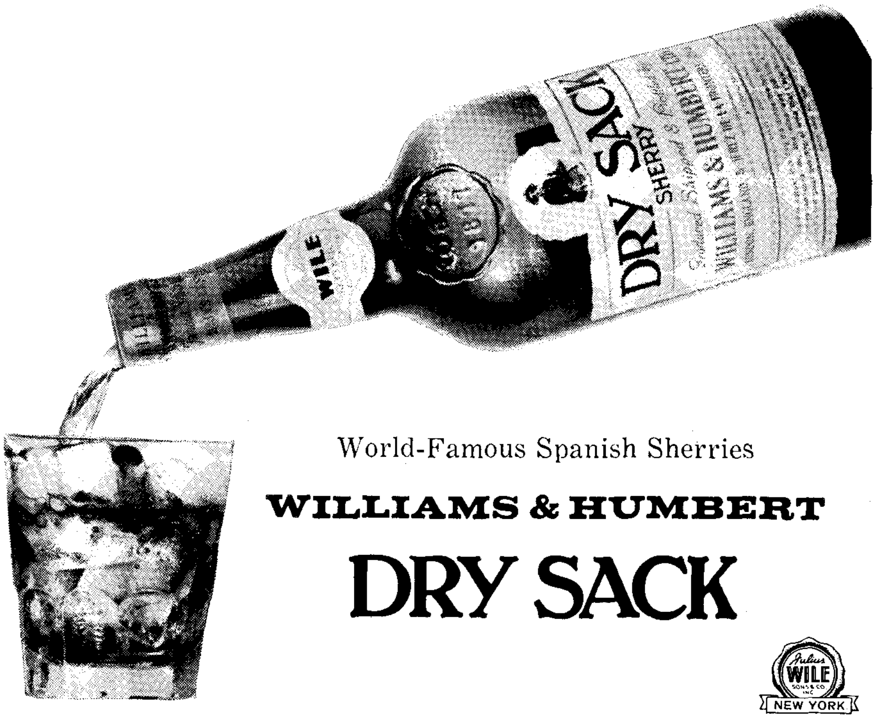

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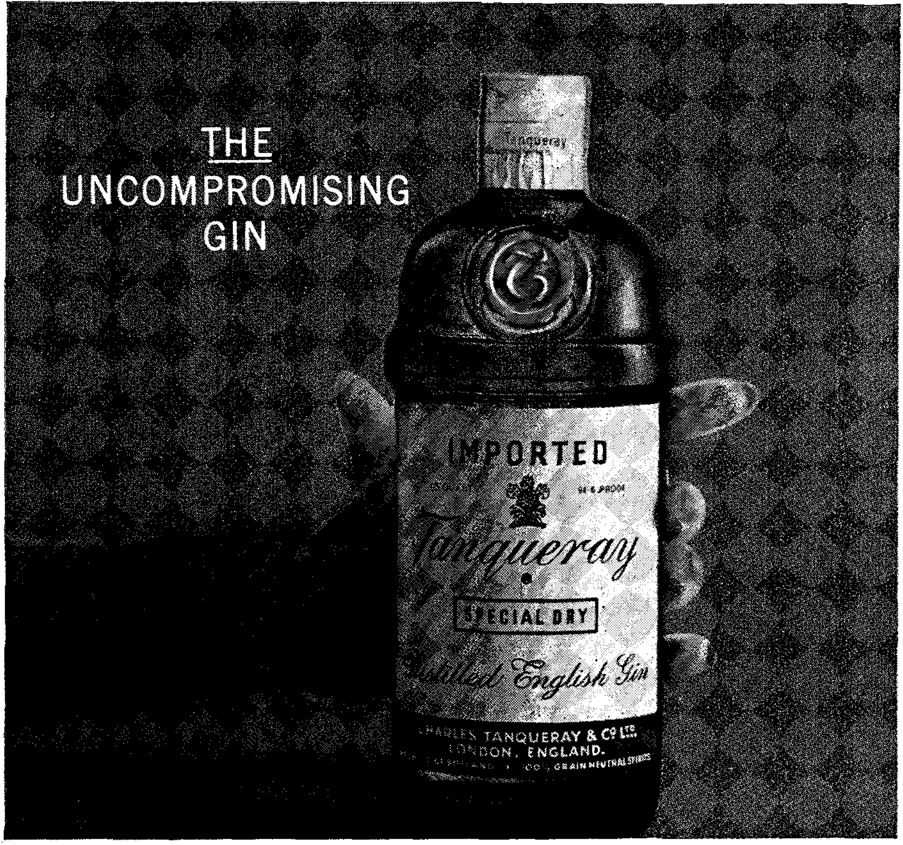

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search Center of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, at Moffet Field, California, has been studying a lot of the tektites we collected last summer and the summer before. He thinks they come from the moon, but other scientists, including Harold Urey, believe they're terrestrial—mementos of past collisions between the earth and the rubble of the solar system."

I asked Dr. Mason what he thought.

"I still have an open mind, though I prefer the lunar theory," he said. "The most decisive evidence for associating tektites with the moon is their aerodynamic configuration. To be sure, aerodynamic sculpture is essentially absent from the older, non-Australian tektites—australites are probably only a few thousand years old, whereas moldavites are twenty million years old and bediasites forty-five million—but this may have been erased by water or other terrestrial wear and tear. Another theory is that tektites originated from the fusion of dust in the air by lightning. I don't think this is tenable. The whole thing is a scientific whodunit. Here."

Dr. Mason offered for my inspection a tray of these controversial strangers. They were dark, translucent, and rounded, some resembling large buttons or round cufflinks, with flanges around their edges, while others were shaped like pears or dumbbells. I picked one up; it was unexpectedly light.

"Now, as to meteorites," Dr. Mason went on. "We brought back a good many, mostly from an 1879 shower in Queensland. One weighs sixty-four pounds. The expedition was a nice one; it was the Australian winter—not too hot, like brisk fall weather here—and we ran into only one day of rain. I'd like to go again. On a continent the size of Australia there's a lot to be done in meteorites and tektites."

I AGAIN consulted Miss Norton's list, which gave collecting and studying sites as well as names, and pressed on to Dr. Jerome G. Rozen, Jr., chairman of the Department of Entomology, whose 1964 extramural schedule, I read, had included Trinidad, Europe, and the Museum's Southwestern Research Station, in Portal, Arizona. Dr. Rozen sat me down in front of a blackboard, on which he wrote the names of insects as they peppered his conversation. "I'm a hymenopterist, specializing in bees," he said. "I'd never been to Europe until last summer, when I went there to attend the twelfth International Congress

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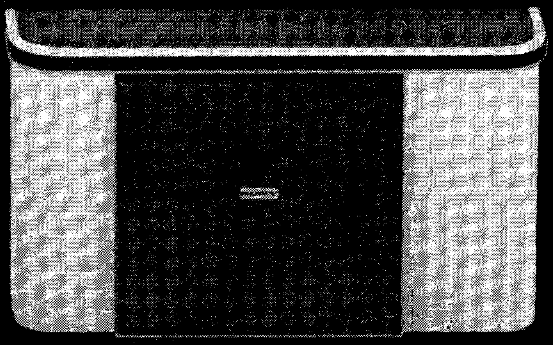

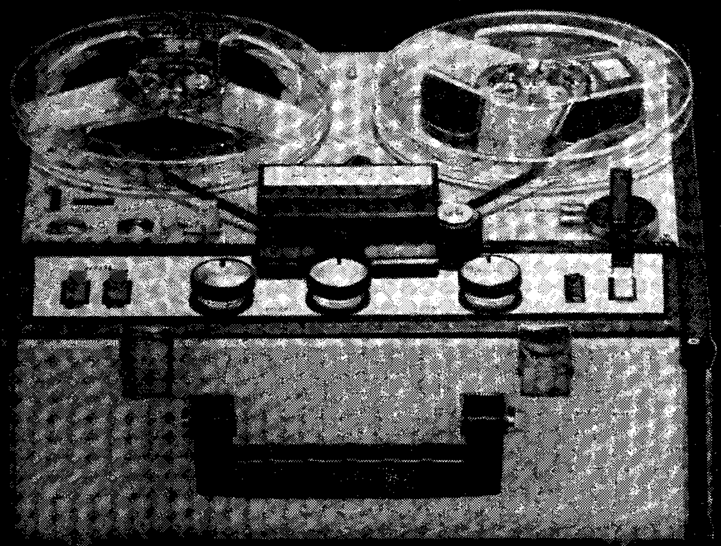

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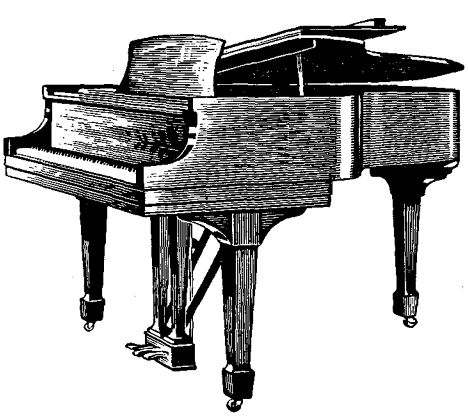

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of Entomology, held in London. In June and July, I visited museums in England, France, Holland, Austria, Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland to look at specimens of bees, and in southern Holland I inspected an area where I hoped I would find a nesting spot of a genus of Old World bee that I'm interested in—*Panurgus*, in the subfamily Panurginae." He seized a piece of chalk and went to work. "Larvae are often more useful in classification than adults, you know," he said. "Well, *Panurgus* wasn't nesting; there were only a few adults around—no larvae. I had better luck in Switzerland. A colleague at the Musée Zoologique, in Lausanne, Professor Jacques de Beaumont, took me to Sierre, in the Rhone River valley, where we found a nesting site of another genus of the Panurginae—*Melitturga*—on the grounds of a public camp. We excavated larvae from nests that went down about eight inches; the vacationers thought we were crazy. *Melitturga* is one of the most critical bees I've ever found nesting. Up to that time, it had been regarded as an intermediate genus between the subfamilies Panurginae and Oxaeinae, but study of its larvae shows clearly that it is *not* related to the Oxaeinae. So, in all likelihood, we can remove the Oxaeinae from the family Andrenidae."

I decided to let this one ride, and Dr. Rozen went on, "Professor de Beaumont and I spent three happy days in Sierre. We stayed in a small hotel, and had good local wine and nice talks about bees in the evening. In August, I went to the Museum's station in the Chiracahua Mountains, in the Arizona desert, with my wife, who is also an entomologist, and our three boys, who are five, ten, and thirteen. My primary object was to work on the biology of a species of American panurgine bee in the genus *Pseudopanurgus*. While at the station, I uncovered a new species of parasitic bee in the genus of *Oreopasites*. This is a cuckoo bee. It lays its eggs in the cell wall of the nest of *Nomadopsis*—another panurgine genus, and the subject of my Ph.D. thesis at the University of California in 1955—and its larva crawls down the wall and kills the host egg. It is provided with huge mandibles for this purpose; after it has molted, the mandibles are smaller. This is the fourth new species of *Oreopasites* I have found in the Chiracahua area. It's almost the smallest bee in existence—less than three millimetres long."

"How about Trinidad?" I asked.

"That came earlier in the year," he said. "I went down there last February

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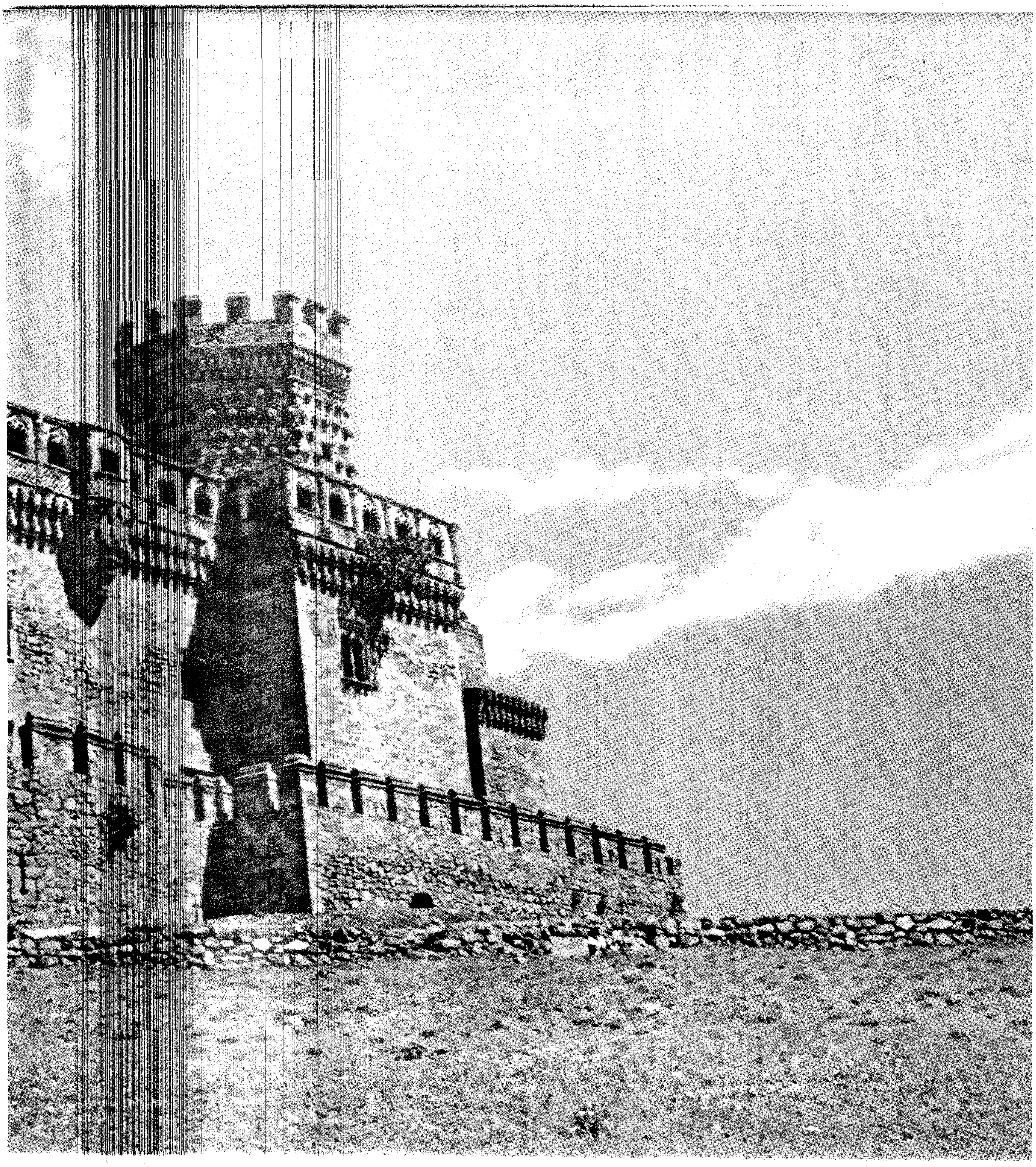

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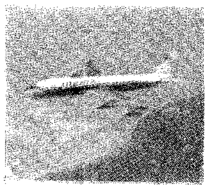

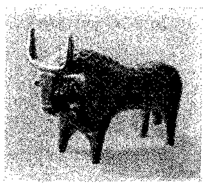

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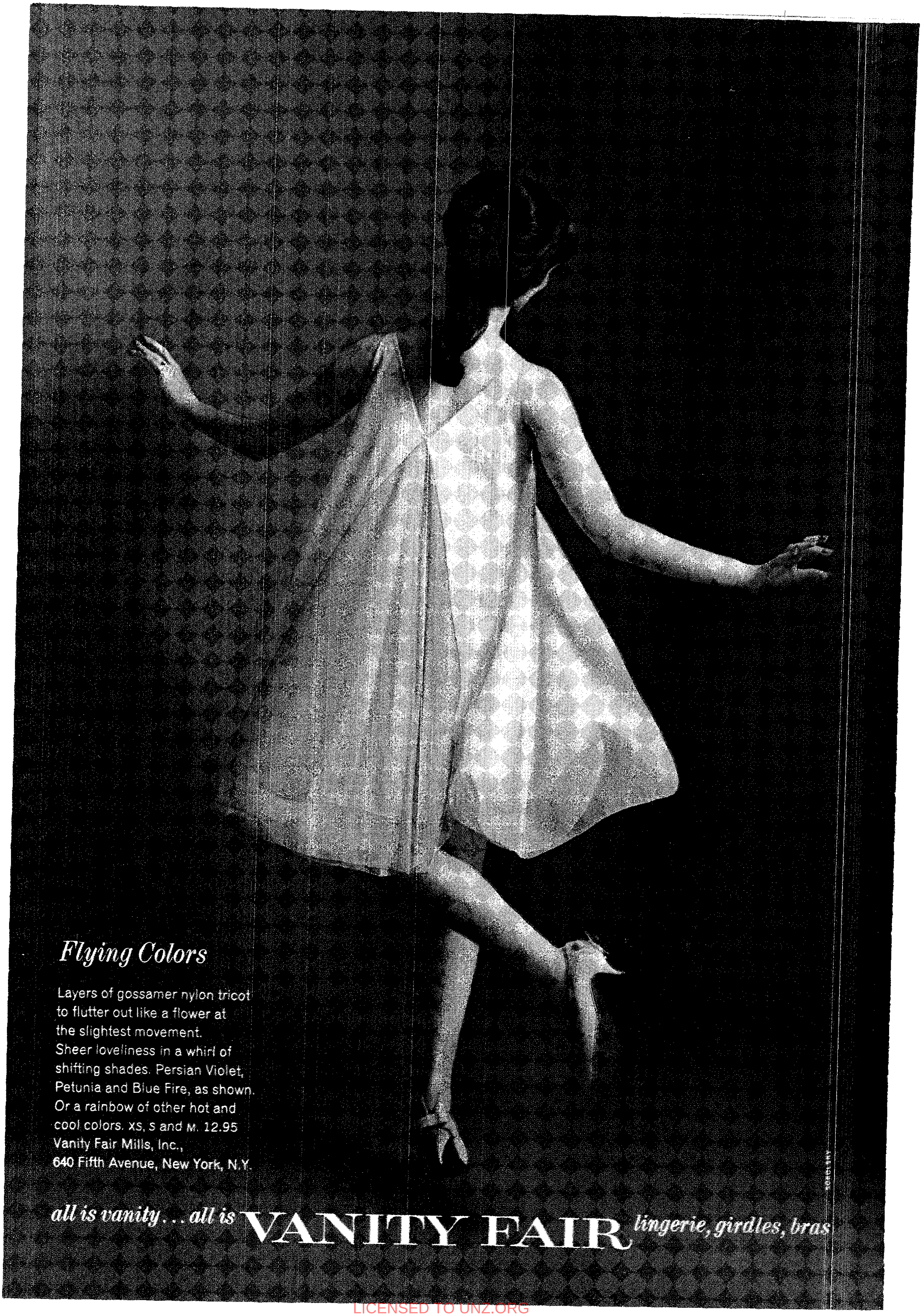

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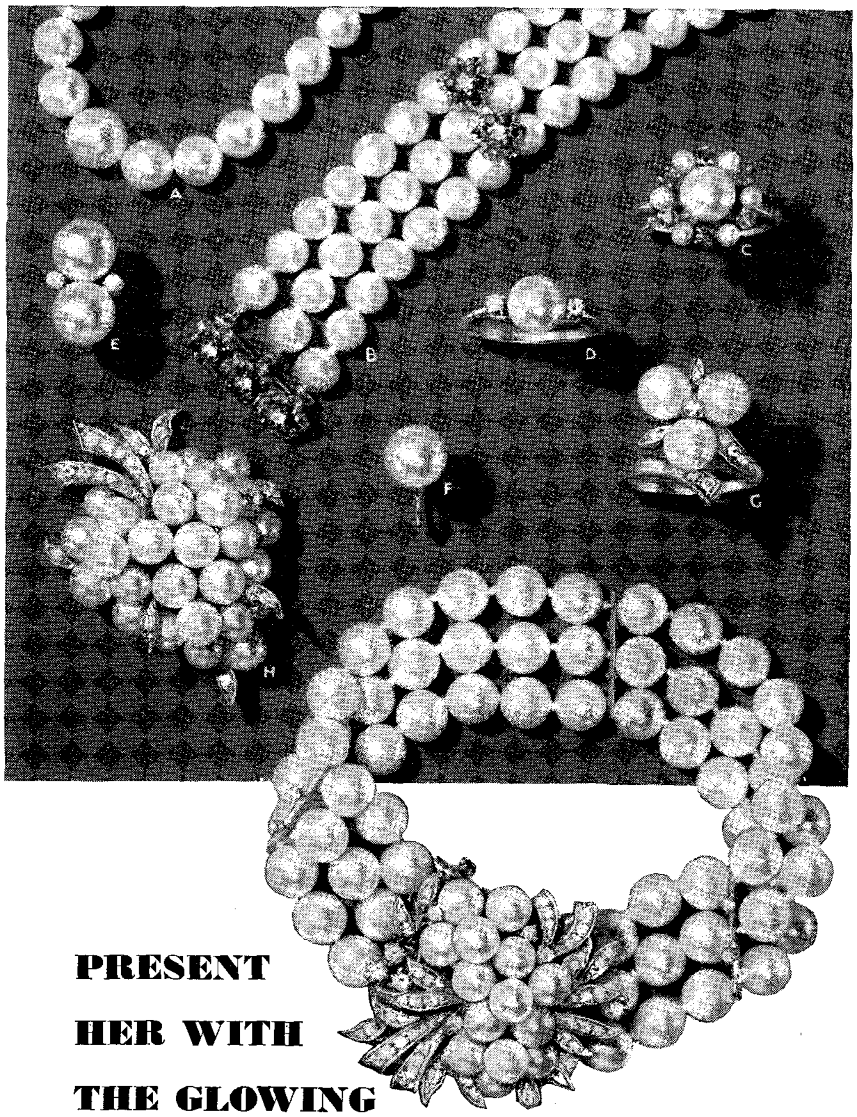
all is vanity... all is VANITY FAIR *lingerie, girdles, bras* to see how bees behave in the tropics. I brought back plenty of specimens, but I didn't find any bees nesting. No larvae. However, I met a colleague in Trinidad who's been sending me larvae—Dr. Frederick D. Bennett, who's the entomologist in charge of the West Indian Station of the Commonwealth Institute of Biological Control there—and he's promised to alert me about nesting conditions. When a nesting site becomes active, I'll fly down. We do this sort of thing now—quick expeditions that hit a situation on the nose, in contrast to the old pre-plane days, when a lot of time was wasted on expeditions when biological conditions weren't right. I'll get a phone call from Arizona saying that a certain flower that attracts a certain bee is blooming, and I'll hop on a plane. This requires funds, but you don't waste time. And there's often some little dividend on a trip, such as that Rhone Valley bee, *Melitturga*, whose larvae showed that Oxaeinae are not like *Melitturga* or the other panurgines."

Dr. Rozen looked happy as he said this, but as I rose to go, another thought struck him, and he looked grave. "Collecting insects is important, because soon we're not going to have any natural habitats left," he said. "In fact, it's already too late in some areas. Agriculture and urbanization have made a tremendous dent in the natural insect fauna, and, of course, there are the insecticides and the herbicides. It's getting harder and harder for museums to acquire insect samples from their unspoiled habitats."

I WENT home to take a nap in my nest, and then, a couple of days later, found my way into the natural habitat of Dr. Richard G. Van Gelder, another travelling department head—mammalogy—who spent two and a half months last spring and summer on a Bolivian expedition to collect local mammals and their external parasites. Dr. Van Gelder, who is the Museum's only bearded department head, explained that this was part of a three-year South American study supported by the United States Army Medical Research and Development Command, with the additional support, this year, of the National Geographic Society and the Museum. In Bolivia, the expedition concentrated on looking for an insect vector, or transmitter, of hemorrhagic fever, which is endemic in the Bolivian lowlands. "It broke out in two isolated towns, San Joaquín and Orobayaya, which are seventy miles apart, in 1959," he said. "The only other place



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in South America where there has been an epidemic is Junín, Argentina, which is thirteen hundred miles from San Joaquín. It was also known in Korea, where the Army found out little about it. There is no treatment for it, and in San Joaquín the mortality rate was around twenty per cent. Mammalian ectoparasites—especially those of bats and mice—were suspected as a possible cause, so we collected these hosts, along with monkeys, coatimundis, armadillos, and anteaters. We took blood samples and froze them for the Middle America Research Unit of Panama, an American governmental agency that has been working in the San Joaquín area making tests for antibodies. The virus has not turned up in any of the ectoparasites, but it has been found in some of the wild mammals, including mice, that live in San Joaquín. An extensive eradication program by the M.A.R.U. has reduced the number of mice, and there have been no further cases there since late June."

Dr. Van Gelder's use of the plural personal pronoun derives from the fact that he was accompanied in the field by a couple of his assistant curators; two zoologists, from the Universities of Michigan and Illinois; and several South American scientists. They hunted the ectoparasites and their hosts from a houseboat called the Exploradora, sixty-three feet long and thirteen and a half feet wide, which Dr. Van Gelder helped build at Guayaramerín, a town of sixteen hundred people on the northeastern border of Bolivia, near the end of the Brazilian railroad. "It slept and provided laboratory quarters for our party—staff and crew—of fifteen," he said. "We were in a sparsely populated area without roads and with no reliable sources of food, fuel, or other supplies. It was full of rivers. The rainy season was supposed to be over when I was there, but it wasn't. The raindrops there are a hazard to collecting—they're often big enough to spring traps. We went up the Iténez River, which is almost a thousand miles long. We set traps in the late afternoon, netted bats at dusk, and hunted at night and during the day. Fresh-water dolphins and birds provided a certain amount of food. You see anacondas twenty [illegible], boas, and caymans—bony-plated alligators up to twelve feet long—and there's a nasty little black fly, the marihuis, that gives some people tremendous blisters. Luckily, it just gave me little spots."

He indicated a little spot on his wrist, and said, "Bolivian rivers get terribly shallow during the dry season. Some

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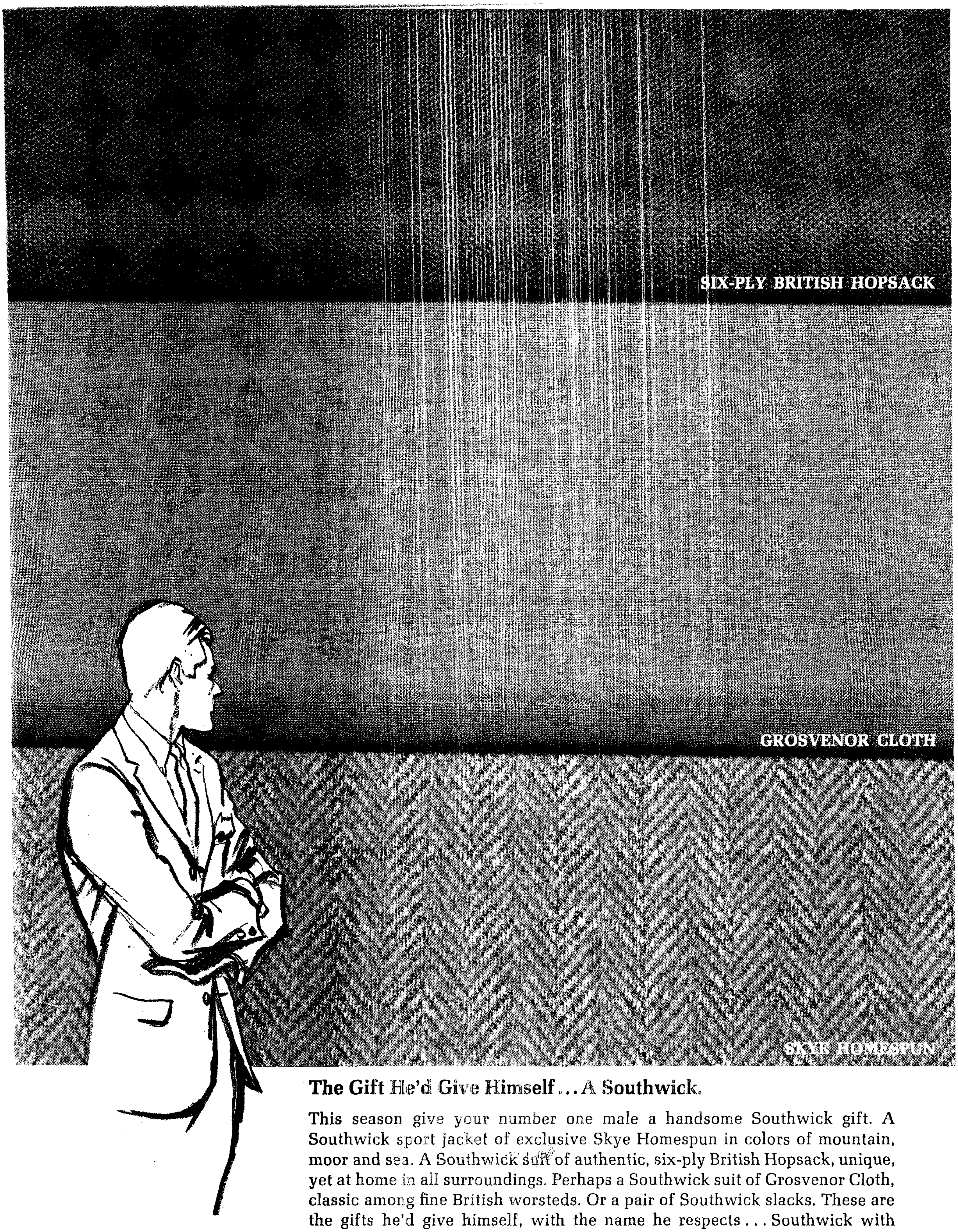

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of our party are still down there. I left in June, but the expedition kept going, and I've learned that the Exploradora, which draws two and a half feet, is hung up a couple of hundred miles along the Iténez and can't get back to its base until the rains start up again. They may have begun already. I had a little trouble hiring a pilot. I was about to sign one up—a Guayaramerín native—when he said that he had liver trouble and had just come from the doctor at the mission hospital in town. I went to see the doctor, who said that the man ought to be kept under observation for six months, so I told the candidate next year. I urged him to go back to the mission doctor, but he said he preferred a local witch doctor who believed in devils and had offered to cure him by magnetism. Well, I later found out that the mission doctor *also* believed in devils. And he was a well-educated man—a subscriber to the *National Geographic!*"

I got up to make my way to my next explorer-scientist—Dr. Richard G. Zweifel, the Associate Curator in the Department of Herpetology—but when Dr. Van Gelder observed that his specialty was skunks, I sat down again and asked him how he had got into that line. "I was born in New York, and during my high-school years I worked as a cage cleaner at the Bronx Zoo," he said. "I became acquainted with skunks there. In 1950, after I graduated from Colorado State University, my graduate adviser and I did some fieldwork on mammals in Arizona for the University of Illinois, and on the way back to Illinois I asked him what revisions in mammalogy were the most needed. I was about to go on to the University of Illinois for my Ph.D., and, as you may know, the best thesis project for a taxonomist is in a field where revisions are most badly needed. My adviser replied that the mammals most in need of revision were the red fox, the spotted skunk, and the short-tailed shrew. Well, I was trying to decide among these when—still on our way back to Illinois—we stopped at the University of Kansas and spent an evening with Dr. E. Raymond Hall, director of its Museum of Natural History. He asked me what I was going to specialize in, and before I had a chance to say anything, my adviser said, 'Van Gelder is going to work on the spotted skunk.' Dr. Hall looked a bit taken aback. 'I had always thought that *I* was going to do spotted skunks someday,' he said. 'But never mind. Good luck, young man! Carry on!' Well,

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he'd ceded the skunks to me—we all work on the same research material, you know, exchanging it from museum to museum, and if one man stakes out a claim to a specialty, the others keep their hands off—so I had no choice. I wrote my thesis on spotted skunks, and I published an extensive revision of their classification in 1959, and I'm now working on the South American hog-nosed skunk as part of a long-range study of the skunks of the world."

Dr. Zweifel, a youngish man in shirtsleeves, greeted me in an office populated by a large snake in a glass box in a corner of the room. "That's George," he said. "I got her—her name has nothing to do with her gender—in Mexico in 1950, just before I went to the University of California, at Berkeley, to teach and take my doctorate. She's a boa constrictor. She lived free in my office at Berkeley, but when I came here, in 1954, the Museum expressed a preference for my keeping her locked up."

I learned that Dr. Zweifel's specialties, despite the presence of George, were frogs and *Cnemidophori* (whip-tailed lizards), and that he has brought order out of taxonomic chaos in the classification of such lizards in western Mexico. The excursion that qualified him for my non-Ph.D. thesis took him to New Guinea last June, where, on the Australian half of the island, he collected some eight hundred reptiles and amphibians. "I had as an assistant a high-school student from the New York area," he said. "Over a period of ten weeks, we flew to six major collecting spots in wild country—some in typical rain-forest terrain, where the trees were eighty to a hundred feet tall and others in high mountains covered with grasslands. The main idea was to make tape recordings of frogs' mating calls; these help to distinguish between species that look similar but often make quite different noises. You go in at night with a flashlight and sneak up to the frog with a microphone. Then you play the calls back to him."

"What does the frog do?" I asked.

"He does a double take," Dr. Zweifel said. "Sometimes he comes toward the loudspeaker and responds in a different voice. A frog will rarely call in a laboratory, so this is best done in the field."

I SAID goodbye to Dr. Zweifel and George, and, by appointment, joined Dr. Willis J. Gertsch, who bears the title of curator in the Department

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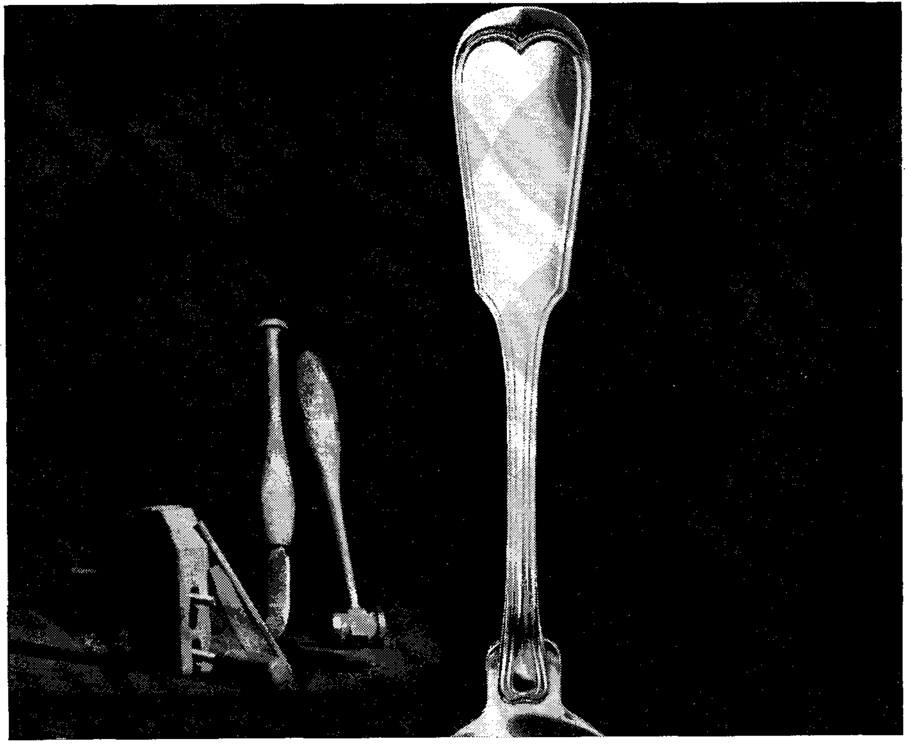

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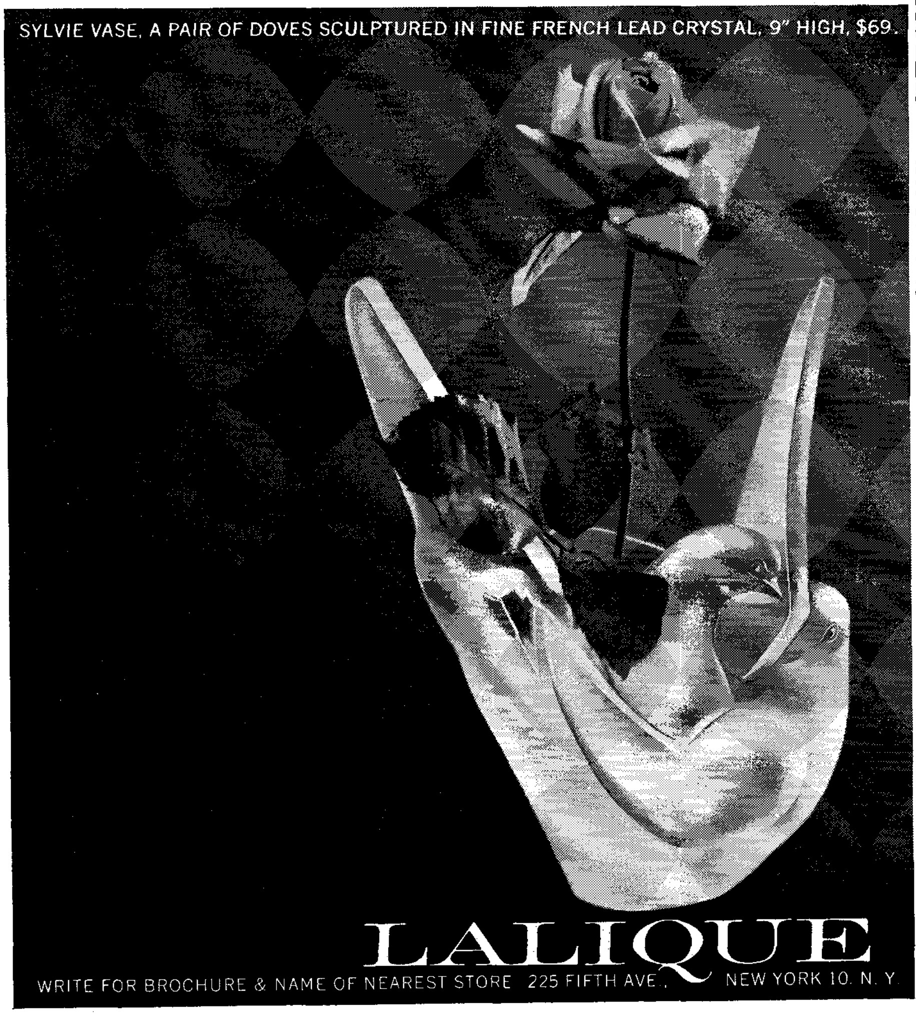

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of Entomology but is in fact the curator of spiders (which are arachnological, not entomological), for lunch in the Museum's cafeteria for employees. We filled our trays, and he led me to a section reserved for the curatorial staff, where coffee is on the house, and where, at neighboring tables, I spotted two or three of the men I had previously interviewed. Dr. Gertsch, a chubby, bespectacled, enthusiastic man, told me that he had spent three months in the West last summer, picking up spiders and scorpions, but that the collecting that pleased him most had taken place on a two-week, five-thousand-mile tour from Nogales, Arizona, to Colima, Mexico. "I brought back forty tarantulas alive—I'll show them to you after lunch," he said. "The females live in burrows or under stones, but the males are vagrant and nocturnal. Both sexes have bodies up to two and a half inches long, and a spread of up to seven inches; in some parts of the world the bodies may be three and a half inches and the spread ten or eleven inches. Tarantulas are much maligned. Contrary to general opinion, they are relatively harmless to man; their venom is essentially impotent on warm-blooded animals. They tame very readily, and make excellent pets; small Indian boys keep them on a string. There are thirty-odd species in the American Southwest, and a greater number—and larger and more spectacular species—below the border. In Mexico and Central America, the natives call them '*matacaballos*,' or horse killers, but this is a canard. During the rainy season, horses in Mexico are susceptible to a sometimes fatal disease that enters through their fetlocks; the myth is that tarantulas creep in, remove the fetlocks with an acidlike secretion, thus causing an infection, and line their nests with these cushions of hair. Well, a tarantula's burrow *is* ordinarily cushioned, but with its own silk. The fetlock disease is caused by a bacillus that is prevalent in the soils of Central America."

After lunch, Dr. Gertsch was as good as his word and took me to his office to show me forty living, breathing tarantulas; they were in big glass jars with screening over the tops. He drew out three or four in succession, blew the dust off them to show them to better advantage, and placed them, one after another, on the back of his hand, where they rested easily, without stirring. Some of his pets were tawny, some were brown and black, some had orange markings on their joints, and one was velvet black with red hairs on its legs and abdomen. "Aren't

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One turkey gone. One to come. Holly. Frost. And you practicing "ho, ho, ho."

This is the time of year when *nobody* really wants to say "no" to *anybody*. Or anything.

But you have to draw a line somewhere. Pinch is too good and too expensive to give for anything but Epics! The-Beating-of-Two-Hearts-as-One! And Joyful Commemorations. Such as Christmas.

It's going to be hard to resist the pull of upcoming historical milestones. In the twinkling of a calendar you could be giving away Pinch on the anniversary of the Chicago Stock Show, Dec. 1 (#1). Or Martin Van B's birthday, the 5th. (#2).

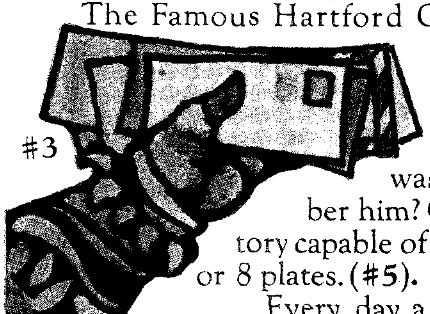
Think those are hard to turn down? Get these:

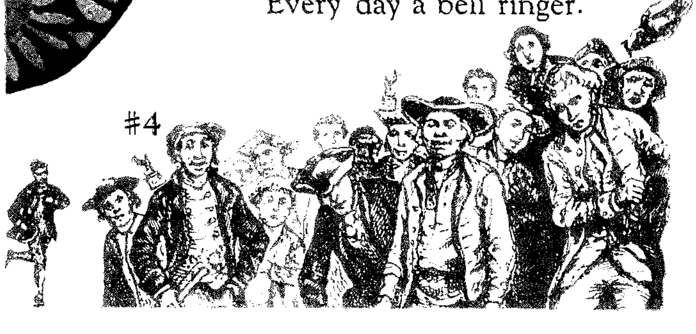
On the 7th you'll be bedazzled by the Anniversary of the Founding of the U.S.-Africa Mail Service (#3).

The Famous Hartford Convention occurred on the 15th (#4).

On the 19th Enrico Rastelli was born. Remember him? Only man in history capable of juggling 10 balls or 8 plates. (#5).

Every day a bell ringer.





A tug at your heartstrings. But not big enough to celebrate by giving Pinch.

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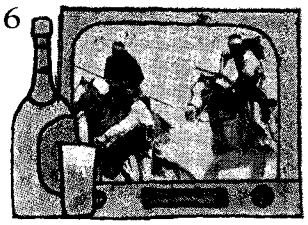
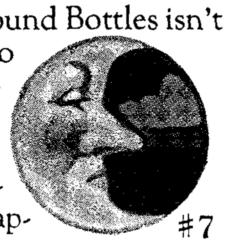


All other times a man has to be satisfied with scotch in Round Bottles (#6).

Not that scotch in Round Bottles isn't good. It is. Plenty good enough to give away for events like the arrival of the first cold moon (#7).

But when the Yuletide arrives, then it's time to take-off-the-wraps (or if you prefer, "wrappings"). Pinch for Christmas!



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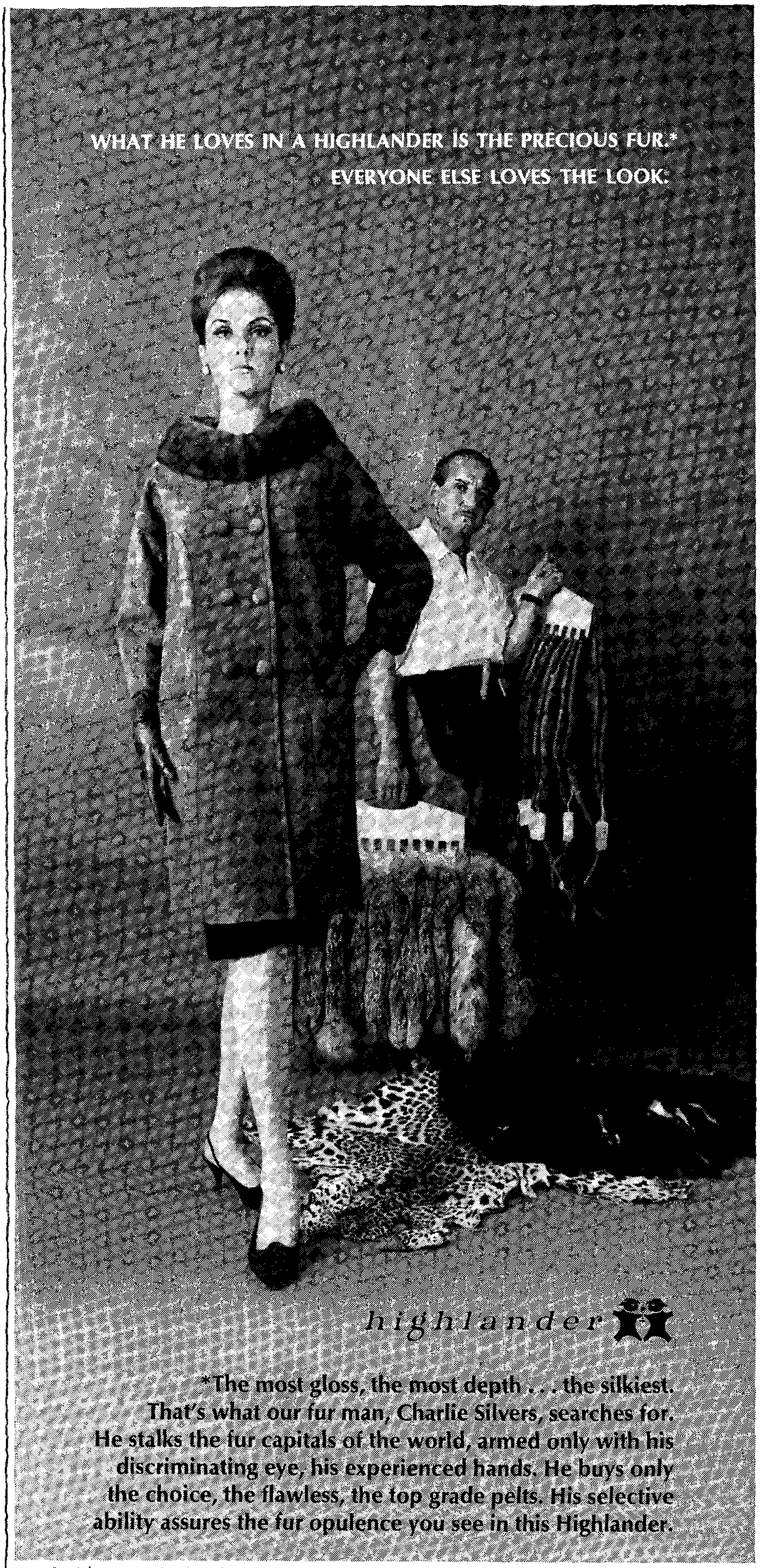
they beautiful!" he said. "They're the longest-lived terrestrial invertebrates; some of them live for twenty-five or thirty years. In the field, they eat mostly insects, but also, on occasion, small reptiles and even birds. Here we feed them meal worms."

A young man came in, wearing a tie with a big black spider embroidered on it, and Dr. Gertsch introduced him to me as Robin Leech, of the University of Alberta, in Edmonton. "The tie was a Christmas present," Mr. Leech said. "I've been spending the summer studying spiders in the Far North, near Lake Hazen, on Ellesmere Island—eighty-two degrees north."

"Spiders similar to those we have today were present in Carboniferous times," Dr. Gertsch said. "Spiders are a neglected group; there are only two full-time paid spider men in the United States—Dr. Herbert W. Levi, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, at Harvard, and me. Spiders are neglected because they aren't of much economic importance. Their silk is usable for fabrics—primitive people have used it for fishing nets, bags, and headdresses—but silkworm silk is much less expensive to process, so spider silk has never got off the ground, so to speak, except as a means of ballooning young spiders into new colonizing areas. Spiders are the original aeronauts. Baby spiders riding on silken streamers have attached themselves to the rigging of ships two hundred miles from the nearest land. I can't understand why spiders are so much frowned upon. Ladybugs, which are widely admired, are just as voracious and, in my opinion, not as good-looking. In iridescent beauty, the jumping spiders of the tropics outclass the vaunted brilliance of the *Morpho* butterflies and the birds of paradise."

MY session with this chauvinistic arachnologist was succeeded by a brief chat with Dr. Charles M. Breder, Jr., a former director of the New York Aquarium, who has been associated with the Museum since 1924 and is about to retire as chairman of its Department of Ichthyology; he proved to be the veteran of an easygoing field expedition conducted last summer from the dock and porch of a place he owns in Englewood, Florida, some thirty miles south of Sarasota. "I have a hydrophone at the end of my dock to record the sounds of the fish in the bay," he said. "I've been analyzing catfish sounds for three years. Catfish are very vocal, generally between sunset and nine in the evening;



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their noises have been likened to the burbling of a percolator. It's a kind of burbling that may be associated with reproductive activities—in the catfish, that is. There are sometimes great choruses of it. I'm also working on certain aspects of aberrant pigmentation in fishes. When they are in a black phase, they change their social attitude; instead of schooling with their fellows, they become antagonistic, and on being threatened they freeze, instead of fleeing, as they usually do. These changes are not permanent, and we don't know what causes them. Well, this gets us into endocrinology, which I think I'll duck, if you don't mind."

I SAID I didn't, and, as a matter of fact, I myself ducked out of the building, went home for a nap, and reappeared at the Museum the following week, where, again guided by Miss Norton's list—and, indeed, by a lady guide from her office—I penetrated an arcane region known as the Department of Animal Behavior, which is reached from the fifth floor of the African wing by means of a spiral iron staircase. My objective was another fish man—Dr. William N. Tavolga, a Research Associate of this department who divides his time between the Museum and the College of the City of New York, where he is an associate professor of biology. Like Dr. Breder, he has an interest in fish sounds, and last summer this took him to the Lerner Marine Laboratory, an outpost maintained by the Museum at Bimini, in the Bahamas. "It has space for fourteen investigators," Dr. Tavolga said. "My wife, who's also an Animal Behavior Research Associate, went with me to make psychological tests of the mental abilities of porpoises. We've been going there off and on since 1948, when the place opened. I'm interested in finding out how well marine fish can hear. It's long been known that fish *can* hear, although they don't have helical cochleae, or labyrinths of the inner ear, as we do, to distinguish frequencies; the acoustical stimulus probably travels from the swim bladder, which is the main sound receiver. But how *much* do they hear? Let me demonstrate."

Dr. Tavolga led me to one of half a dozen small empty tanks whose bottoms bulged up to a ridge in the center, thus forming two compartments. These, he said, were called shuttle boxes. "You put a fish in, and adjust the water level so that it can swim from one side to the other but will not re-

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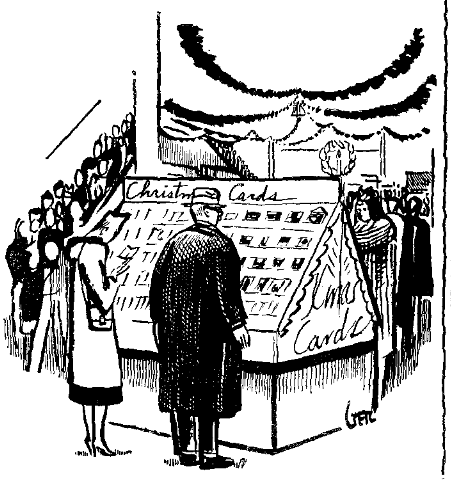
main on the barrier, because the water is too shallow," he went on. "An underwater speaker is hidden under the barrier. You turn on the sound from this machine"—he indicated a large, boxlike structure, a few feet from the tanks, which had an instrument panel studded with buttons and switches, and bore a plaque reading "The Laupheimer Audioichthyotron Mark IV"—"and then, after five or ten seconds, you administer a series of short electric shocks. The fish first learns to escape these by swimming across the barrier, because by doing so he breaks a photoelectric beam and thus stops both shock and sound. The fish then graduates to a second stage of learning, in which he crosses the barrier as soon as the sound goes on—*before* receiving a shock. This is called avoidance conditioning; in most species it's arrived at after three to six days of twenty-five trials a day. You see the clock on this apparatus—it records the time it takes a fish to respond."

I asked Dr. Tavolga whether all the fish he worked with played ball, and he said, "A certain percentage don't respond—they go on crossing the barrier *after* the shocks start, or they just stick in a corner—but about seventy-five per cent of them will learn the problem. This is the only audioichthyotron in existence. I designed the basic circuit, a consulting engineer from N.Y.U. named Robert Laupheimer worked out the details, and the Office of Naval Research put up the money. I call it the Mark IV because the name has a good ring to it. You can administer the sound in varying cycles per second—change its frequency and intensity—so as to measure differences in acuity of hearing. In determining the auditory thresholds, you keep lowering the sound intensity until the animal misses—that is, does not avoid but receives the shock. This is a 'no' answer. The results are plotted on a



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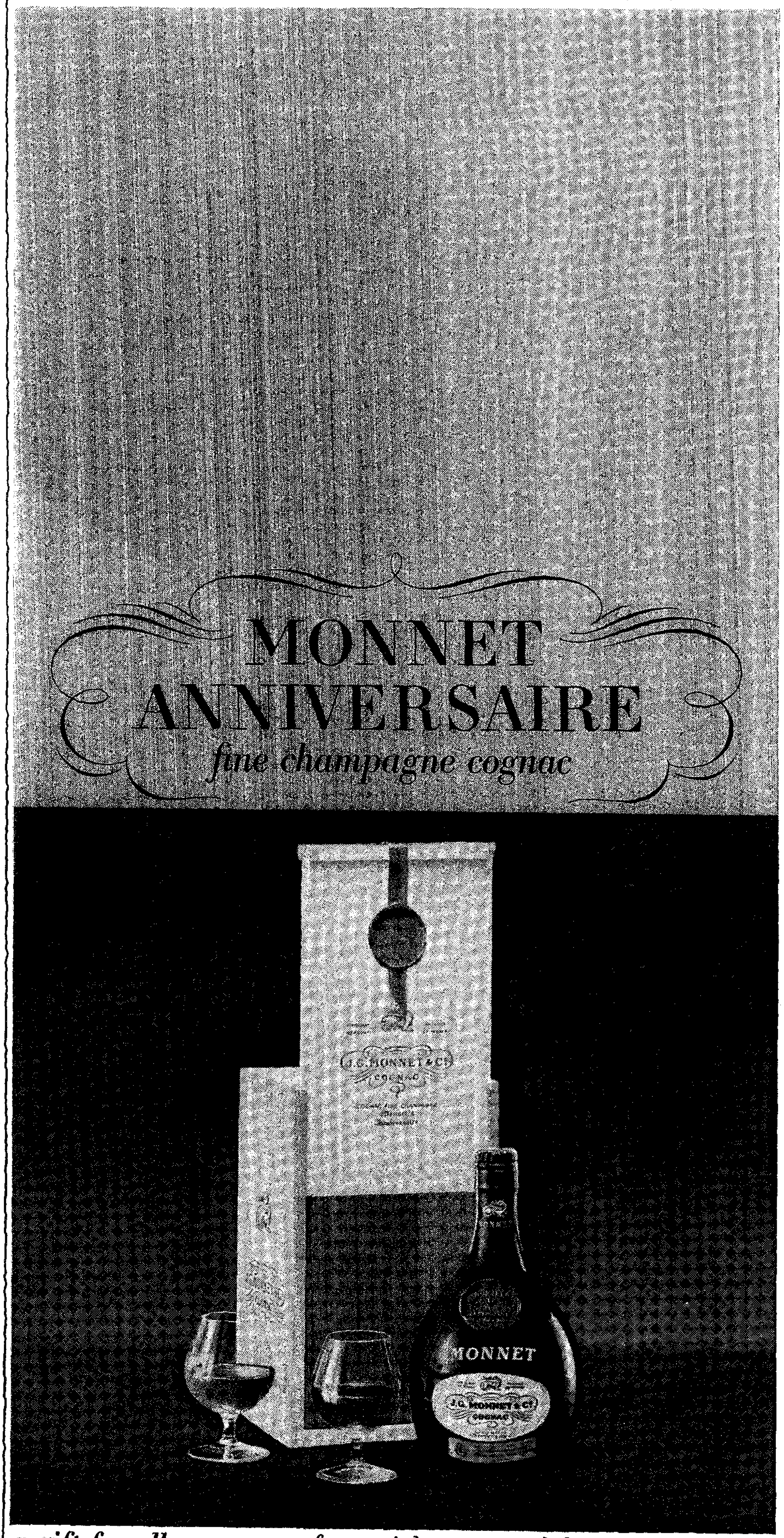

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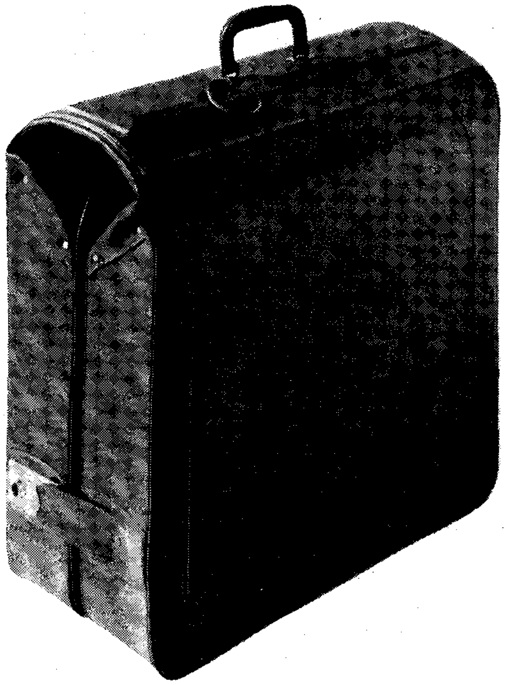

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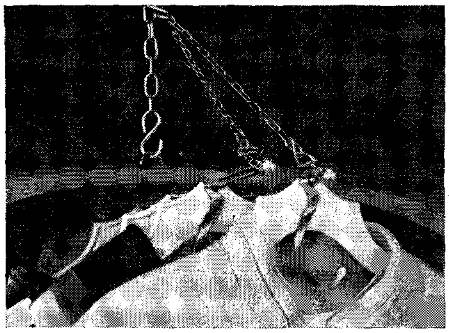

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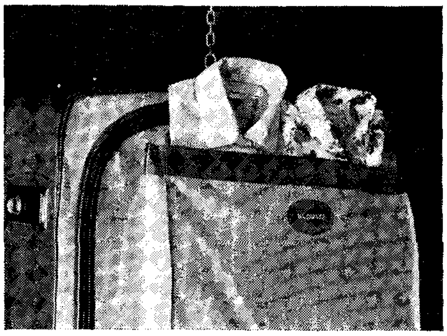

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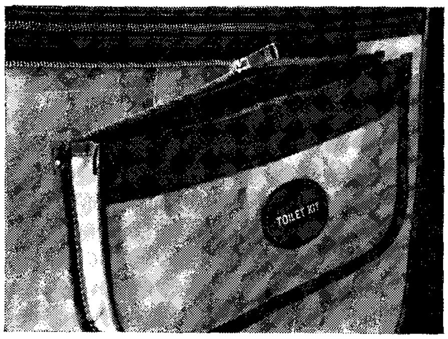

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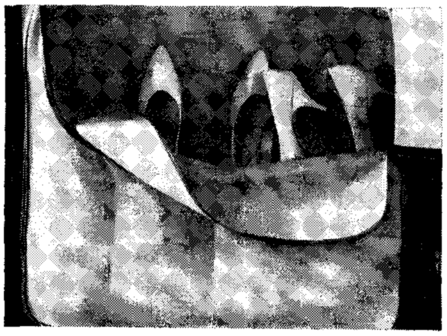

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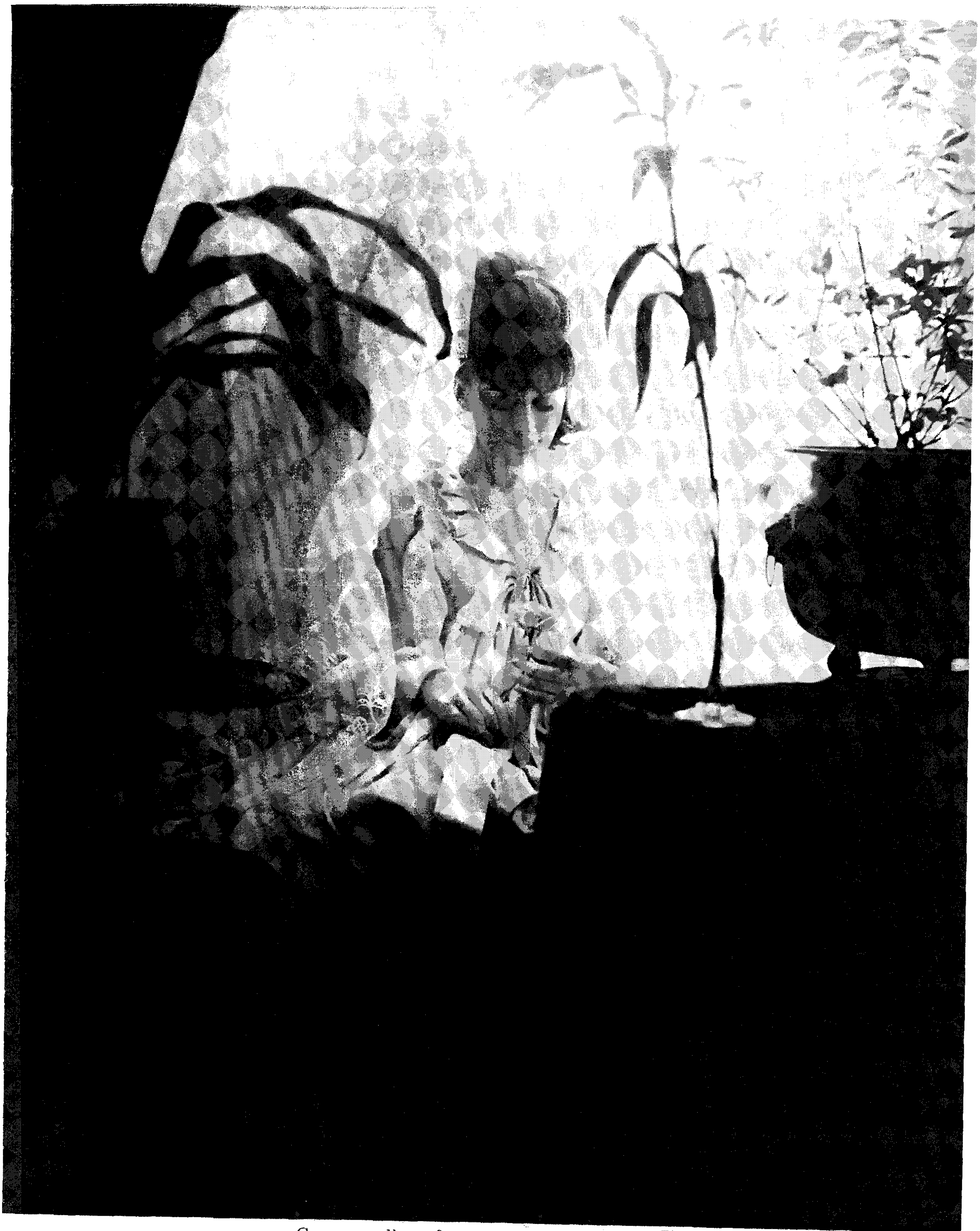
graph, and eventually an audiogram for the species can be drawn up."

Dr. Tavolga added that the Laupheimer Mark IV could handle student fish in six tanks simultaneously, and I solicited some audiogrammatic conclusions. "Well, I've tested fish-hearing thresholds up to two thousand cycles, or two and a half octaves above middle A on the piano," he said. "That's about the upper limit for most marine species; beyond that they're deaf. The most sensitive range is from two hundred to eight hundred cycles, or the center octave, and most fish have good hearing at four or five hundred cycles. I concentrated last summer on squirrel fish and grunts, but I also made a rather informal test of some bonefish. It's a wonderful Bahamian game fish, you know. I went out with a bonefish fisherman, taking along a hydrophone, and recorded the noises we made and their effect on the fish. The bonefish's hearing seems to be most sensitive at three hundred cycles. You throw the bait out on the water and it makes a three-hundred-cycle clunk, which scares the fish off. If you skip the bait out, it makes high-frequency sounds that the fish can't hear. The sounds you make in the air—your voice, for example—don't count; they can't be heard underwater. I can't tell you how many letters I get from sporting-goods manufacturers who want to make fishing lures that use sounds to attract fish. These have been tried, and they don't work, but it may be possible for commercial fisheries to guide fish by means of underwater sound. The Russians have done a lot of work in this field—trying to guide fish into a trawl by producing sounds that will frighten them—and so have the Norwegians. And people in the State of Washington are trying to guide salmon by sound."

The father of the audioichthyotron went on to say that fish could hear each other. "They don't exactly talk, but they do communicate with sound," he said. "Ichthyonomenclature reflects the fact that fish make sounds; the croaker, the drumfish, and the grunt are old names. Fish sounds were described by Aristotle and Pliny. A toadfish can say 'Ugh' or 'Ooo.' Some sounds indicate distress, some are mating calls, some are territorial—'Here I am'—and some are schooling or spawning sounds. Most are in the low-frequency range—below a hundred cycles. Porpoises, on the other hand, produce ultrasonic effects, while the whale has a very low-frequency sound, but then porpoises and whales aren't



Comment dit-on femme en Anglais? Femme.
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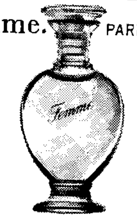

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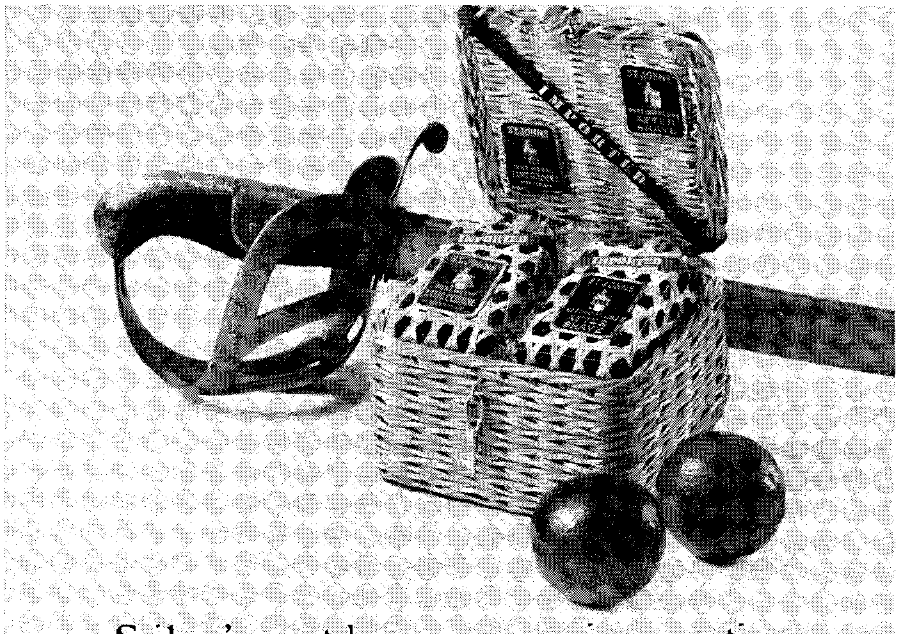

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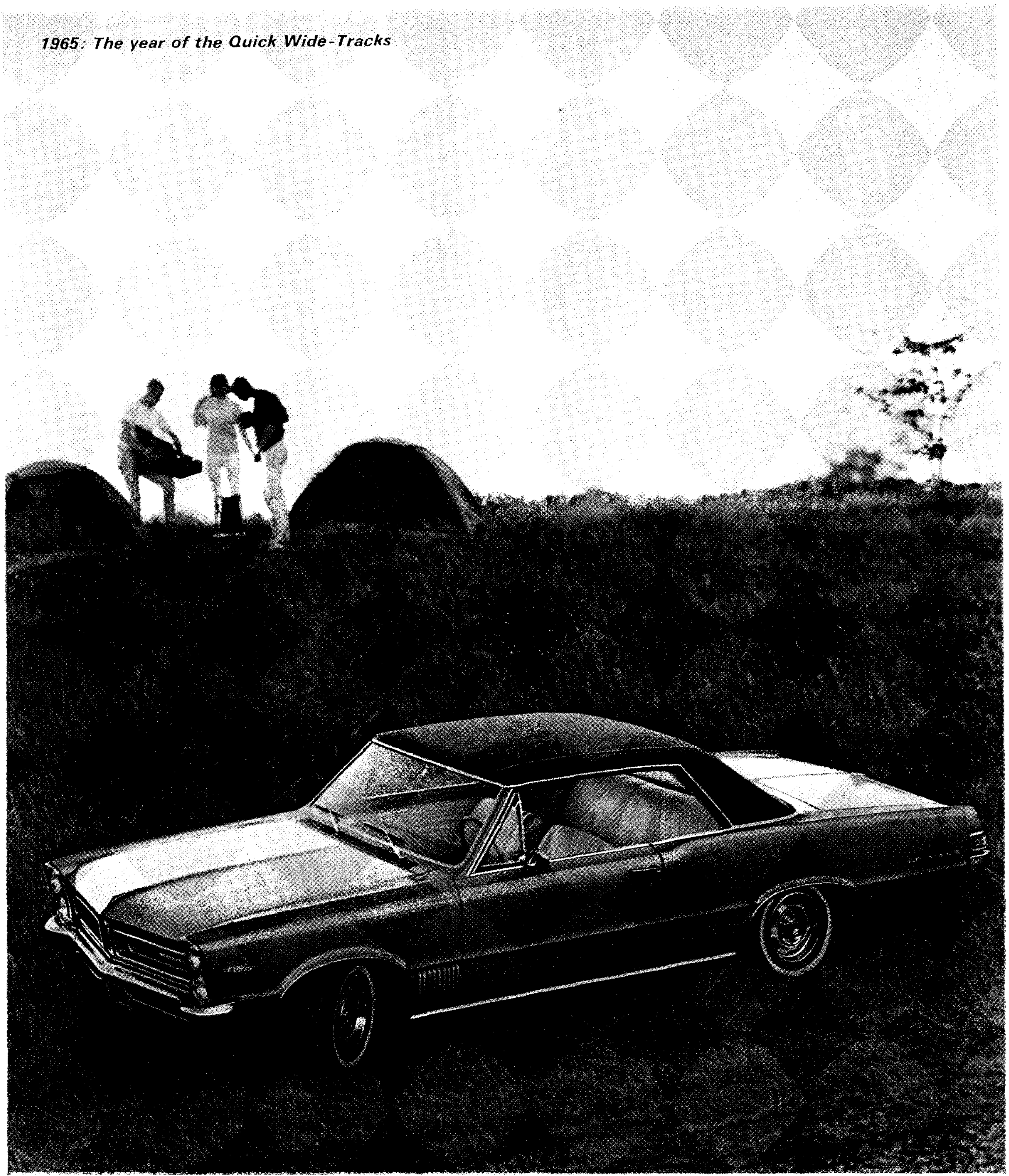
fish. A few years ago, a classified secret in the Navy was a low-frequency sound that kept cropping up in the North Atlantic. The suspicion was that it came from a Russian submarine, but it turned out to be a whale, and was declassified. The whole business of underwater sound is of great interest to the Navy, because of submarines. Marine-animal sounds can be very confusing to a submarine; it has to filter out signals from the general racket that goes on underwater."

I HAD had enough of bio-acoustics for the nonce, and when I got up to go, Dr. Tavolga offered to take me to my next subject, Dr. Evelyn Shaw, an Animal Behavior Associate Curator and yet another ichthyologist. An early exposure to the Jersey coast, where she went beachcombing, got Dr. Shaw interested in fish; she joined the Museum in 1949, and also completed a Ph.D. thesis at New York University on the embryology of the African mouthbreeder. In 1957, she took up the tendency of these fish to run in schools, and proceeded to rear silverside embryos in isolation at the Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory, to see if the lack of social contact would influence their initial schooling behavior. Later on, at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, she put contact lenses on schooling alewives, changing their vision from farsightedness to either nearsightedness or normal sight, in order to determine what bearing, if any, visual cues had on their habit of swimming parallel to one another at constant distances. Without coming to a final decision about this, she went on to investigate the forces of attraction that bring fry together in schools for the first time, and in August, 1963, she went to Naples for a year, on a Guggenheim Fellowship, to continue her schooling research—this time with *Atherina*, a small, spiny-finned relative of the silversides that flourishes in the Mediterranean.

Having filled me in in this wise, Dr. Shaw, a pretty, red-haired woman who was wearing a pink suit, said, "I worked at the Naples Zoological Station, an internationally patronized marine laboratory. Let me explain schooling a bit further. There are four thousand species of fish, from herring to tuna, that school, some in groups of up to a million. A given species moves in a cohesive group; it has no leader, since, as the movement shifts and reverses itself, its members frequently trade places, and the first fish may find itself in the middle or at the



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end. Vision plays an important part in this, but how does it work?"

I asked whether her Naples studies had revealed anything new about schooling, and she said, "Well, for one thing, they suggested that schooling fish don't necessarily follow each other but may *push* each other. Naples was a very wonderful experience, scientifically and emotionally; it gave me time to think. It also made me very fond of *espresso*. Will you have some?"

I said yes, and a lady assistant of hers, who had joined us, proceeded to make some in a coffeepot in the room.

"There were scientists from all over at the *Stazione*, especially during the summer," Dr. Shaw said. "The Russians told me that they were surprised to see a woman there from the United States, and that women scientists had much better positions in their country than in ours, and then they gave me a doll."

Excellent *espresso* was served in cups with butterflies on them, which Dr. Shaw had bought in Naples, and, after we'd finished it, she said, "Would you like to see some fish?"

I said yes, and followed her up another steep iron staircase—a non-helical one—past a number of cages of miaowing animal-behavior cats, which, she said, were being tested for maternal responses, to a big greenhouse-type structure on the roof, full of tanks of fish. She went to a tank containing several of her doctoral African mouthbreeders—small, rather flashy fellows—and scooped one out in a net. It spat out about thirty tiny fish, which Dr. Shaw transferred to a jar of water, where they got together, a trifle uncertainly, and began to swim about in formation. "The father carries the babies around in his mouth for two weeks," she said. "It protects them. If they're taken out during the first three or four days, they die of bacterial infection. A nice little group, don't you think?"

IT was time for lunch, and Miss Norton's office had arranged for me to take it with Dr. Stanley A. Freed, Assistant Curator of North American Ethnology in the Department of Anthropology, who had spent five months in the winter and spring—December through April—at the Colorado River Indian Reservation, in western Arizona, examining cultural changes among the Mohave Indians. "Conditions were very different from those obtaining ten years ago, when I was last out there," he said as we took our trays to the curatorial coffee room,

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where I again recognized several of my *déjà-vu* excursionists. "The old-timers have died out. The shamans—medicine men—are no longer active. The reservation consists of a hundred and seventy thousand acres, half of which is some of the richest agricultural land in Arizona, bearing extremely lucrative crops of lettuce, melon, and so on. The Mohaves' median family income is five or six thousand dollars. Most of them pay no rent, and they get free medical care, so this goes a long way. What you have there now, mostly, are just Western Americans running around in Indian skins. Why, they build suburban ranch-type houses that wouldn't be out of place in Scarsdale!"

Dr. Freed frowned an anti-assimilationist frown, and continued, "But they still have great tribal patriotism. My wife and I—she's a trained anthropologist—interviewed about seventy-five of them. We paid the usual informants' fees of a buck and a quarter an hour, or, if these were declined, as they sometimes were, we suggested that the money be put in the piggy banks of the subjects' children. The place is flooded with missionaries, so it's a little hard to pick up the truth about some of the briefer Indian-type marriages and divorces, which are casually entered into. In this way, an individual may marry six or seven times. That causes complications when it comes to inheritances and insurance policies—who is who's father? In the old days, all property was burned at death—houses and everything—but now this is done only in a token way; some clothing and a suitcase with a few personal belongings may be thrown on the pyre, but not the car, the rifles, or the radio, and the house of a dead man may be remodelled or simply vacated. There's still a reluctance to mention dead relatives, though. What is the rationale? Well, among some Indians property is the vehicle whereby the dead person comes back and makes his relatives sick; it's the road by which the ghost returns. That road is no longer taken quite as seriously as it used to be."

Dr. Freed looked glum for a moment, and then, as we finished our coffee, he said, "The Mohaves love to pull the inscrutable Indian on you—folded arms and an unfathomable expression. But all you have to do is make a joke or mention someone they know and they'll start smiling."

BESTOWING a smile of my own on Dr. Freed, I took the elevator upstairs to buttonhole, without paying an informant's fee, Dr. Frederick H.

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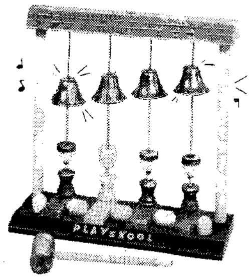
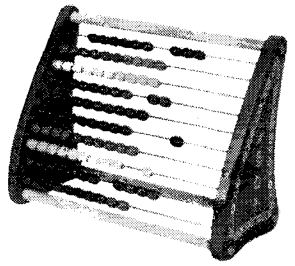


Bell Boys—a pounding toy with 4 musical bells. 1 to 2½ years.



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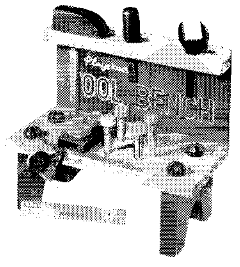

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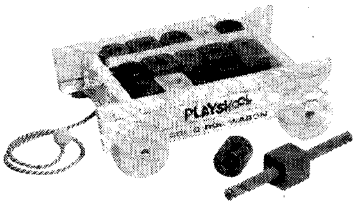

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Rindge, Curator of Lepidoptera in the Department of Entomology, who has spent the last ten or twelve summers in the Rocky Mountains, collecting butterflies and moths. "Geometrid moths this year, chiefly," he said. "The imagoes of the measuring worm. I incline more to heterocerology than to rhopalocerology. I started out from my house in Teaneck last June, loading my collecting and camping equipment—nets, fluorescent tubes of black and white light, a gasoline generator, fifty or sixty cyanide jars, thousands of glassine envelopes, white canvas sheets, a tent, and sleeping bags—in my Volkswagen bus, along with my wife and our thirteen-year-old daughter, Marguerite. We drove out to Carlsbad and up into the mountains of southern New Mexico, collecting moths around the lights of motels on the way. We got over twenty thousand specimens—mostly geometrids, together with a few noctuid and saturniid moths, a few butterflies, and a few non-leps. Wasps and bees, that is. We did most of our collecting between around seven-thirty in the evening and dawn. You spread a collecting sheet on a table or on the ground, place a light unit on it, and pick up the moths as they come along and pop them into the cyanides. After breakfast, we would put the preceding night's catch in envelopes, and then we'd try daylight collecting—butterflies—which was lousy, because of the weather, which was lousy."

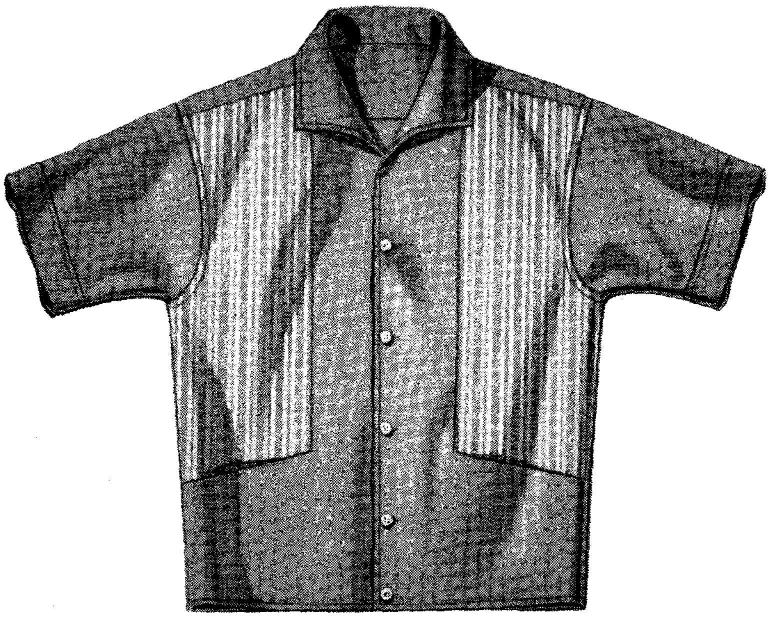
Dr. Rindge shook his head, and said, "Mothwise, the Rockies are very poorly known; there are very few resident heterocerists there. I've been able to make many generic and tribal revisions as a result of my collecting in that region, and I'll get more from last summer's haul. The specimens are now being mounted, and I'll soon start incorporating them into our previous collections. I once named a new species of moth after my wife—*Eupithecia phyllisae*."

"How did Marguerite make out?" I asked.

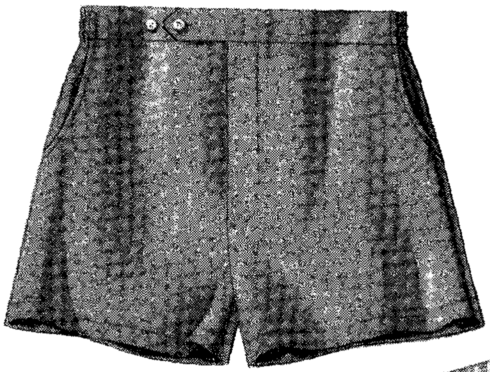
"She had a ball," her father said. "She's been coming along with us for several years. She was delighted when a bear tried to get in our icebox at a camp near Cloudcroft. He was a nice friendly bear."

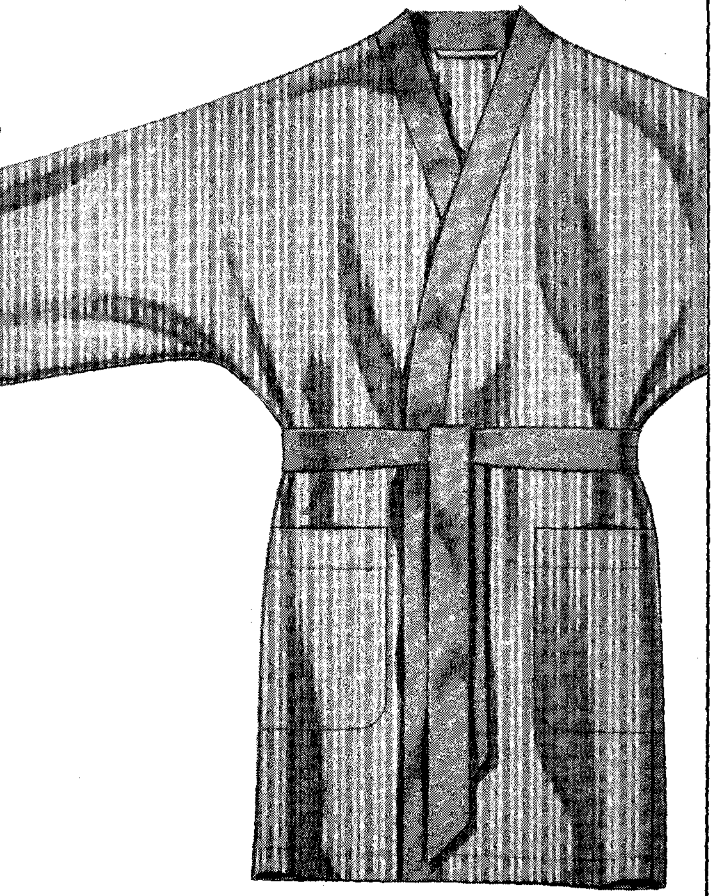
"What did you do?" I asked.

"Why, I threw stones at him," Dr. Rindge said, and, after taking the elevator to another floor, I gained the large, light office of my second field-expedition vertebrate paleontologist, Dr. Edwin H. Colbert, who heads the de-



Buy the three, buy the three, for the beautiful sea!





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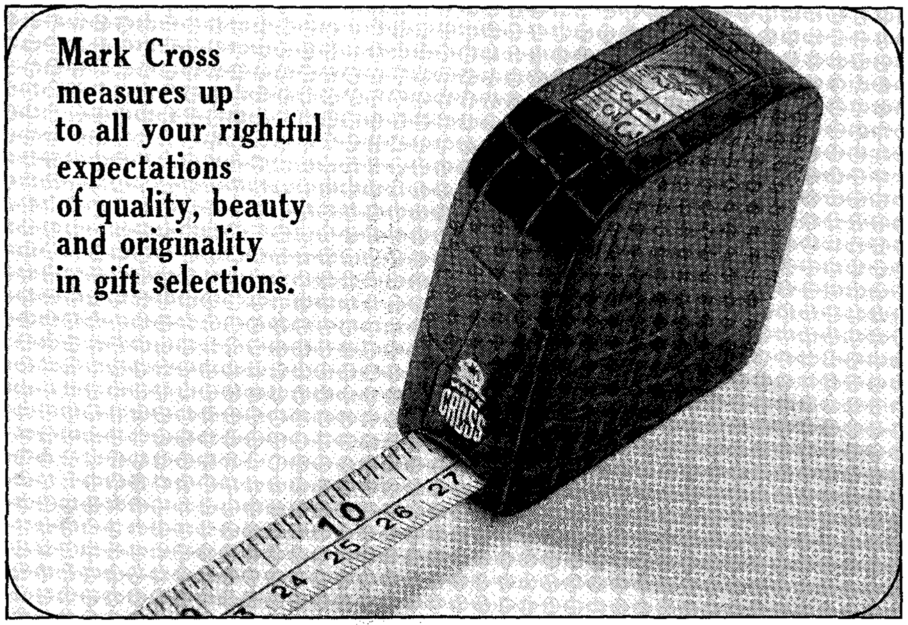
partment in which Dr. McKenna, the beneficiary of the red harvester ant, is an associate curator.

Dr. Colbert's latest fossil jaunt—one of a long series he has undertaken for the Museum during the last three decades—began with three months in India, where he went in search of Triassic reptiles. "I arrived there last January, on a grant from the National Science Foundation," he said. "My wife went with me. She helps me in the field. The Triassic was almost two hundred million years ago, you know, and its reptiles in India tie in closely with the Triassic reptiles of South Africa, which I did two or three years back. Some of them are six feet long. At Raniganj, northwest of Calcutta, near the Ganges, our party dug up an almost complete skeleton of *Lystrosaurus*—a swamp-living reptile about the size of a sheep, with a fantastically constructed skull and two sharp tusks—which was virtually identical with fossils of *Lystrosaurus* that I had found in the Lower Triassic Karroo beds of South Africa. This suggests that India must have been closely connected with the southern part of Africa very early in the Triassic game, and that the same climates and environments prevailed in both places."

I asked Dr. Colbert what else he had run into in India, and he said, "Well, some fine bones of a *Phytosaurus*, a crocodile-like reptile that also occurs in European and North American Triassic rocks, as well as some remains of a rhynchosaur, a large tusked animal related to reptiles found in Africa, Brazil, and Argentina. Oh, yes, I also met Nehru. The director of the Calcutta Institute took me to see him, in New Delhi, two months before he died. He'd studied natural science in England, and he showed an interest in what we were doing, but he was obviously tired. After India, I spent three months in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, making stratigraphic studies and taking photographs. I've been making these collecting-and-study tours whenever I had a chance ever since I joined the staff of the Museum in 1933, but in the old days funds for expeditions were pretty much eliminated as the depression took hold, and soon after that the war came along. When I think of the young fellows here now and their opportunities for fieldwork, what with all the foundation and government money that is around—well, we just didn't have them in the thirties and forties."

As he accompanied me to the door,



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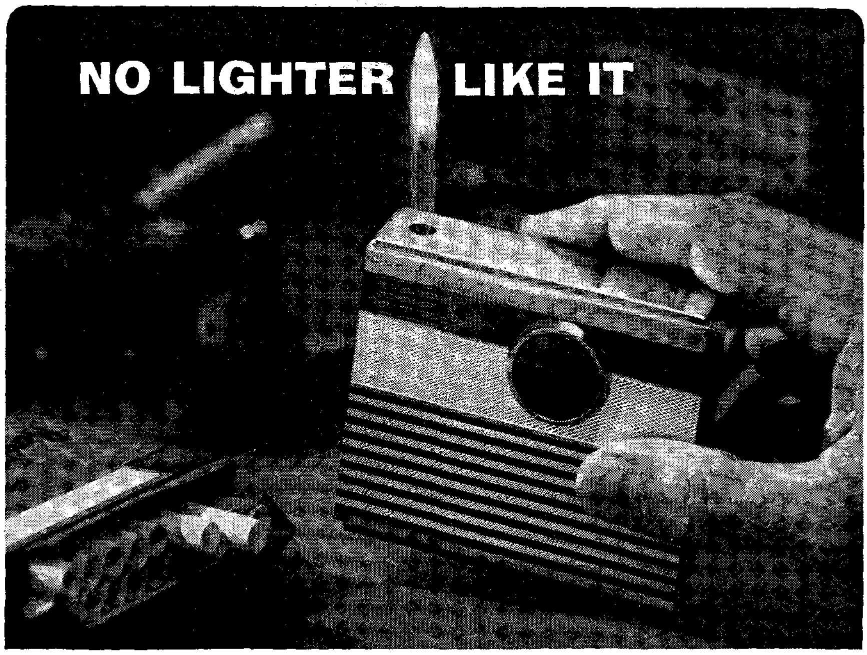

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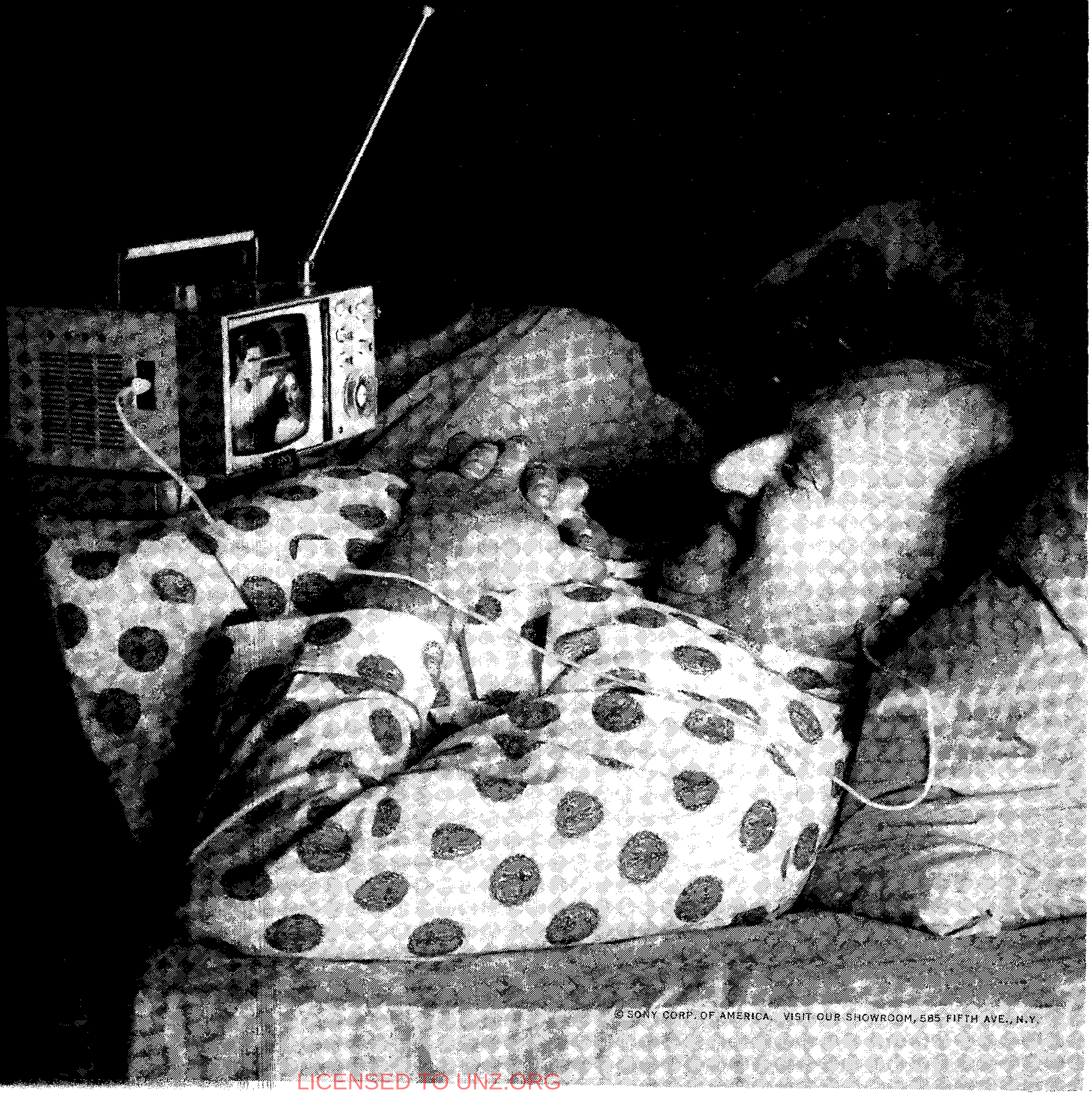

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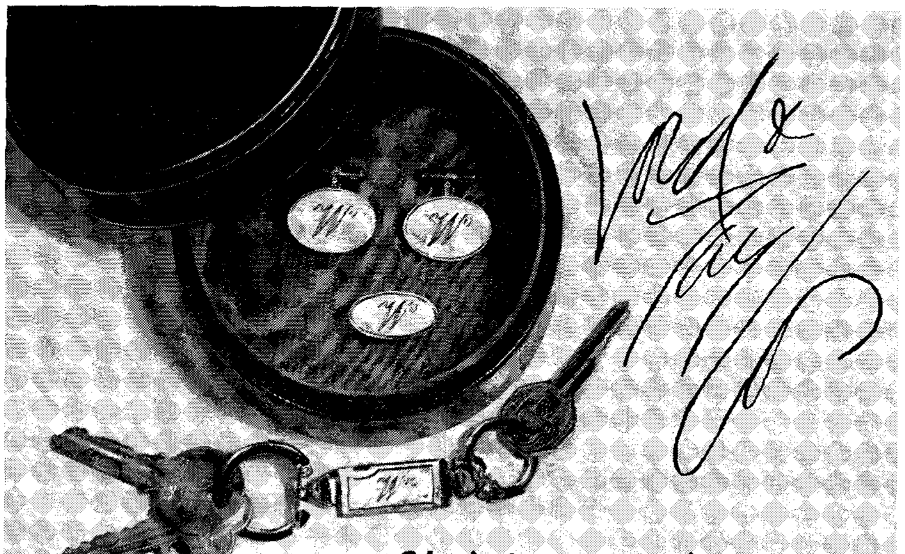

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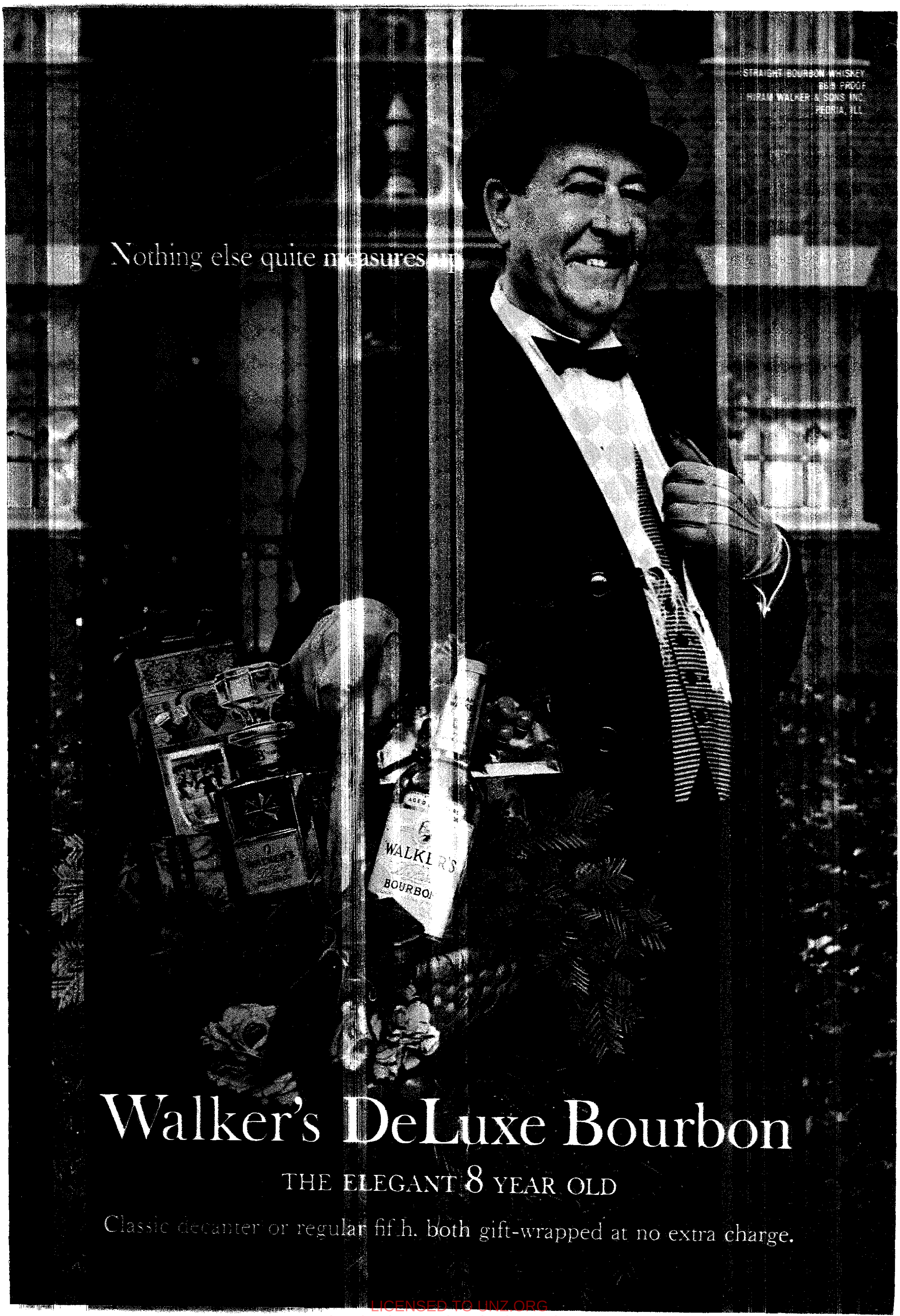
he said, "A museum speaks with authority only as a result of its original efforts. Because we speak with authority, we can put on exhibitions with authority; it's only with meaningful collections that you can make meaningful exhibits. And it's only with basic research—which until recently was much better appreciated in Europe than here—that you can do scientific publishing, which is the alpha and omega of an institution like this."

FOSSILS and fish join in the cosmos of the next man I saw—Dr. Bobb Schaeffer, a curator in Vertebrate Paleontology, who, plunging into the past at a point some fifty million years later than his departmental chief, devoted last June and July to collecting Jurassic fishes in Colorado, New Mexico, and Wyoming. "Fossil fishes are hard to come by," he said. "The fossils are most common in shales of marine origin. You sit on a bank of shale—I had one of our lab boys and my fifteen-year-old son, Richard, along last summer—chiselling and splitting away until you find something. We got close to a hundred specimens—more than I expected. All told, the Museum has nearly ten thousand fossil fishes, covering a period of almost five hundred million years. One of the problems of collecting so much is that you may not have time to study and work up what you've collected, but if you find a good locality that's prolific, you should work it as long as possible, because of the danger of weathering."

I LEARNED that Dr. Schaeffer's specialty was almost as esoteric as Dr. Gertsch's—he is, he told me, one of three full-time paleoichthyologists in the country, the others being Dr. D. H. Dunkle, of the Smithsonian, and Dr. R. H. Denison, of the Chicago Natural History Museum—and I went home for another nap. A few days later, my basic research took me again to New Guinea, with Dr. E. Thomas Gilliard, Curator of Ornithology, who was there *in propria persona* for seven months last year under the auspices of the National Geographic Society and the Museum's Sanford Trust, making his eighth visit in sixteen years. He—like me, if a trifle more officially—is a veteran of the Frank M. Chapman era. "I joined the Museum as a volunteer in 1932, when I was twenty," he said, "and I learned my bush work from Chapman; I was his assistant on his last trip to Barro Colorado Island, in the Panama Canal Zone, in 1936. He really knew the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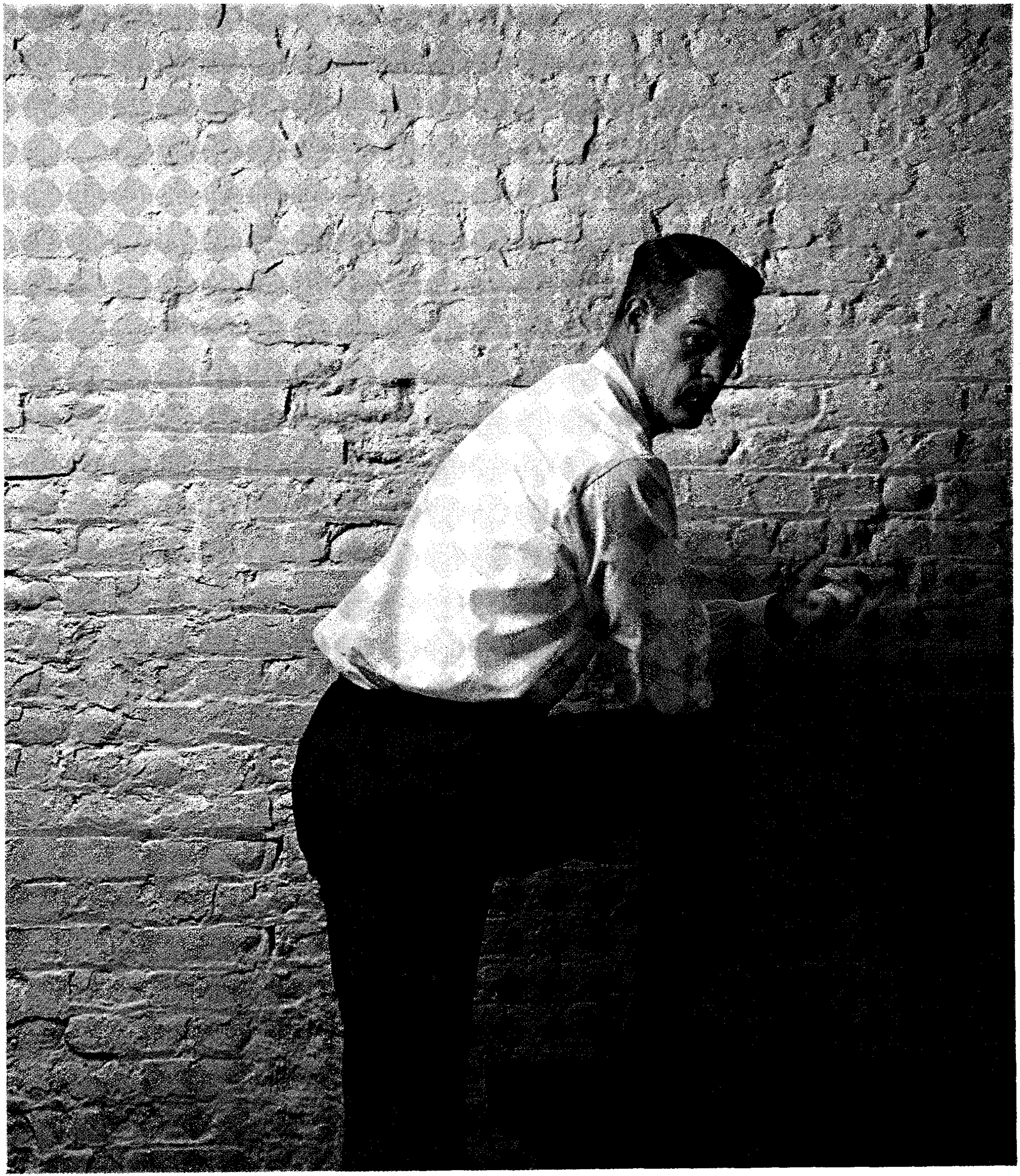

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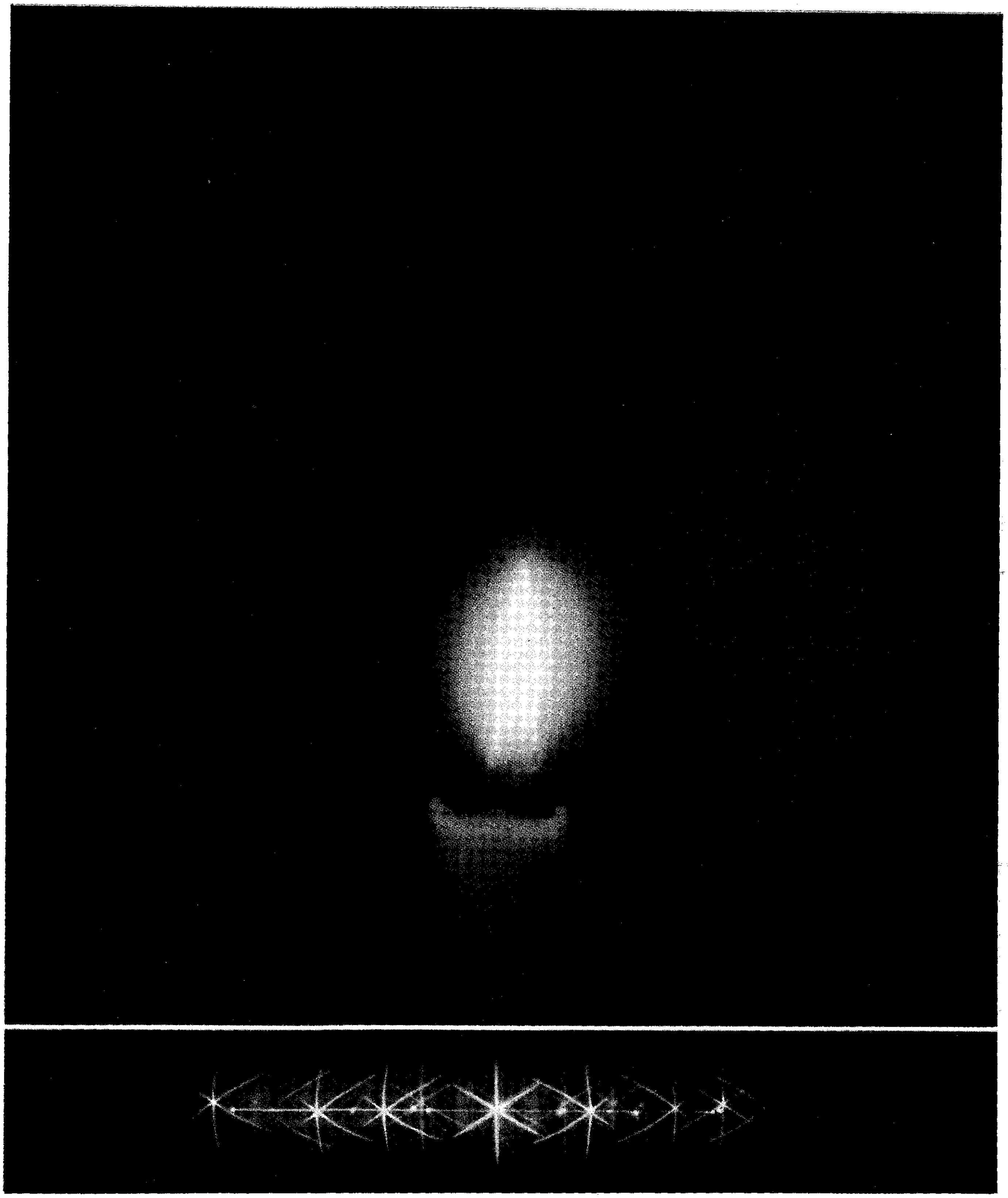

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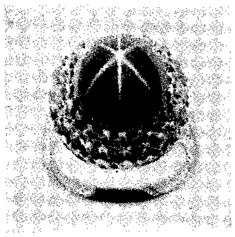

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bush; he knew every birdcall." Dr. Gilliard himself is no slouch at birds; he has had a hand in the discovery and naming of fifty-five subspecies, five species, and one genus. "New Guinea is the largest biologically unexplored area in the world," he said. "It has more than forty mountain peaks over eight thousand feet high, many of them with entirely different varieties of the same bird genera, such as birds of paradise. I have a team of three Papuan taxidermist-hunters there, whom I trained in 1953. I picked them up last April in Kanganaman, a village in the interior of the Australian section of the island, and went on to collect in four interior areas. Altogether, we got nine hundred and forty-seven bird specimens, as well as a few amphibians, reptiles, and insects for my colleagues here. We first went to the summit forests of Mount Schrader, where we got fifty-seven species—two hundred and forty-three specimens—including two examples of the previously unknown male of *Astrapia feminina*, a long-tailed bird of paradise that was discovered, in the female form, in 1938. *Our Astrapia* means that the mysterious female long-tailed bird of paradise discovered in New Guinea in 1912 by Josef Burgers, and thought in some quarters to be a ribbon-tail, is actually a Princess Stephanie bird of paradise. The wonderful *Astrapia* ribbon-tail is a valid new species."

Before I had a chance to ask Dr. Gilliard to unravel this, he had whisked me to his second objective—a district near the upper Ramu River, not far from the Schrader Mountains. "In 1892, Dr. Carl Lauterbach, a German botanist who discovered the river, emerged from the bush with a bowerbird that had a rose-colored head—a unique specimen," he said. "It was called Lauterbach's bowerbird, or *Chlamydera lauterbachi*. Ever since then, specimens taken close by have had yellow-olive heads. Was the rose-headed one an aberrant type? Many ornithologists thought so. Dr. Ernst Mayr, director of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard, and formerly with *this* Museum, thought so. Well, I flew in to the Jagei River, a tributary of the upper Ramu, where Dr. Lauterbach got his famous bird, and I got the second one—the only one obtained since 1892. It confirms the fact that this is a normal bird, different from the olive-headed ones; it is a very distinct type and probably a distinct species. Subsequently, I had the good fortune to get some color photo-

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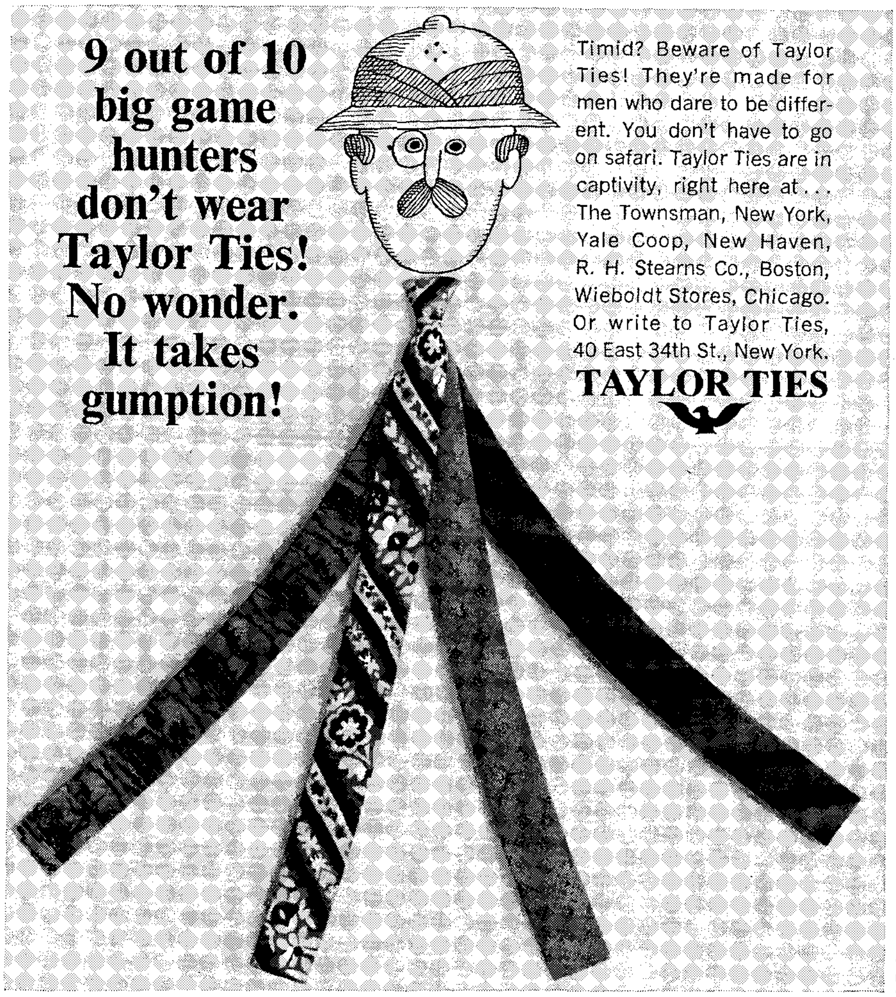
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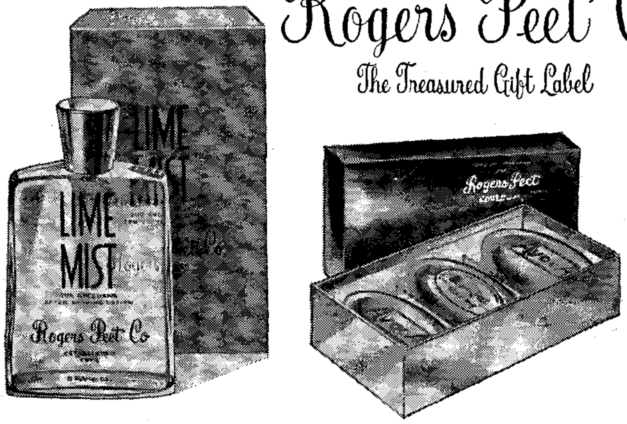

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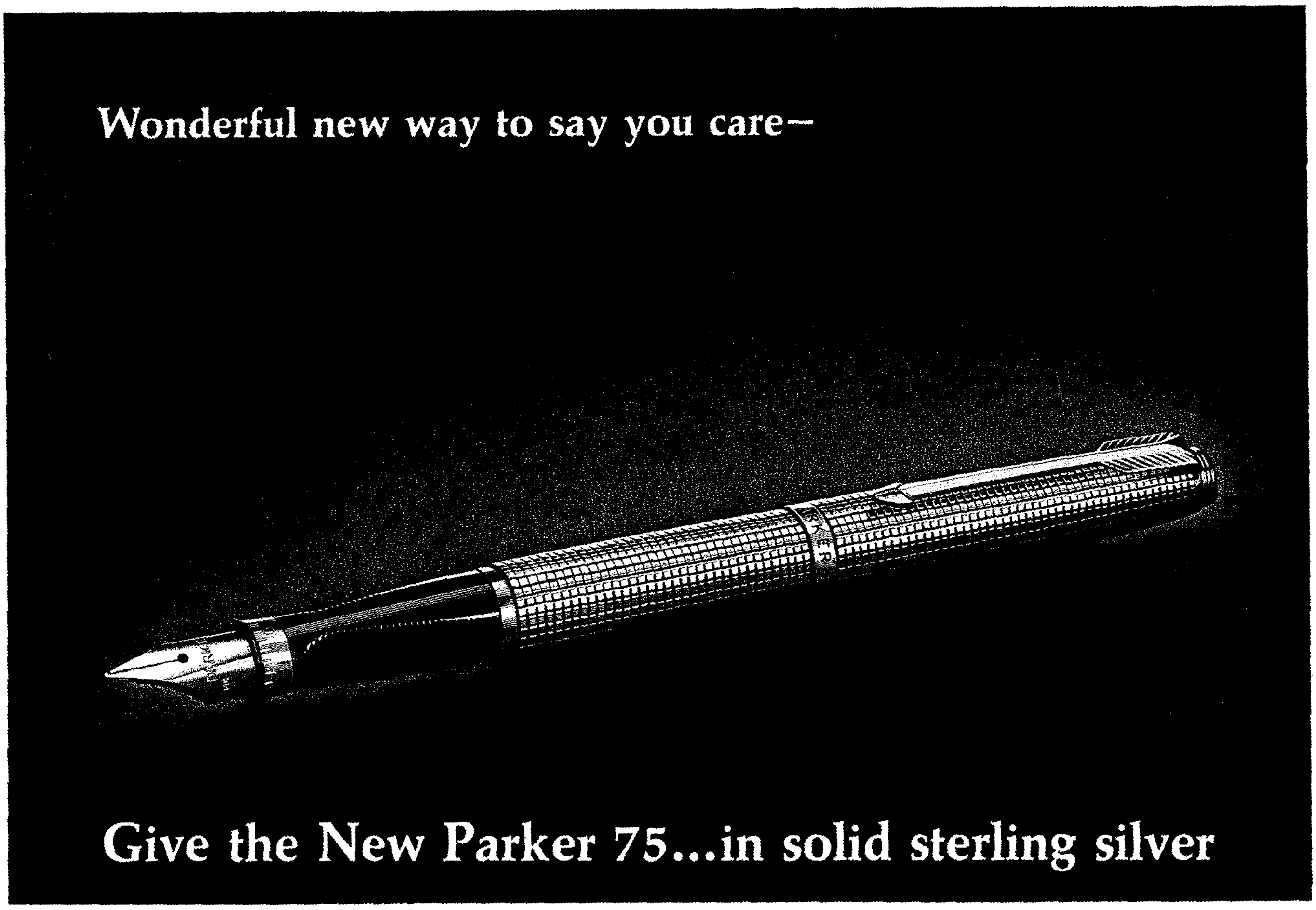
graphs of two more rose-headed bowerbirds as they were displaying in a bower.

"Bowerbirds are extraordinary," Dr. Gilliard continued. "Ninety-nine per cent of birds *pair;* bowerbirds—in at least twelve of the eighteen species known, along with some birds of paradise, cocks of the rock, sage grouse, and prairie chickens—are among the one per cent that have emancipated males. They live as a clan, away from the females, with whom they may consort as little as a few minutes a year, and they assume no domestic responsibilities. Emancipated male bowerbirds build elaborate courtship chambers, or bowers, with walls of sticks and towers up to nine feet high; they decorate them with bright-colored berries and fruits, flowers, beetles, and so on. I've seen a bower with a mat of seven hundred huckleberries, five hundred red vine flowers, and an arrangement of a hundred black-beetle skeletons. Well, my third area objective last summer was the mountains of Batanta Island, which is off the western tip of West Irian—the Indonesian section of New Guinea. There I had hoped to find the yellow-crowned bowerbird—*Amblyornis flavifrons*—which was first described by Lord Rothschild in 1895. Only three others have come out since—in shipments from plume-hunters, which were stopped by law in 1924. One is in the British Museum and two are here—they came to us in 1932, when we bought the Rothschild Tring Museum collection of two hundred and eighty thousand birds. Very rare! Wait!"

Dr. Gilliard went to a cabinet, pulled out a drawer, and returned with the skins of two thrush-sized brown birds with yellow crests, which he laid on a table. "We hunted our hearts out for this bird in Batanta and never saw one," he said. "But we got three hundred specimens of other birds there, including two species I'd never seen before."

I asked him what his fourth collecting spot had been, and he said, "We went back to the mainland and up the northern coast in a chartered boat, putting in to ask natives if they had seen a bird that behaved like a man. We were still after the bowerbird—especially *Amblyornis flavifrons.* Well, at Sansapor, a coastal village, some dammar collectors—men who bleed giant mountain dammar trees for the resin of that name, which is used to make varnish—said yes, there was a bird that behaved like a man near the top of the westernmost peak of the Tamrau Mountains. The mountains were about thirty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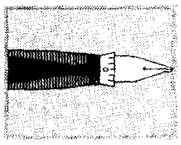

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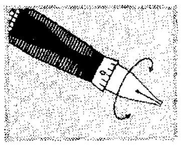
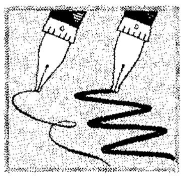


The point can be adjusted to the exact angle at which he writes—his hand stays relaxed. The angle is set by a dial as carefully calibrated as the lens on a $400 camera.



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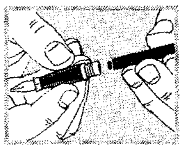

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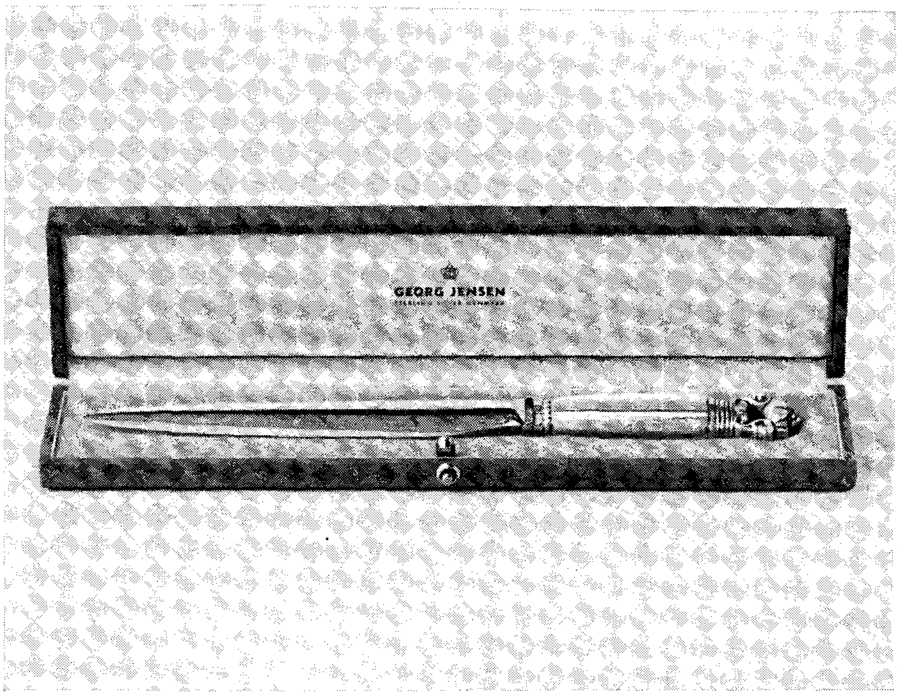

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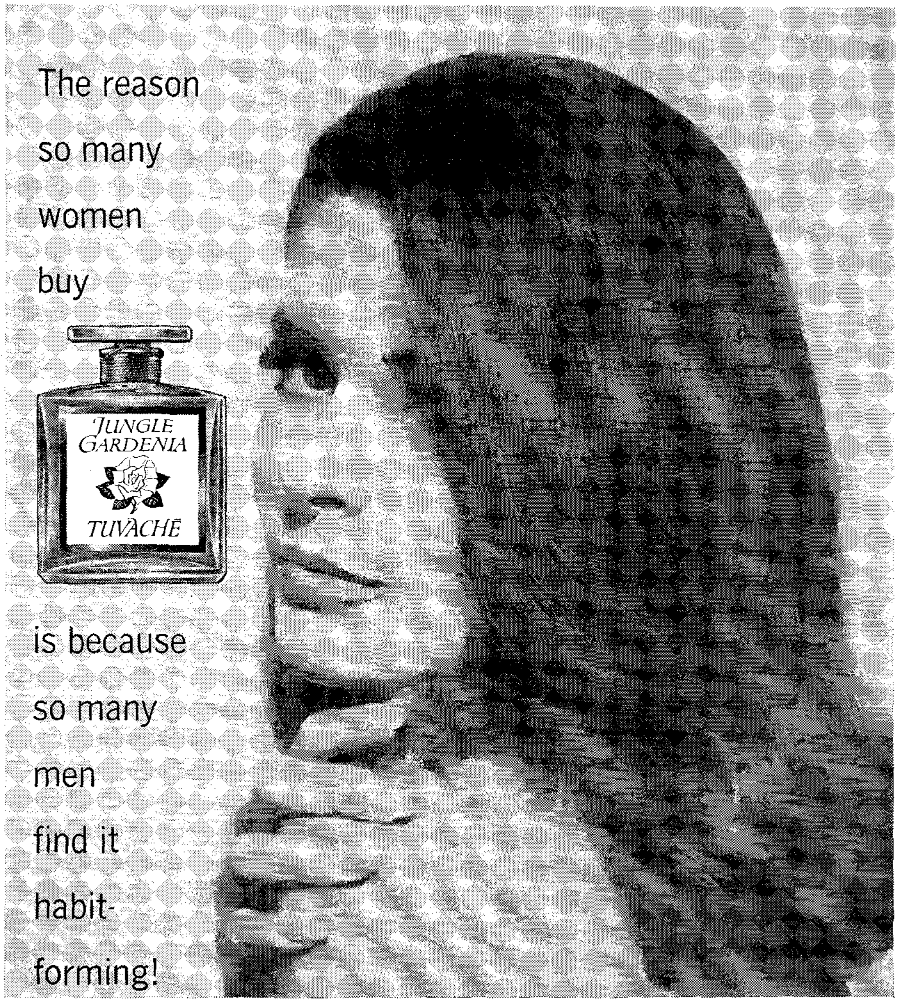
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miles away in a straight line but a hundred and twenty-five miles away by the trails we had to travel. I got forty native carriers, and we made it in seven days, crossing three mountain ranges and three rivers. We pitched camp six thousand feet up on the designated peak, which was covered with virgin forest. I stayed there eighteen days, collecting another three hundred specimens or so—no *flavifrons*, but I had the great luck to observe six bowers of the gardener bowerbird, *Amblyornis inornatus*. A bizarre bird! The males decorate their homes with shells, bright flowers, and red, blue, and green berries, preparing to court visiting females, to whom they sing a peculiar song when they arrive. I got two thousand feet of color film of these goings on—I worked from behind blinds—and I bugged the bowers with microphones to make tape recordings. Bowerbirds are very orderly, and they have strong ideas about interior decoration. I moved the ornaments around when they were away, and when they came back, they rearranged them in their former positions. *Inornatus* has no crest, as his name indicates; the male cannot be distinguished from the female. He builds the most elaborate bower of all the bowerbirds. In these birds there may be an inverse ratio between the development of the bower and the development of the sexual plumage; the forces of sexual selection may have been transferred from morphological characteristics—plumage—to external objects. The male holds up ornaments to dazzle the female; the necktie just may be more important than the hairy chest."

I thanked the overruled interior decorator for this instructive session, and said I had to get on to Dr. Junius B. Bird, whose field is not birds but South American archeology, of which he is Curator in the Department of Anthropology. "The golden age of discovery is *not* over," Dr. Gilliard said, getting up. "Many animals are still to be discovered, or rediscovered. I'm going back to New Guinea in 1966 for Lord Rothschild's bird; I'll use a helicopter next time. I live in the Poconos, but New Guinea is my home. I'm going to retire there. I have my site picked out—six thousand feet up in the mountains in the northeast, in the old Kaiser-Wilhelmsland, among a cluster of birds of paradise. There's good fieldwork nearby, especially among two species of little-known bowerbirds. I'll have a British Land-Rover and my Papuan team. *You'll* need a native guide to get

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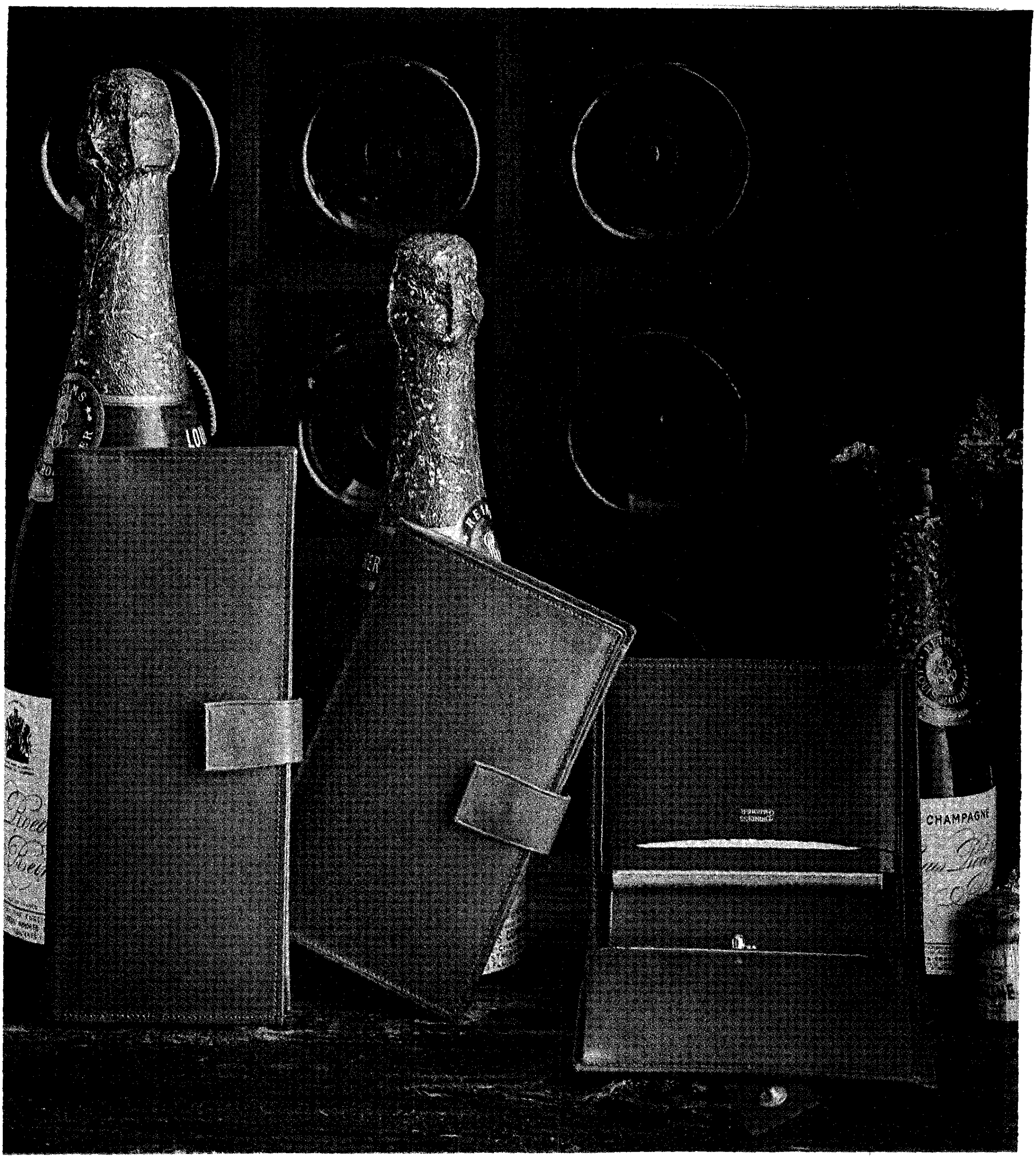

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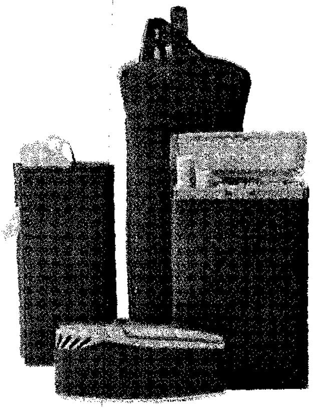

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to Dr. Bird. He's in the Tower Room, about a quarter of a mile from here. I think I know the way."

Dr. Gilliard led me, a trifle uncertainly but successfully, to a great round room high up in the Museum, where Dr. Bird was going over some notes with a secretary. She and Dr. Gilliard left, and I asked Dr. Bird about his summer field trip, which, his title notwithstanding, took place in the Far North. "Let me give you the background," he said. "I've been making archeological surveys in the Arctic, off and on, ever since I first went there in 1928 with Bob Bartlett. In the nineteen-thirties, I excavated some old Eskimo house ruins in Labrador, and I got the idea that these might bear in some way on the Norse problem—the problem of just where Leif Ericson and his Viking crew landed in North America from Norway around the year 1000, when they spent the winter in a place that the Norse sagas call Vinland. This has been nominated as being everywhere from Greenland and Nova Scotia and Newfoundland to Cape Cod, Long Island, and Virginia. It is evident from the saga that Ericson's houses were in forests, and there are references to natives with individual boats and double-bladed paddles. This seemed to me to point to Eskimos, who had such paddles, and not to Indians, who didn't, so I felt that his houses would have been in Eskimo territory."

Dr. Bird, an urbane man with a well-kept mustache, paused to light a cigarette. "Four summers ago, in 1961," he said, "Helge Ingstad, a Norwegian, and his wife came here to locate these houses; they found some ruins in L'Anse au Meadow, a fishing settlement at the northern tip of the island of Newfoundland, that contained artifacts identical with those in Norse houses in Greenland. They went back in 1962 and 1963, and that year—1963—I went there, too, along with Dr. Henry B. Collins, Jr., director of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, to inspect their findings. Dr. Collins and I were willing to accept them as Norse, *not* Eskimo. Last summer, with my wife and a sixteen-year-old helper, Tony Beardsley, I went back again. Historical archeology is outside the scope of the Museum's normal activity, so I was loath to ask it to sponsor the trip, but the National Geographic Society put up half of the three thousand dollars required, and I got the rest from the Early Sites Foundation, in Hanover,

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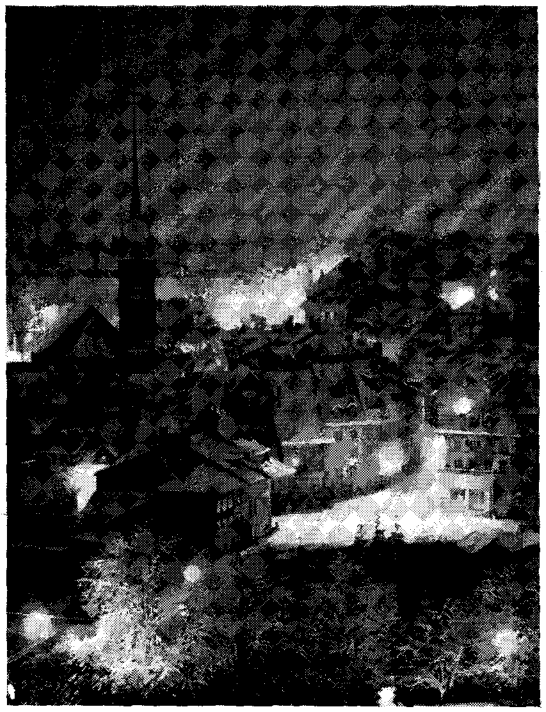

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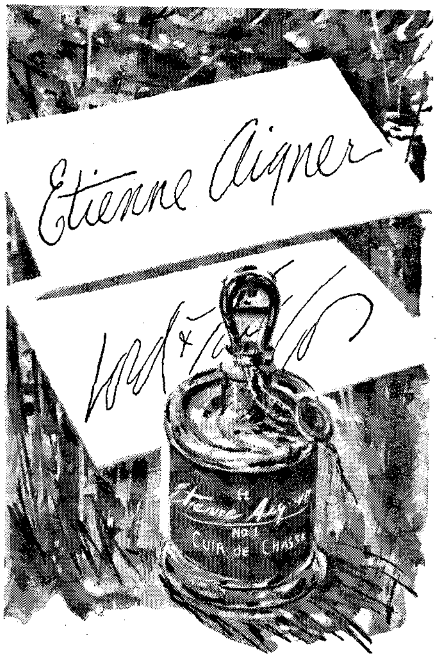
New Hampshire. This time, I met Mrs. Ingstad at the site. At her husband's suggestion, the Newfoundland government had built wooden sheds to protect the old floors, but I felt that more was needed in the way of conservation, so I shipped up a special resin compound, which a retired chemist friend had recommended to me, and we impregnated the excavation walls with it. There are nine structures, or remains of structures; the biggest one indicates a longhouse measuring about seventy feet by fifty-five feet. Rusty iron nails had been found by the Ingstads in previous years, but nothing really identified as Norse. This year, in checking the area alongside one of the house structures, we did find a spindle whorl made of soapstone—a perfectly good Norse spindle whorl, or flywheel, used to twist raw wool into yarn. It's the first domestic Norse artifact found here under controlled conditions, and thus the earliest known European artifact yet found in North America."

Dr. Bird handed me a photograph of this prize; it looked like a small doughnut. "The spindle whorl is a woman's implement," he said, "so L'Anse au Meadow may well be the site of Leif's settlement, which, according to the saga, was occupied fifteen years later by another Norseman, Thorfinn Karlsefni, who brought along a colony of a hundred and sixty people, including his wife and a number of other women. They stayed there three years. The saga of Thorfinn Karlsefni mentions a cape and long, sandy beaches—'*Furdustrandir*,' or 'wonder strands.' Well, this may well be Cape Porcupine and its thirty miles of sandy beaches farther north on the Labrador coast. Leif's naming the country Vinland has caused archeologists to look for grapes on the possible sites, and there are no grapevines in Newfoundland. But there's an abundance of berries in the area, and you *can* make wine out of berries. One day during our first visit there, as we were finishing off a bottle of whiskey with a native fisherman, he asked me for the empty bottle. 'I can use it for wine,' he said. I asked him how he made wine, and he said, 'From berries.' " Dr. Bird looked at me triumphantly.

AFTER making my way down from the Tower Room area, I finished collecting facts for my field-expedition saga by paying a visit to a man who is, in a way, in the field the year round—Dr. Wesley E. Lanyon, the Resident Director of the Museum's Kalbfleisch



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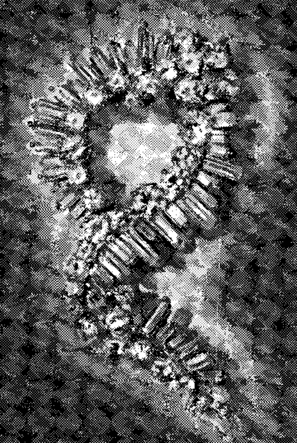

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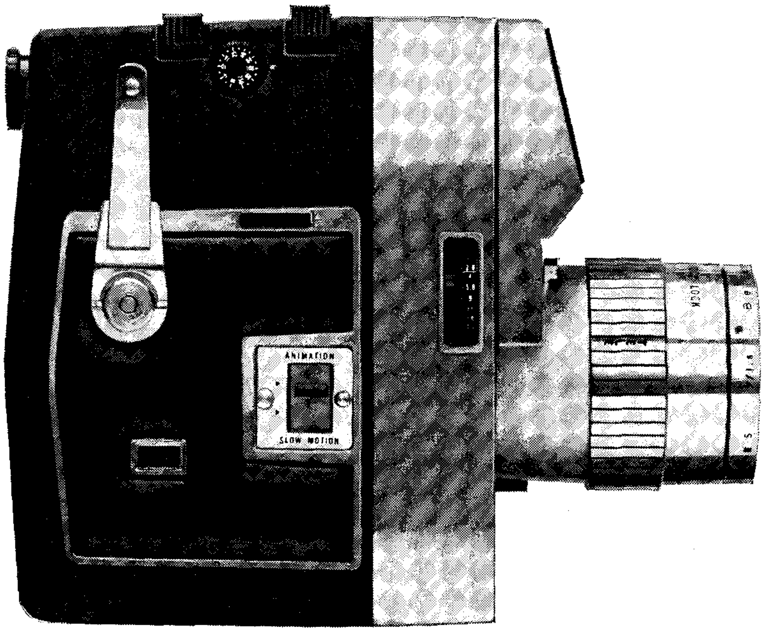

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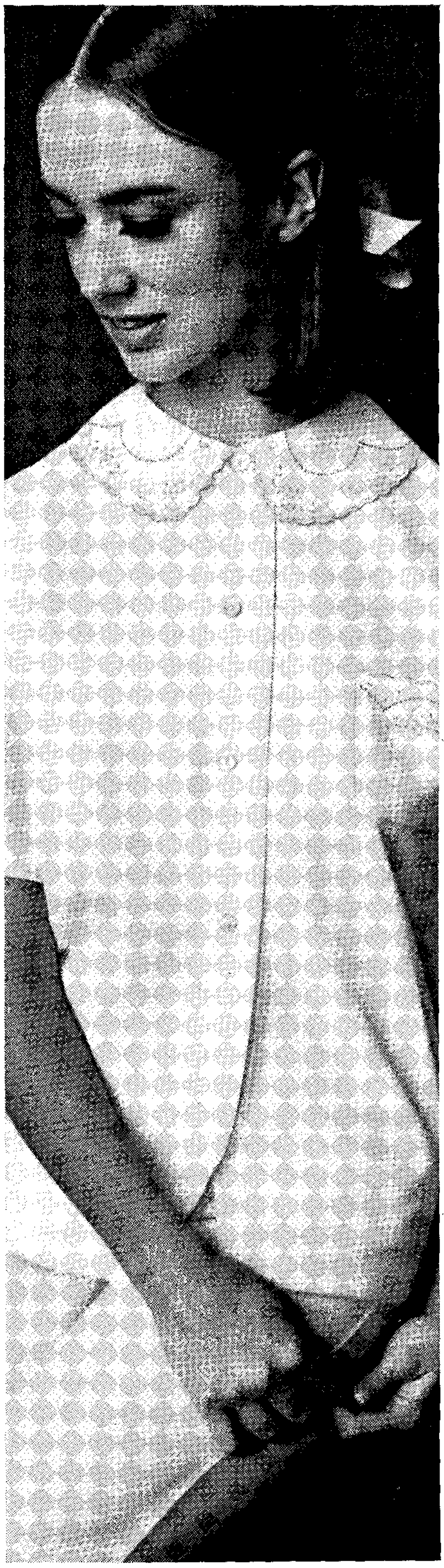

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Field Research Station, in Huntington, Long Island. Dr. Lanyon, who stays out there day and night during the summer and commutes to an office in the Museum the rest of the year, said that the property, along with an endowment, had been left to the Museum in 1956 by Miss Augusta S. Kalbfleisch, a member of an old Long Island family who lived in Babylon. "Ninety-four acres of an abandoned farm," he said. "One-third oak woodland, one-third fallow fields, one-third hedgerows and ornamental planting. There's a large brick Georgian main house with living quarters for fifteen students, and a smaller staff residence, where I live with my wife and two children. The students are college girls and boys who work with Museum scientists during the summer under the National Science Foundation's Undergraduate Research Participation Program. We've made the place a wildlife sanctuary and a natural field laboratory—it's the only field station we have that's within commuting distance of the Museum. We conduct long-term research there in radio astronomy, ornithology, ecology, fishes, vegetation, mammalogy, and herpetology. We study the population dynamics of small mammals; we do live trapping, marking, releasing, and recatching."

"Of what?" I asked.

"White-footed mouse, field vole, chipmunk, short-tailed shrew, possum, raccoon, and gray squirrel," he said. "I'm an ornithologist; I had three undergraduate assistants last summer—from Wellesley, Amherst, and Alfred University—helping me investigate the breeding and behavior of birds at the station and make census studies of them. We netted, trapped, and banded them. This year, we processed more than three thousand, including fifty native-breeding species and as many more of migrants."

I asked the Resident Director whether he and his wife got lonely out of season, when the students were back on their campuses, and he looked astonished. "The Museum people, along with a scattering of undergraduates, come out most weekends," he said. "Last Sunday, Dr. Donn Rosen, Assistant Curator in the Department of Ichthyology, came out to check up on some mosquito fish—*Gambusia affinis*—that he's introduced in a pond there. He's studying their survival characteristics and population genetics. Dr. Jack McCormick, the station's consultant in ecology, who teaches botany and plant ecology at the University of Pennsylvania during the

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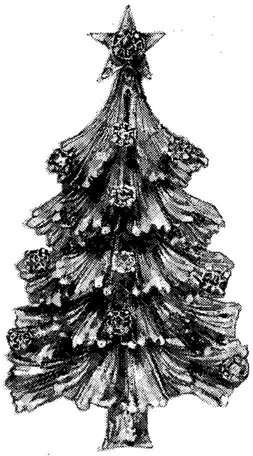

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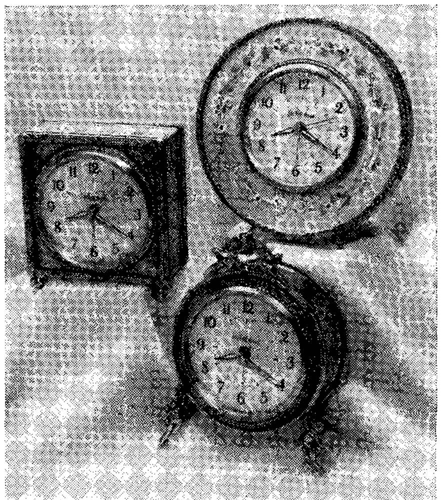

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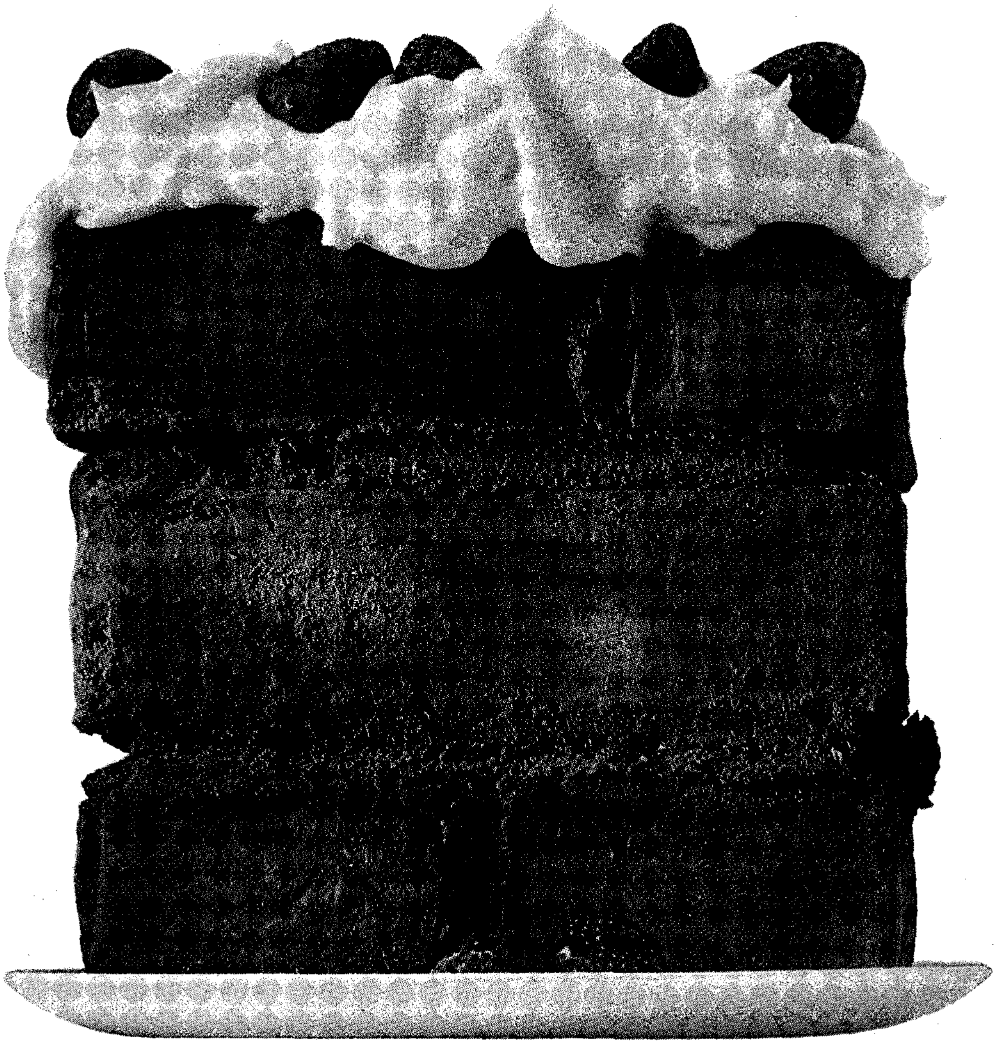

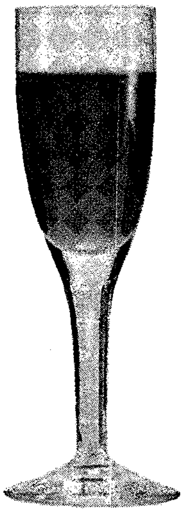

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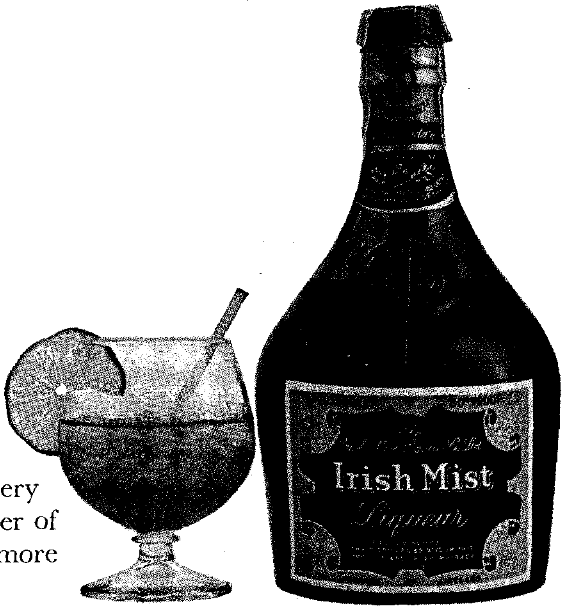

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week, brought one of his graduate classes up to look at our herbarium and at some of the five hundred permanent quadrats we've established there."

"What's a quadrat?" I asked, for I had not run out of ignorance.

"A permanent study plot on which the natural succession of vegetation is examined," Dr. Lanyon replied. "In other words, what happens to a field after it has been abandoned. You document the sequence of plants. Dr. Van Gelder comes out to keep track of the small-mammal populations; Dr. Kenneth L. Franklin, of the Hayden Planetarium, visits us to study the radio waves emanating from Jupiter on a radio-telescope facility we have set up in a field; Dr. Zweifel was there recently to continue his ecological investigation of Fowler's toad—*Bufo woodhousei*—of which we have quite a number. I can hardly wait for the weekends myself, because then I have time for my aviaries, where I'm trying to breed and hybridize a female Eastern meadowlark and a male Western meadowlark. Hybrids of this sort are very rare."

I WISHED Dr. Lanyon luck, and dropped in on Miss Norton to thank her for everything, from the Mark IV Laupheimer audioichthyotron to Lauterbach's bowerbird.

"Charles M. Bogert, head of our Department of Herpetology, is due back from Mexico in a few days with a new species of alligator lizard and a pointed-nose burrowing snake that feeds exclusively on earthworms," she said, "and Margaret Mead, who's Curator of Ethnology in the Department of Anthropology, is coming in from New Guinea, where she's been looking into problems of mental health, family relationships, and cultural dynamics. Would you like to see them?"

The invitation was tempting, but I recalled what Dr. Schaeffer had said about the danger of collecting so much material that there wasn't time to work it up, and, since no considerations of weathering appeared to be involved, I declined, with regret.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

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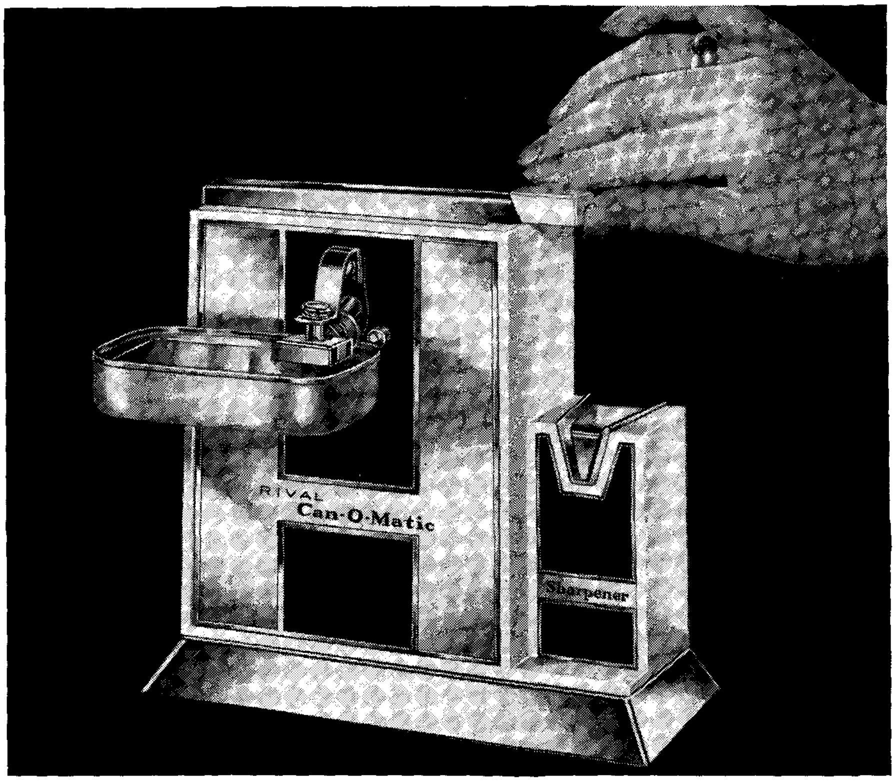

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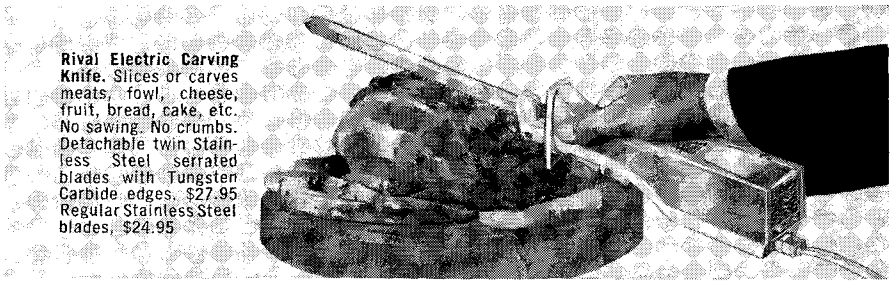

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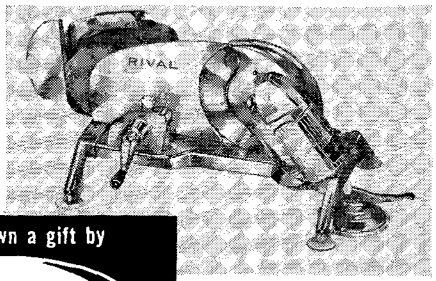

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"BAY OF THE ANGELS" can be quickly disposed of. It's a pleasantly photographed morality tale about the horrors of gambling, which, one is invited to observe, are very like those of alcohol and drug addiction. Unless one is a victim of these horrors and is anxious to escape them with the help of a terrible example, or is a former victim looking back with morose delectation on cravings overcome, there's little reason to bother with the picture except—and I admit it's a fairly big "except"—that its star is Jeanne Moreau. Miss Moreau is one of those lucky performers who flourish as personalities in utter independence of their skills and professional opportunities; given a good role, she is content to work hard as an actress, but when a role fails her she falls back with perfect assurance on herself, knowing she will suffice. Her movies become, in the old, true metaphor, vehicles, in which she spanks along with such panache that scarcely anyone notices until the journey is over how ramshackle they are.

In "Bay of the Angels," Miss Moreau has chosen to make herself look as ugly as possible and to behave in a way commensurate with her looks. A sleazy blonde, carelessly made up and speaking vapid words in an almost continuous bad temper, she is hooked on roulette and will never not be; she has given up husband and child and any but the most cursory interest in food, drink, and sex for the sake of the tables, at which she sits haggard-eyed and entranced, destroying herself. When she encounters in the casino at Nice a young man who, for a while, wins more often than he loses, she adopts him as a sort of good-luck charm, uses him ruthlessly, and is, so we're led to believe, about to cast him ruthlessly aside, but no—Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed the picture, loses courage at the very last moment and thrusts upon us the very last thing we expect or wish, which is a "happy" ending. The vixen rushes out of the darkling casino into God's own wholesome sunlight and into the arms of the young man (who in real life wouldn't have had the slightest idea

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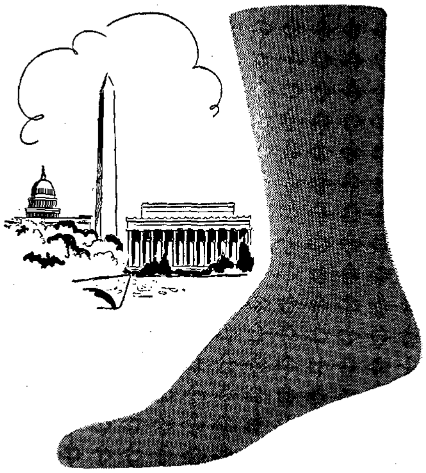

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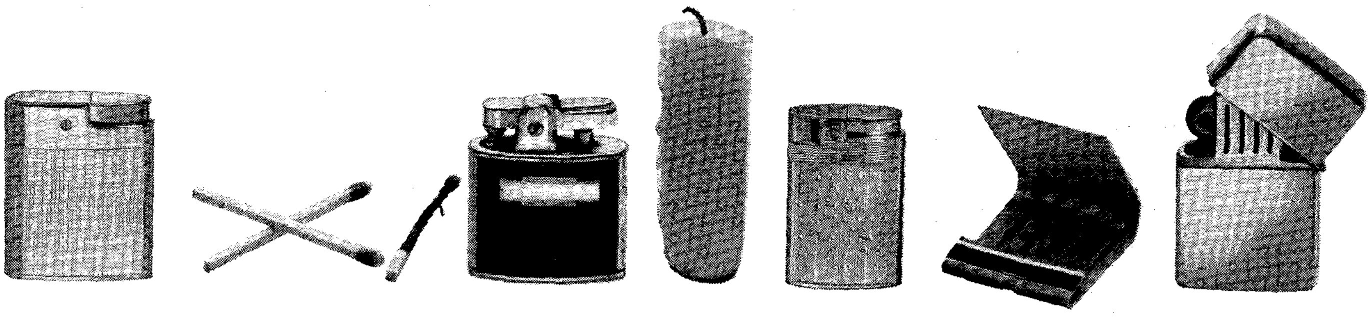

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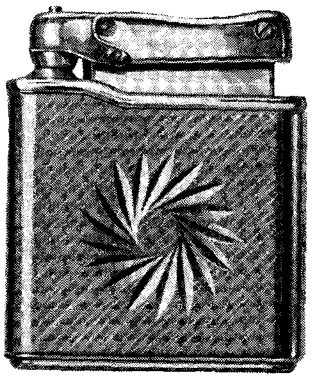

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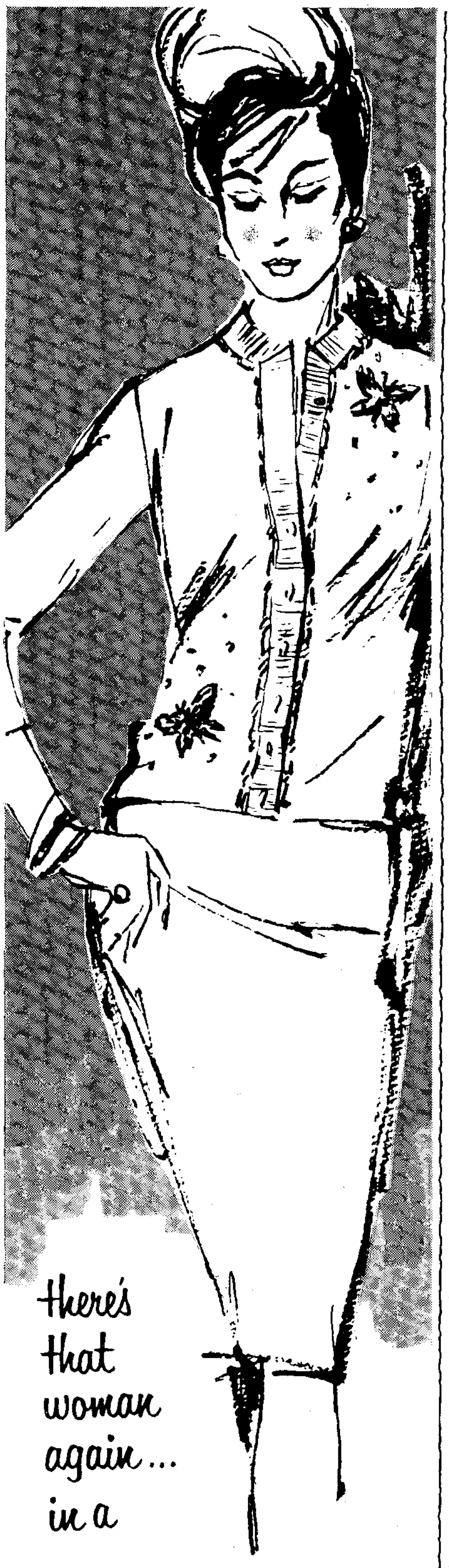

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what to do with her). This poor innocent is played with a harmless lack of conviction by Claude Mann, who is tall and extremely thin and gives the impression of being just about to tip over. But then no one matters except Miss Moreau, and I wish that Mr. Demy had provided her with a livelier and more reckless script to show off in; there are times when playing it safe is the least safe thing one can do.

"THE TERRACE" is from the hand of the Argentine director Leopoldo Torre Nilsson. The setting is the roof of a fashionable many-storied apartment house in Buenos Aires, where a pack of idle teen-agers of both sexes loll about a pool playing vicious games, making love, standing off, like so many paranoid petty tyrants, the forces of the adult world (their parents, the Church, the law), and bringing their reign of terror to an end at last by casually tossing a child over the parapet. The screenplay, by Beatriz Guido, spells out what I'm sure is a truth about the new breed of well-heeled adolescent delinquents to be found in and around every affluent big city on earth: that their imaginations, unhobbled by economics, grow all too quickly bored with conventional affronts to society and lead them to make experiments in evil that would shock ordinary, unpropertied J.D.s, who sustain themselves for days or weeks on the mere fantasy of a crime that awaits the acquisition of a gun or a fifth-hand car. To the documentary aspects of "The Terrace" I offer praise, but I'm afraid I can't praise it as a drama, in part because it concerns a group seen at a distance and seen as types, and I felt it easy to remain at a distance from the whole sorry lot, and in part because the action of the group threatened, in its patness, to assume the outlines of an allegory. There may be more in, and to, a movie than meets the eye, but the audience mustn't be told so; by the time Mr. Nilsson got around to his long-expected climax, the mythic overtones had grown insupportably loud.

EVERY now and then, I feel an infinitesimal twinge of conscience over the possibility that I may be neglecting American movies in favor of their exotic cousins from across the water. Since conscience does make cowards of us all, I responded to the latest of these twinges by going off to see "Youngblood Hawke," which is plainly designed to be an all-American, blueberry-pie blockbuster. Based on a

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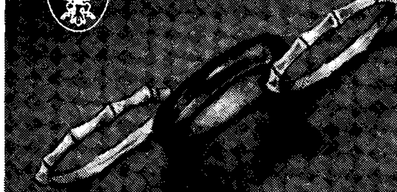

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best-selling novel by Herman Wouk, it has a screenplay by Delmer Daves (who also directed it) and stars James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette, and Genevieve Page. It's a story of a young novelist who comes to New York and makes good with such ease and on such a scale that even Mr. Wouk's celebrated financial success pales a little beside it—Youngblood Hawke, for example, turns to publishing his own books out of his own offices in his own skyscraper in what is very nearly his own Manhattan—and though he eventually overleaps himself and is driven back to a humble typewriter in a humble cabin in the humble Great Smokies, he finds beauty and truth in tax-free suffering there. He also finds Miss Pleshette. Actually, she was close at hand the whole time, editing his fiction from behind enormous black-rimmed glasses, but Hawke's vision of her was obscured by Miss Page, who not only doesn't wear glasses but has lots of money and dotes on turning awkward beginning authors into skillful lovers. (In American movies, if the arts of syntax are one thing, the arts of sex are always another. Surely in real life it cannot be the case that girls who know what a predicate nominative is don't know what love is? And have to put on contact lenses to find out?) "Youngblood Hawke" is arrant nonsense from start to finish, and I've instructed my conscience, not without bitterness, to go back to sleep.

—Brendan Gill

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From an article by Dr. Henry G. Booker, of Cornell, in Science*]

The physical science area of almost every university suffers from the disease of dichotomy in the deanery.—*Page 36, column 1.*

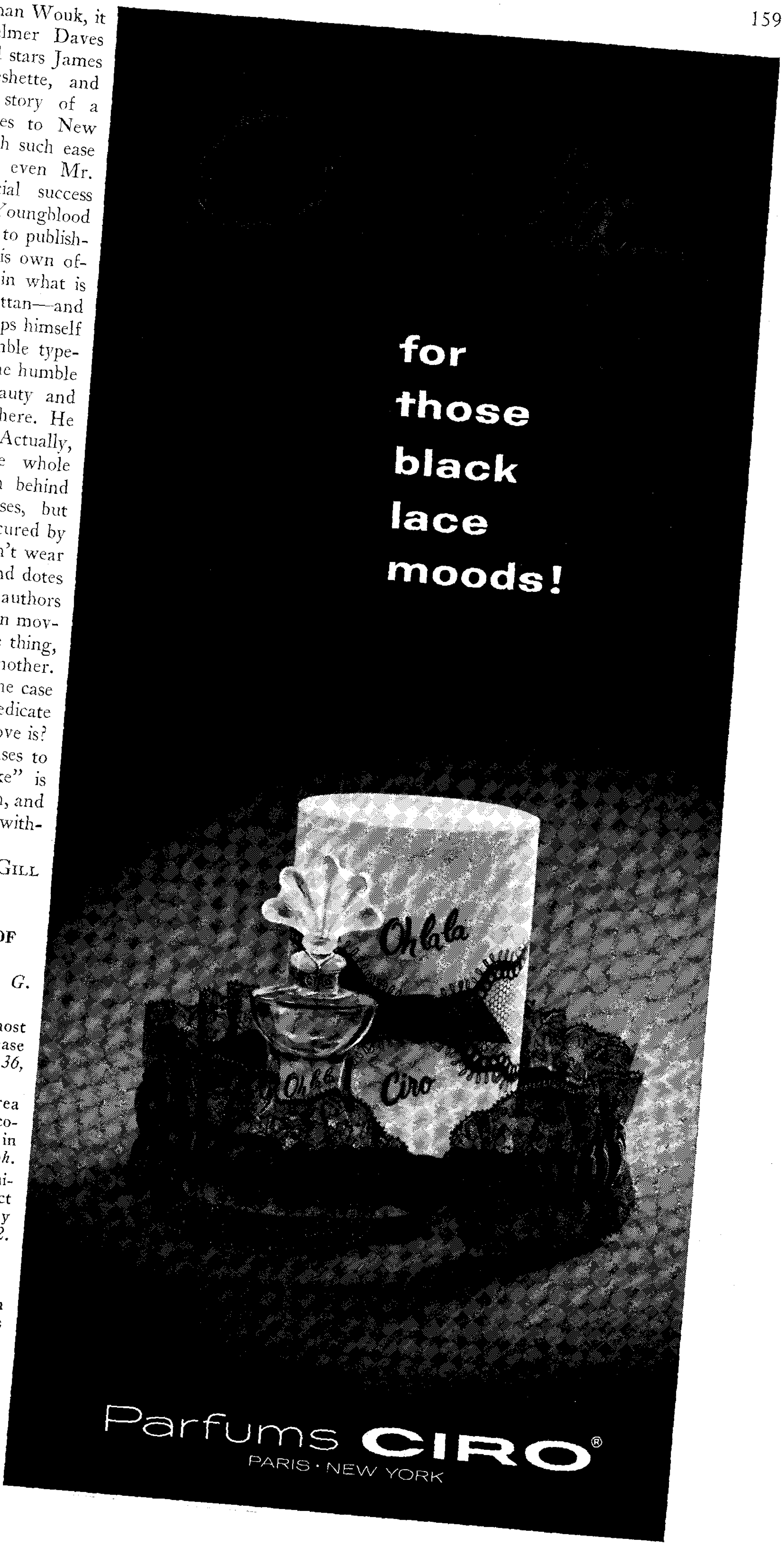
It is time for the physical science area of a university to be organized as a coherent operation free from dichotomy in the deanery.—*Same page, next paragraph.*

Moreover, the new university administration was quite aware of the effect on the physical science area of dichotomy in the deanery.—*Same page, column 2.*

•

Many of these old houses have been torn down to make way for parking lots and factories, he said. Many mothers, he said, have fallen into disrepair for lack of interest and should be restored and utilized by individuals and societies, conscious of their traditional beauty and historical significance.—*Quincy (Mass.) Patriot Ledger.*

Hear! Hear!



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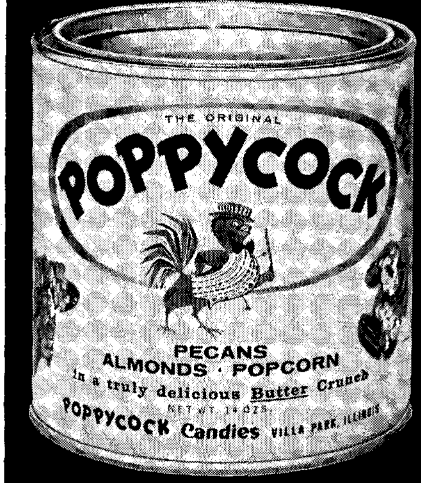

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POPPYCOCK CANDIES, VILLA PARK, ILL.

THE ART GALLERIES

Louise Nevelson

dan Shapiro

IT is my optimistic and comforting belief that if one waits long enough one usually gets what one wants, and this week I find myself with further proof. For one reason or another, I have missed chances to write as fully as I would have liked about Louise Nevelson's last few exhibitions of sculpture, and this has irked me, for of late her artistic development has been enormous. Invariably, though, something intervened. Sometimes it was a big loan exhibition, too important to be overlooked; sometimes a show of hers opened and closed while I was afield. I can't imagine that any of this troubled Mrs. Nevelson, but it did trouble me. This time, the way is clear, and my feeling is that it couldn't have happened at a better juncture, for her new showing, at the Pace Gallery, is to my mind the most successful in her by now fairly long career. There are a number of innovations to be noted in the current collection, and these are the more exciting by reason of the fact that for a while—say, the last five or six years—Mrs. Nevelson's work, for all its unquestioned impressiveness, had revealed a slight leaning toward the stereotyped. As I imagine most people know, she has developed a sculptural style that is peculiarly her own. It is based on Constructivist principles, plus a reference (distant, to be sure) to the quirky "found-object" aggregations of Duchamp, Ernst, and the other Dadaists. But she works ordinarily only with fragments of wood, "found" or otherwise, built into strictly compartmented tiered or panelled boxlike arrangements, each rather suggesting a reredos or a three-dimensional triptych or some other altar decoration. The color is ordinarily white or black, always relentlessly monochrome, and the point of view for the spectator is—or has been till now—uncompromisingly head-on. This rather strict technical programming can make for a limited expression, and for a time it seemed to me that she was leaning in that direction, putting the emphasis more and more on large, perhaps a little overlarge, compositions,

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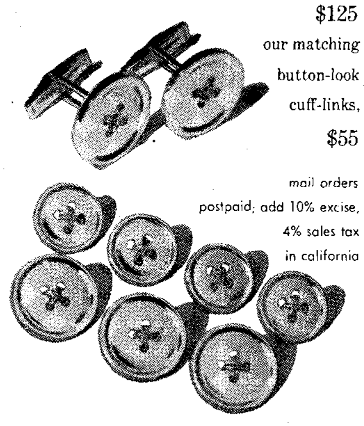

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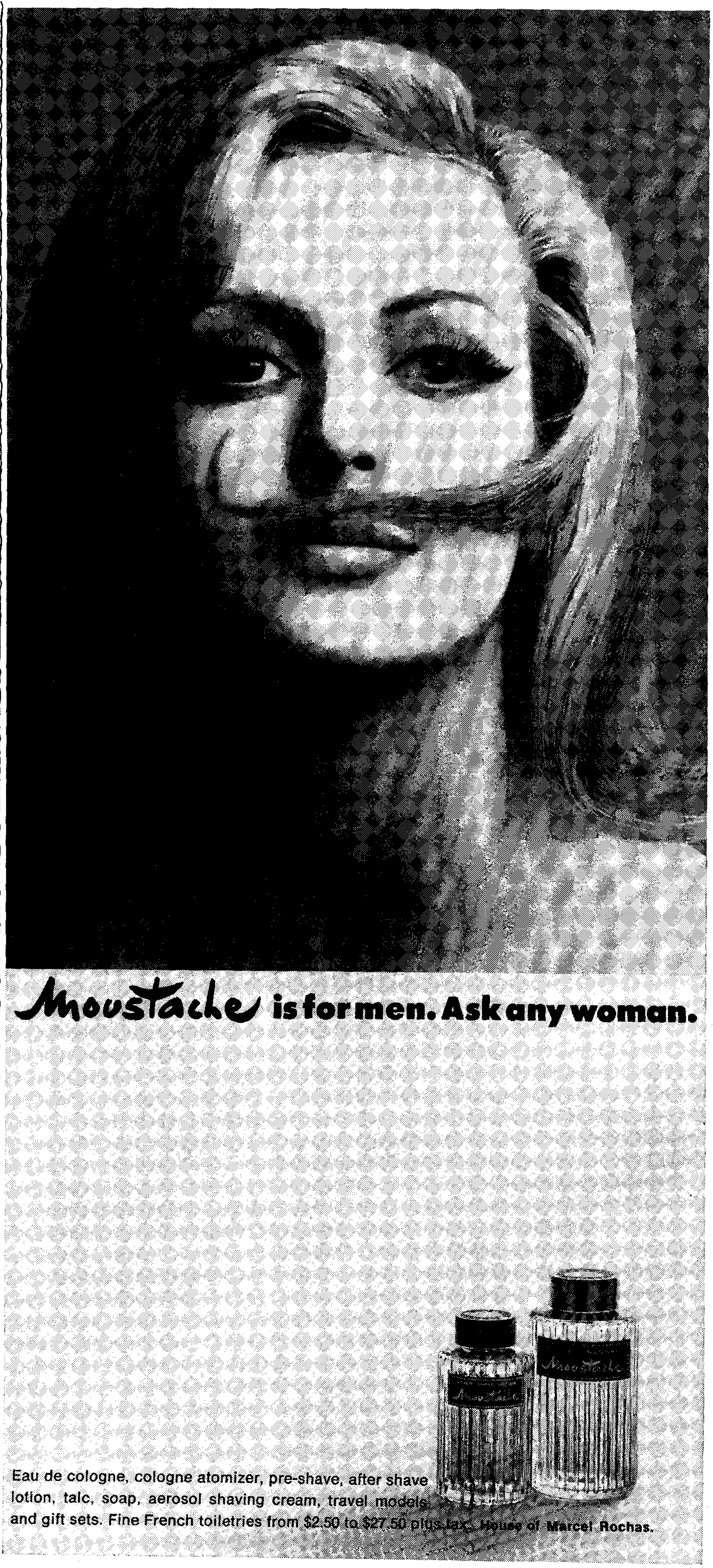
which convey a slight suggestion of a reaching for grandeur instead of integration. Now, happily, there has been expansion and advance in just about every direction.

What struck me first, and most forcibly, was the variety of ways in which she now attacks her subjects. There are big pieces here. One, called "Homage 6,000,000" and intended as a memorial to the Jews massacred in Germany by the Nazis, is as huge and also as ambitious as anything of hers I have seen in the past. It is also one of the best integrated stylistically; though it measures twenty-odd feet in length by about nine in height, and while it is compartmented pretty much in her old manner, the basic rigidity of the design is almost lost sight of as one's eye explores the varied patterns of the concretions of objects within the compartments. It is always risky to try to interpret Nevelson's symbolism, for it is at once too intuitive, too personal, and too impulsively metaphysical for easy understanding. But I thought I detected a series of references to musical forms threading through the composition—violin, flute, organ pipes, and so on, as if forming the background of a massed requiem—along with less easily read suggestions, and in any case the whole composition has a mixture of solemnity and dignity that is commanding in its own right.

Along with this great set piece there are several—notably in the series called "Diminishing Reflection," of which I liked best the ones numbered I and VII—that are by comparison practically miniatures. And there is still another group—of medium-sized pieces, broader in treatment, and (one more technical departure) framed and under glass—that seems to indicate an attempt on the artist's part to explore a relationship between the painted frieze and the sculptured relief. Glass is employed

Garrett Price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again, this time in the form of mirrors, in such pieces as "Silent Motion" and "Silent Music I." The mirrors, used as backgrounds for the reliefs and so seen only fragmentedly through the constructions in the foreground (thus, naturally, the images they project—most often, of course, oneself—are seen fragmentedly, too), add a mixture of the improvised and unexpected to the general pattern. I am not sure that this last venture is wholly successful. I had a feeling, in short, that in this mixture of flexes and reflections—if one may call it so—Nevelson might be overreaching herself, and in the process complicating what might better be reduced to simpler terms.

But this, after all, is to be expected in the course of anyone's striking out into new experiments and explorations, and I have no intention of taking back my assertion that the show is exciting, from first to last, and—I'll add—a tribute to the artist's originality and inventiveness. I liked especially the baroque "Silent Music IX," with its curving, concave frontal shape, rather like the façade of a fourteenth- or fifteenth-century Italian palace, fronting on and conforming to a similarly curved piazza; almost all of the "America" series, a group of abstract totemic figurines, but especially the one numbered VI; and "Square Reflection," a medium-sized compartmented relief, again using mirrors as a backing for the frontal design. This work, in its confident organization, its fluency, and its unity of atmosphere (the compartmentation is overlaid, so to speak, with a kind of shower of arabesques), is quite possibly the best piece in the show.

—ROBERT M. COATES

●

> I suppose that people resent being made misfits, but prejudice seems to be a hard foe to overcome. But then, if you're a misfit you have plenty of time to think and to discover new interests on a smaller scope.
>
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> Here's a helpful hint to all selecting gumdrops, keep in mind that the smaller ones are more apt to be fresh than the large ones. If the gumdrops feel soft when you pinch them, you just know that they're going to be good.—*Boston Globe.*

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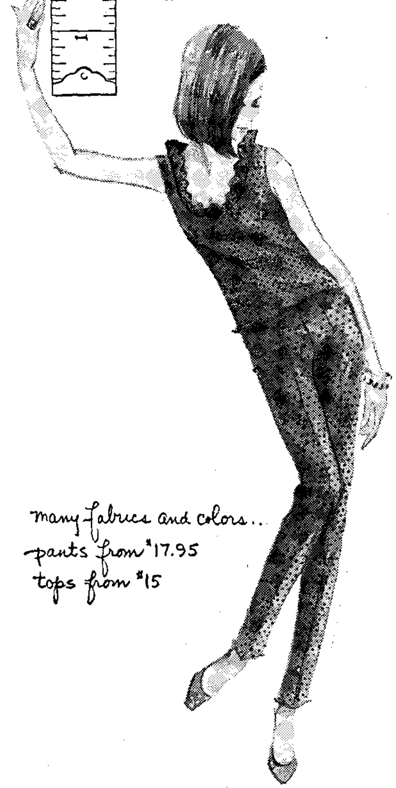

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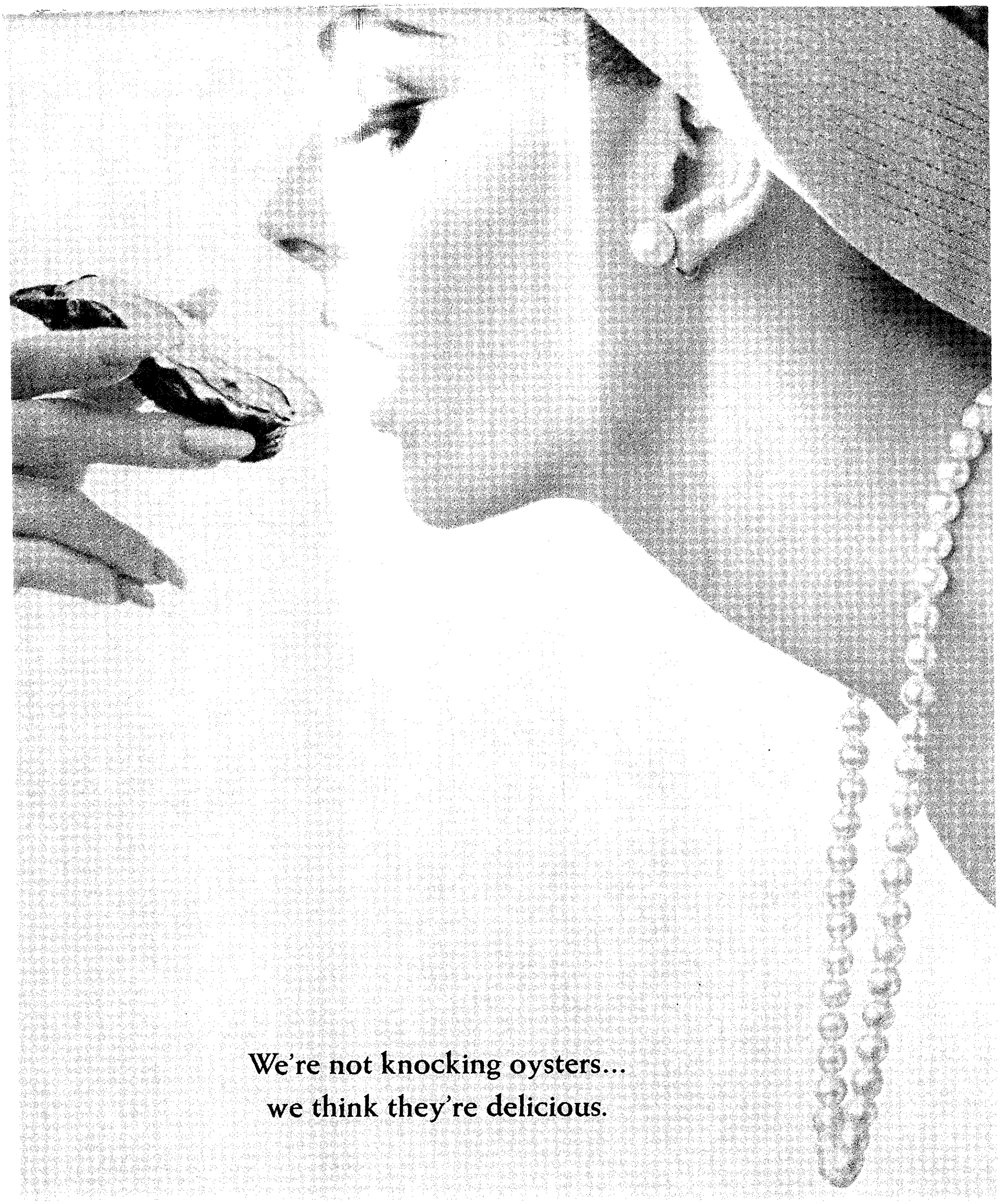
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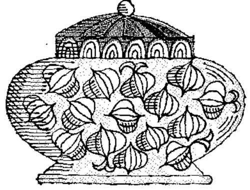

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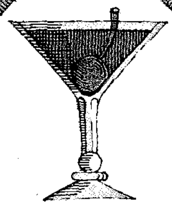

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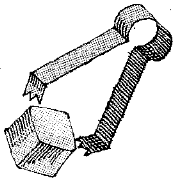

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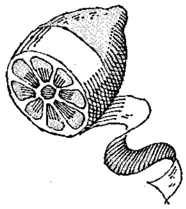

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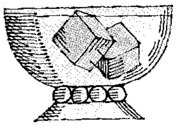

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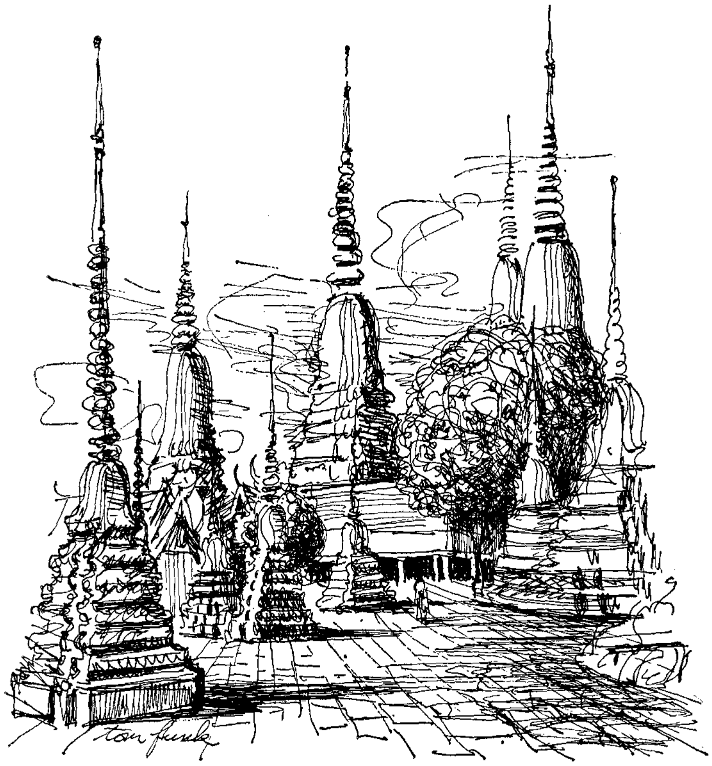


NOVEMBER 18

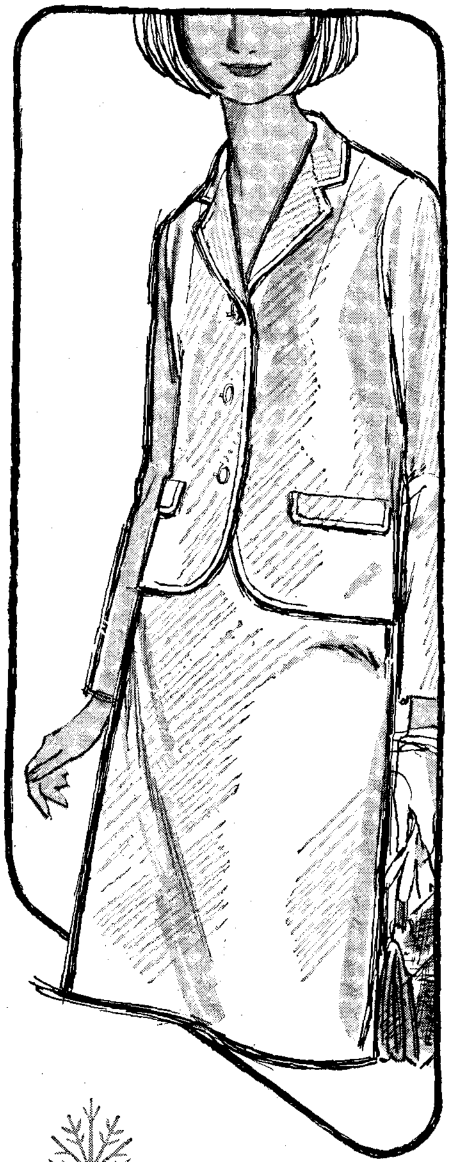
THE other day, several hundred students at an engineering school here got mad at their principal, because they didn't like his disciplinary methods, and demanded an immediate meeting with the Prime Minister of Thailand to air their grievances. No one in this capital city of two million inhabitants seemed to regard it as odd or unreasonable that the chief executive of a nation of thirty million should be asked to confer on so relatively trivial a complaint with so relatively small a group of complainers. The Prime Minister, Field Marshal Thanom Kittakachorn, was unavailable, but a whole slew of high-ranking generals from the country's ruling military group, including the chief of the national police, rushed over to the school to hear the students out—and to remind them that if they had any notion of putting on a demonstration, as students in other Asian countries have done rather tellingly these past few years, they had better think twice about it, inasmuch as Thailand has been under martial law since 1958 and demonstrations by students, or by anyone else, are forbidden. The students had apparently forgotten all about the martial-law business, and no wonder, for Bangkok is by and large an easygoing, carefree metropolis where everybody laughs and chuckles and makes jokes—makes them, in testimony to the city's delightful inconsistency, about polygamy at the same time that the papers have been running chilling accounts of a vengeful woman's blinding her sleeping husband with acid because he had taken a second (or, as it's called here, a minor) wife.

The prevailing serenity is the more remarkable in view of Bangkok's, and Thailand's, exposed geographical and political position. The country is bordered on the north and west by Burma, which is a historic enemy and now maintains friendly ties with the Communist world. It is bordered on the north and east by Laos, a thin and tindery wedge separating Thailand from China and North Vietnam. It is bordered on the southeast by Cambodia, with which it is hardly on speaking terms, although many people here believe that the so-called "border incidents" that agitate the two neighbors are frequently caused not by human raiding parties but by errant water buffaloes. And it is bordered on the south by Malaysia, a country that is new, insecure, and more or less at war with neighboring Indonesia. Notwithstanding all this, Thailand has been a steady, uncompromising, and imperturbable ally of the West ever since the end of the Second World War. Bangkok has cheerfully served as the headquarters city for the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, even though to many nearby Asians SEATO is practically a synonym for "imperialist capitalist aggressors." Thailand's own strong capitalistic leanings, as well as its over-all uniqueness, derive from a number of factors. For one thing, it is both a fertile land and an uncrowded one. Many parts of Asia have to import rice, and many other parts suffer famines because they can neither grow enough nor buy enough of it to sustain their populations. Thailand regularly exports rice. Its considerable arable acreage could probably support an additional fifty or sixty million inhabitants, and it is one of the few places on earth where homesteading is still possible. Another reason for Thailand's uniqueness is that, unlike every one of the nations around it, it has never been colonized. Its attitude toward its unbroken history of independence is proud and fiercely protective.

Bangkok is just as hot as any other city in this part of the world, and even during the cool season the temperature seldom dips below seventy, but its residents never take midday siestas. However sensible these may seem to others, Thais regard them as something invented by the English and French and Dutch and Spanish and Portuguese, and want no part of such a soporific colonial heritage. Nevertheless, the local folk go out of their way to indulge the whims of outlanders. Manifesting a hospitality and consideration that are characteristic of the Thais, the Bangkok agency for a Western tractor company, which used to have a repair shop across the street from the French Embassy, graciously moved its noisy operations to a suitably remote spot when the French complained that the midday clatter and clank from the shop interfered with their naps.

Bangkok is bisected by the Chao Phraya River, which has its headwaters way up north and empties into the sea only a few miles to the south. In between—Thailand being a place where until recently there were few roads and people travelled about mostly on rivers or *klongs*, which are canals—the Chao Phraya has been Thailand's main thoroughfare for both passengers and freight; up north, for instance, teak logs are conveyed to its edge by trained elephants and then floated down to market. The river has also been something of a death line, for its annual fall floods have been a severe trial to the millions of people who depend on it so heavily the rest of the year—and especially to the people in Bangkok, which is built on flatland only a few feet above its banks.

Local geography also makes it difficult to put up tall buildings, so although Bangkok, which is prosperous, is engaging in construction at a brisk clip, it is doing so on nowhere near as lofty a scale as, say, Tokyo or Hong Kong. There are lots of new office



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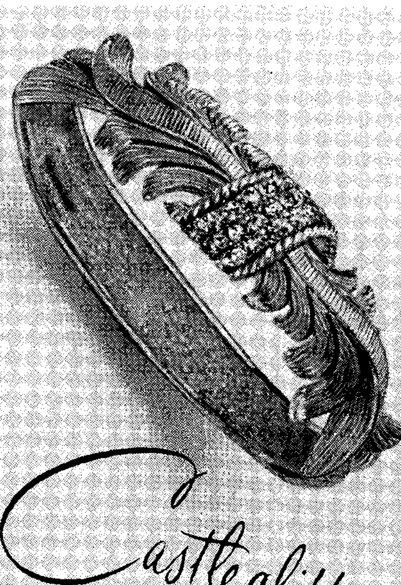
buildings and hotels, however, and the latter come in especially handy, for since 1959 the annual influx of foreign tourists has tripled. So far this year, close to two hundred thousand have turned up, and have left in their wake a welcome twenty million dollars. The government tourist agency has been granted a million dollars for a promotion campaign over the next three years to entice even more foreigners to Bangkok, and to persuade as many of them as possible to take side trips upcountry, where they will have a good chance of encountering a berserk elephant, or downcountry, where tales of man-eating crocodiles are cheerfully circulated. The Thais have never had any trouble interesting tourists in their marvellously ornate Buddhist temples, or wats—many of them designed in a phallic style imported from Cambodia—or in their rich, colorful silks.

To combine the best elements of their own old world with the best of the outside new one is the current hope of many Thais, especially among those invested with responsibility for planning the future of their nation, which is nominally a constitutional monarchy, under King Bhumibol Adulyadej. The word "synchronization" is heard here a great deal nowadays, and another polysyllabic favorite, particularly with the local economists, is "infrastructure." A nationwide infrastructural program to tame various rampant waterways, including the Chao Phraya, and put their latent power to effective use is now under way. More than half of the proposed agricultural budget for the next three years, in this predominantly agricultural land, is for irrigation and flood control. The Yanhee Dam, two hundred and seventy miles north of here, which was finished last spring, is the world's seventh-largest dam, being able to contain some sixteen billion cubic yards of water that would otherwise come charging down the Chao Phraya. In addition to providing an enormous irrigation potential, the dam, one of several such projects, will be an impressive source of electric power, and this may bring striking changes to both rural and urban Thailand.

Thailand would like to become much more industrialized, and the wheels are already beginning to turn. Until recently, the country imported all its buses; now it imports only the chassis and builds its own bodies. (The buses and trucks that plunge merrily around Bangkok, like Dodg'em cars at an



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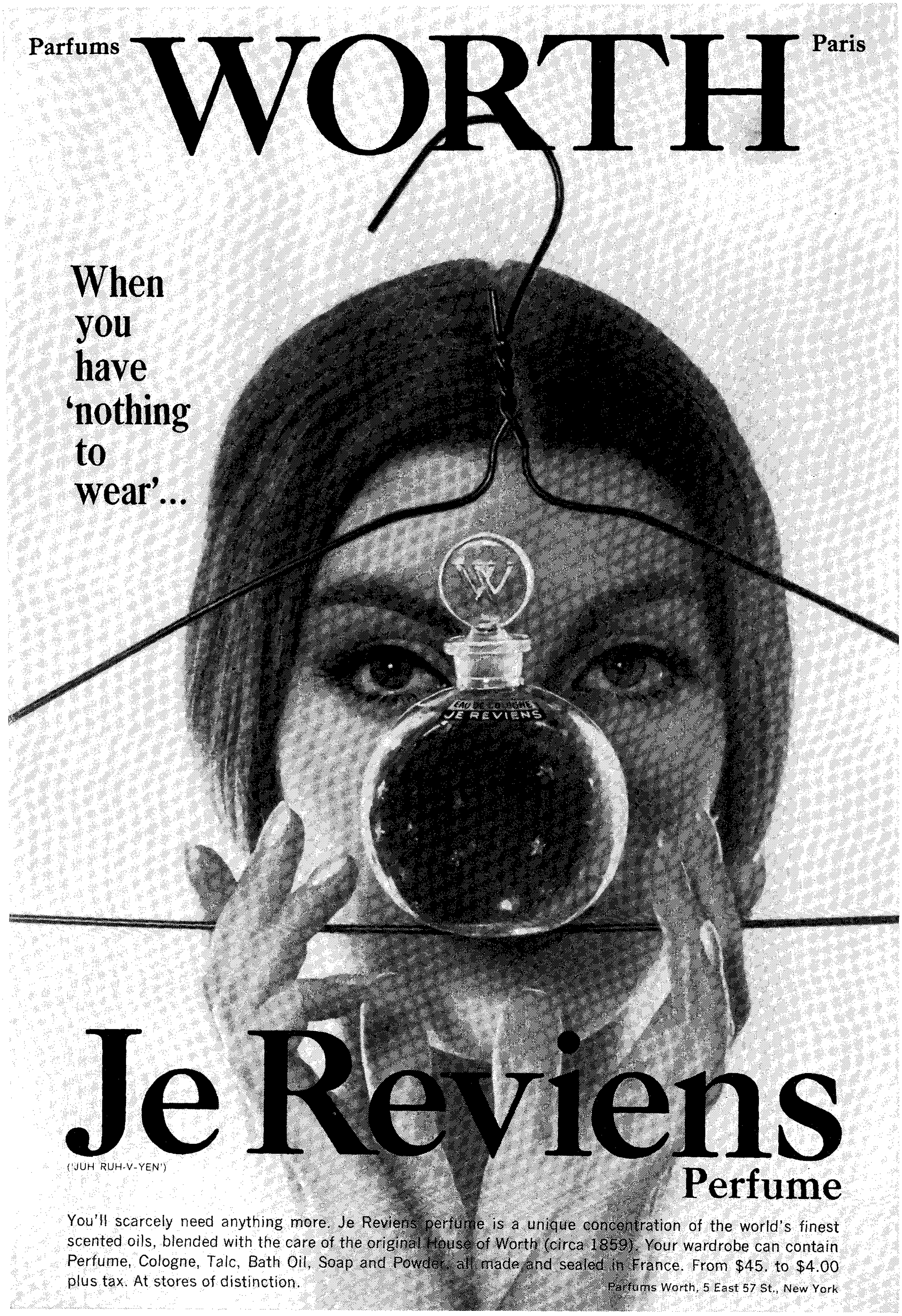
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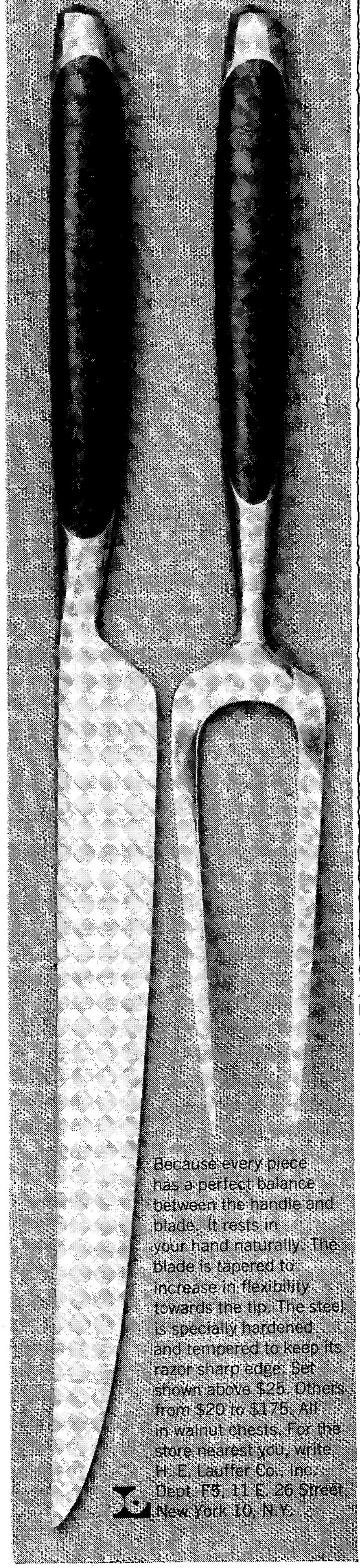

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amusement park, are a cheerful sight to behold, at least from a safe distance. Their hoods and radiator grilles are gaily painted, like those of Manila's celebrated jeepneys, and they are festooned with flags and other ornaments, as if they were all going to a party.) Foreign investment capital may not be precisely pouring into Bangkok, but it is arriving in a steadily widening stream. Three years ago, for instance, private American investments in Thailand amounted to twenty-seven million dollars, or just a shade more than the amount of foreign-aid money (not counting money for military aid) that the United States had been distributing annually. Now the total of private American investments has reached sixty-seven million dollars, and it is still climbing. Businessmen from West Germany have been much in evidence, too, and so have some of their products; one of the most popular private cars in Bangkok (the cars here usually have conventional paint jobs) is a compact Mercedes-Benz that runs on diesel fuel. Foreign businessmen concluding a deal here are getting accustomed to having their Thai counterparts consult a Buddhist priest to see if conditions for the venture are propitious.

In Thailand, labor is plentiful and, as elsewhere in Asia, cheap. It is less expensive for the Bangkok *World*, an English-language morning paper, which has a circulation of eight thousand, to employ a staff of two hundred and have its type set by hand than it would be to use linotype machines. It is sometimes wrongly thought by Westerners that the Thais are an indolent people. The editor and publisher of the *World*, Darrell Berrigan, has told me of a rather dramatic refutation of this theory by his staff at the time President Kennedy was assassinated. The news from Dallas reached Bangkok in the middle of the night, when the staff had just finished getting out the next morning's paper and gone home. Berrigan decided to put out an extra, and rounded up as many of his employees as he could. They worked throughout the rest of the night, not only with zeal but with such mounting excitement that they all began yelling, as if they were involved in an athletic contest. Berrigan, though he admired their spirit, had to keep reminding them that their yells were not appropriate to the occasion.

In the *World*, and in all the twenty-odd Thai-language dailies that are published here, much attention has been focussed recently on the affairs of the late Prime Minister Sarit Thanarat,

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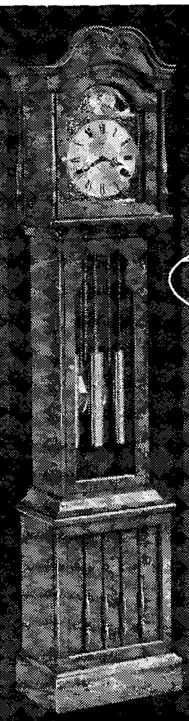

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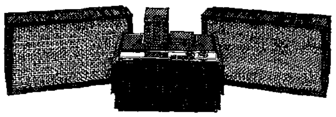
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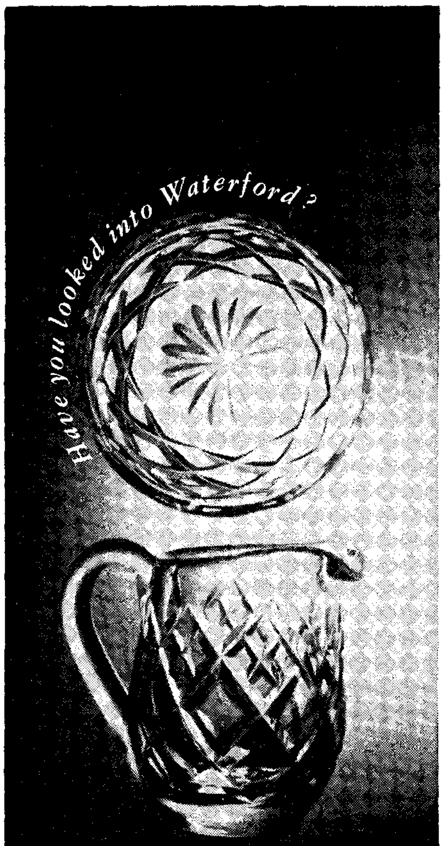

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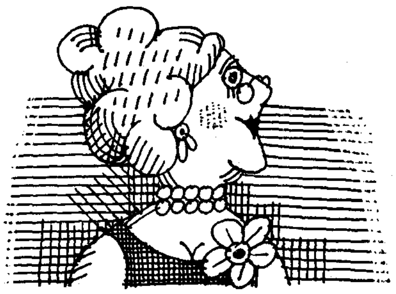
who died, of natural causes, two weeks after President Kennedy was murdered. Sarit was a benevolent dictator whose benevolence and dictatorialness were both outsized. He abolished the Constitution and established martial law; he also did a great deal for the poor, traditionally ignored farmers in the northern part of the country, and was in the habit of giving handsome birthday presents—on the order of fifty thousand dollars in cash—to his friends. Public servants' salaries are low here, and everyone assumes that high-ranking officials must find other ways to supplement their incomes, but there was considerable amazement when it turned out that Sarit had amassed something between a hundred and a hundred and fifty million dollars. (One of his relatives, it was revealed, had received a nine-hundred-thousand-dollar *pourboire* from a French firm that was given a contract to install new water mains in Bangkok.) Corporations doing business here have traditionally found it expedient to put government Ministers on their boards of directors, and Sarit was on so many boards that nobody has yet determined the total. There has been such a lot of talk about corruption lately that last week, at the urging of the present government, the radio and television stations in Bangkok began their daily program schedules with a recital of a national law that makes both government officials who accept graft and the people who give it to them liable to sentences ranging all the way up to life.

Recently, when the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, who is also Minister of the Interior in Field Marshal Kittakachorn's government, was charged by the press with irregularities, he announced that he found politics intolerably nerve-racking and wished that he could return to plain soldiering, where he could attain relative peace of mind. Yet so much concern about the probity of the military has been voiced that this month the Prime Minister felt impelled to remind Army officers of the importance of such principles as unity in the ranks, honesty, adherence to discipline, obedience to superiors, coördination, coöperation, and determination to do good. It was like reminding Eagle Scouts that old ladies need help crossing streets. The Army has figured importantly in all of the governments that have ruled Thailand since 1932, when an earlier bloodless revolution transformed the country from an absolute into a constitutional monarchy. An obelisk called the Mon-



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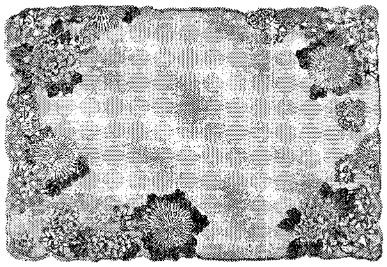

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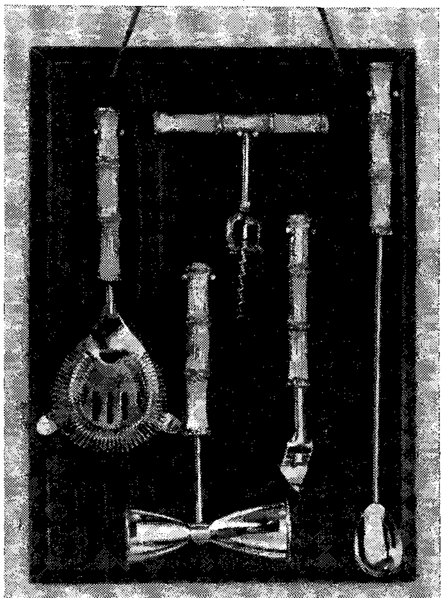

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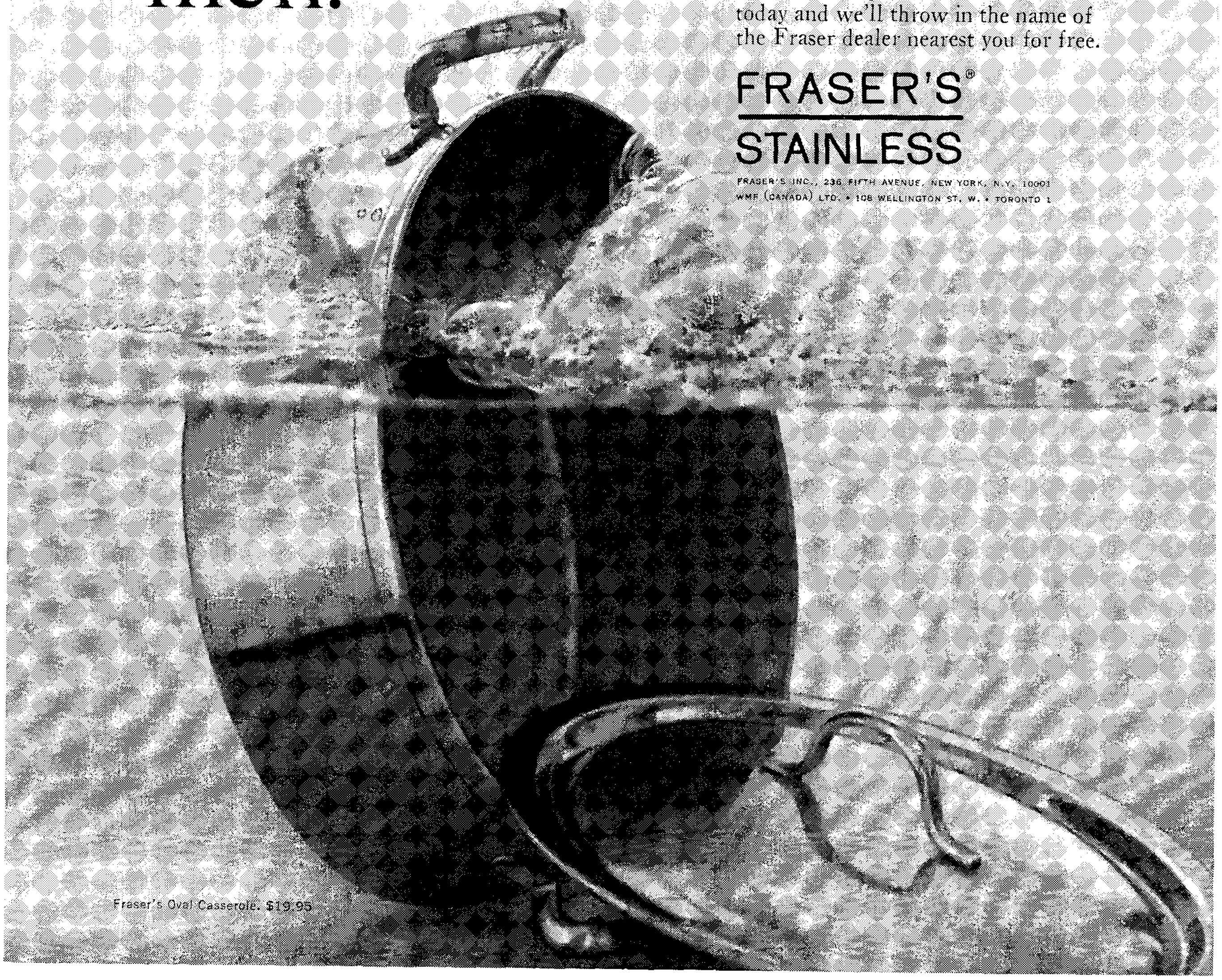
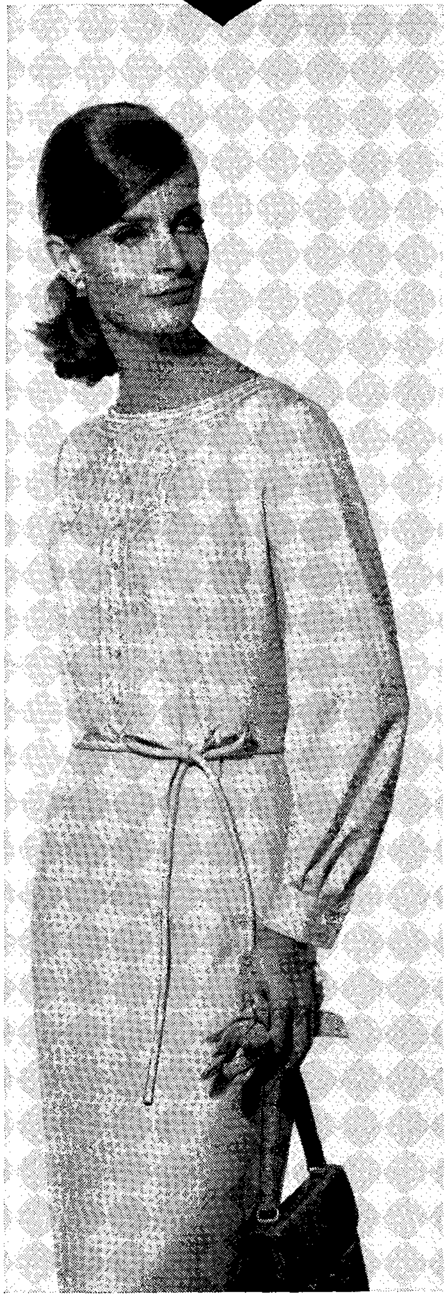


Fraser's Oval Casserole. $19.95

ument to Democracy now stands at a prominent Bangkok intersection, yet the Thais have found democracy itself elusive. Despite the martial law, they enjoy a largely untrammelled life, but they don't enjoy suffrage. In this anomalous land, it is perhaps not surprising that the Army should be more eager than any other powerful faction to reintroduce elections, the most recent of which took place in 1957. Since 1958, a special assembly appointed by Sarit has been hard at work drawing up a new Constitution, and the government is now predicting that the document will be ready for adoption next April, when Thailand celebrates New Year's Day. The government timetable calls for the election of a federal legislature in the fall of 1965, but there is no guarantee that such an event will be anything but chaotic. During the last election, fifty political parties jumped into the fray. The other day, the former leader of one of these now defunct groups was asked by a local reporter what he thought about the prospective elections. He replied that in his view the Thais were making a great to-do about acquiring outer garments when they didn't have any underwear. The papers took pains to point out that this enigmatic response was delivered, in true Thai fashion, with a chuckle.

The only thing people here have come close to voting on lately was the American choice of a President. The Bangkok *World* conducted a straw poll, stipulating, "It's all in fun." There is a good-sized colony of retired American businessmen who live here because they can do so in style very cheaply, and the Goldwater adherents among them—who turned out to be surprisingly plentiful—didn't see the fun, accompanying their ballots with long-winded letters, which, because they exceeded the paper's three-hundred-word limit on communications, were not printed. Some of the voters who did see the fun, though, cast ballots for de Gaulle, Khrushchev, Eugene Debs, Bobby Kennedy, and Oscar the Chinchuck, a mythical pet lizard with whom Berrigan, in his role as editor, now and then has colloquies in print. Among the more serious-minded voters, Johnson was a shoo-in, but it was the Thai bloc that put him across. The American straw-voters gave Goldwater a slight edge. So did local Chinese.

The Thais do not chuckle much about the local Chinese, partly because they are probably more numerous here than in any other country of Southeast



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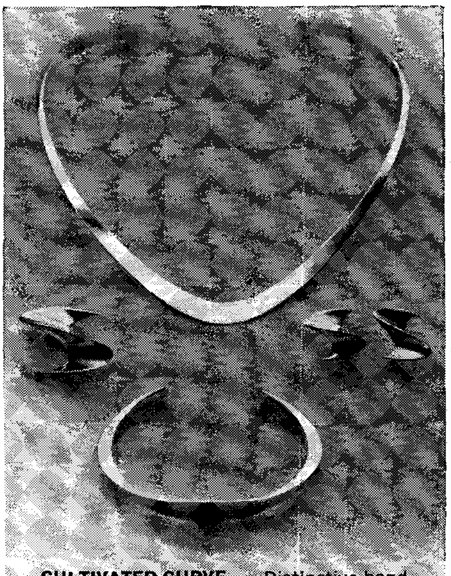

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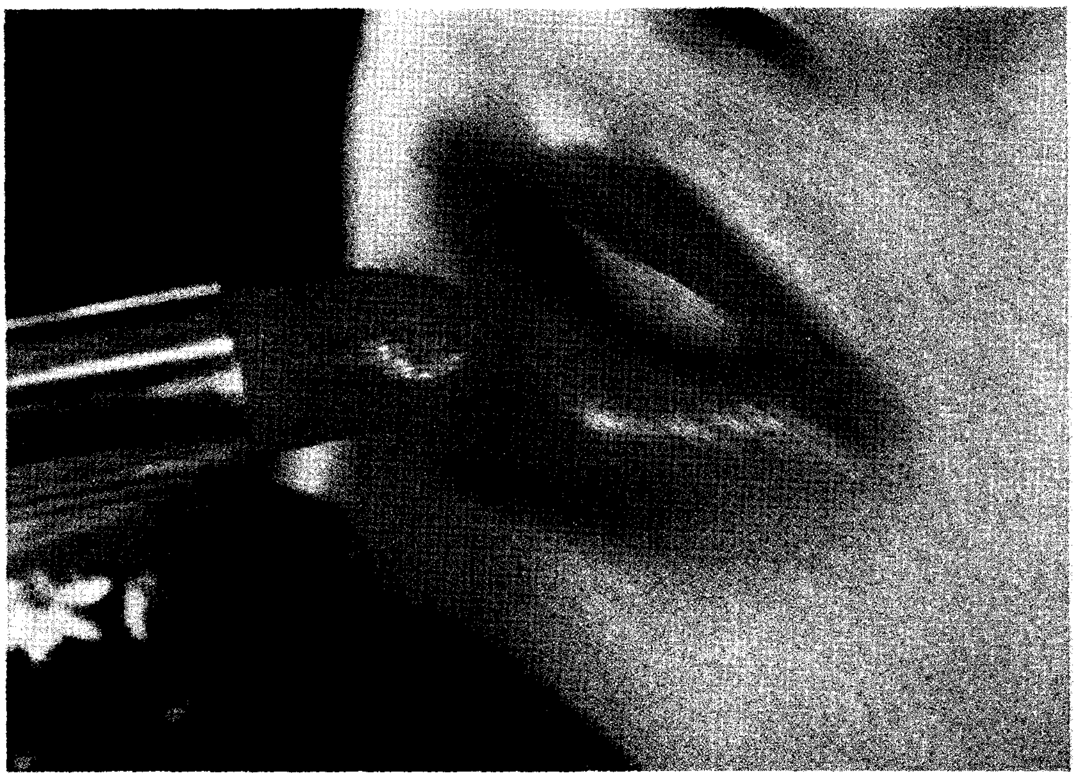

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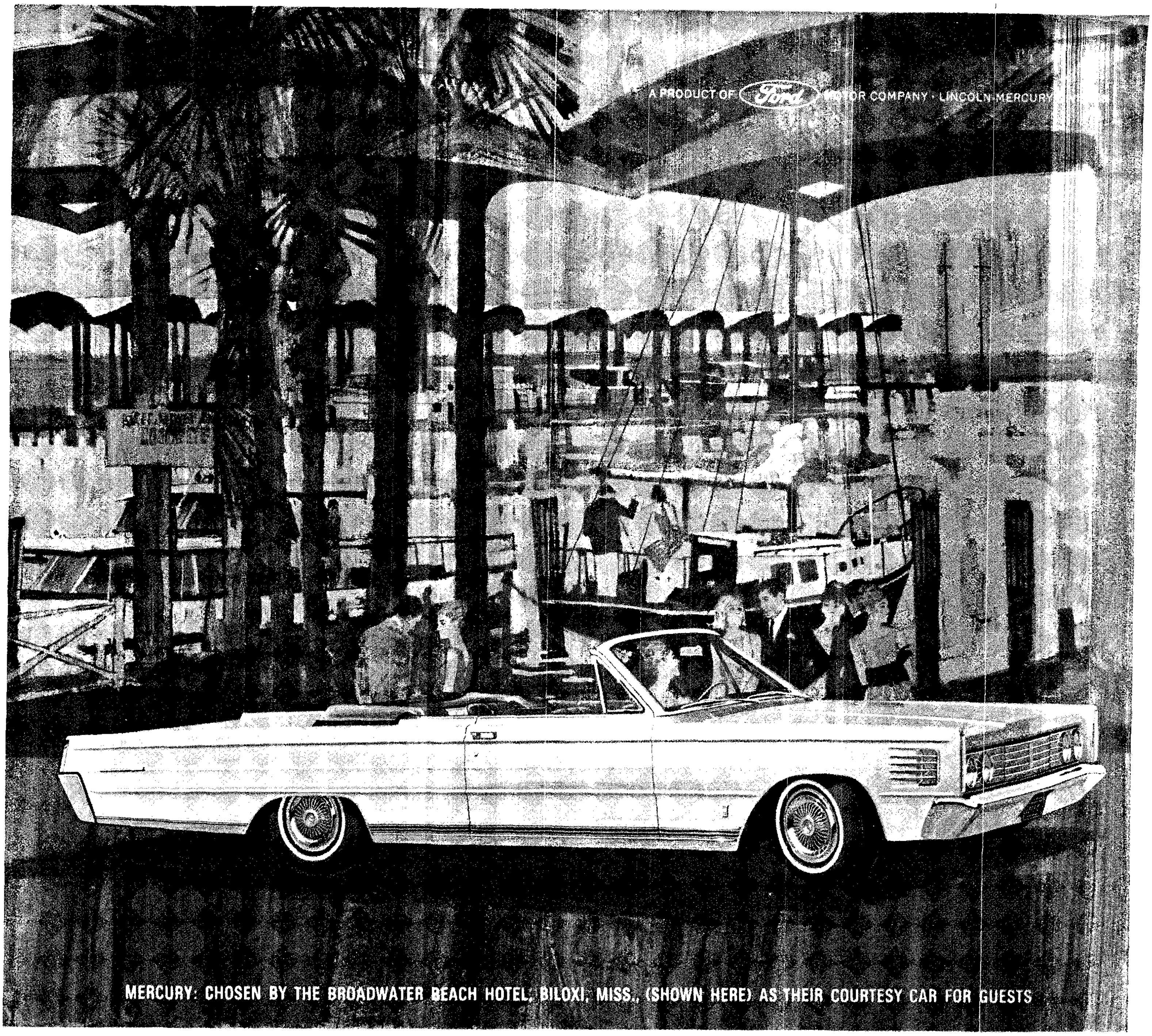
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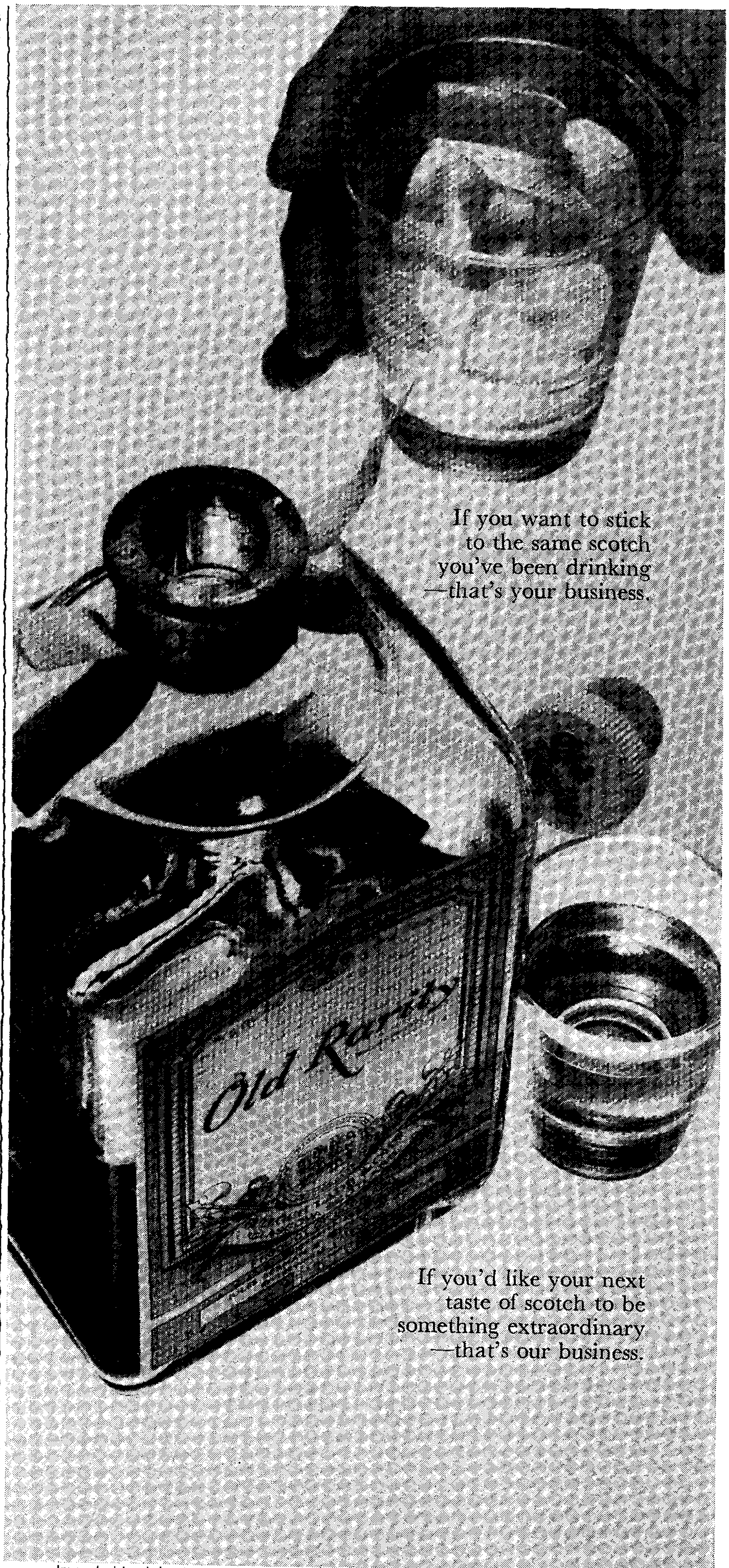
Asia. A generally accepted figure is three million, but no one knows how accurate it is, since Chinese born in Thailand have the option of considering themselves either Thais or Chinese. Those who take the latter option are forbidden to hold government jobs but are not otherwise subject to discrimination, and a sizable minority continue to insist on ethnic separateness—a particular headache now, because the Thai government has been making a big pitch for national unity, with emphasis on the assimilation of minority races, which include Malays as well as Chinese. Because of the presence of so many largely unassimilated Chinese, the Thais have a law that restricts ownership of land by foreigners, but the Chinese, when they want to acquire property, simply get tractable Thais to serve as dummy purchasers. To try to keep the Chinese minority from exerting a disproportionate influence, the government has recently been limiting the extent of Chinese-language classes in local schools, and it has banned any further importation of Chinese textbooks. (A good many Thais were disturbed to hear not long ago that in Communist China the teaching of the Thai language was being accelerated.) Thais are proud of their rapidly expanding educational system (in which the predominant foreign language taught is English), and they derive much satisfaction from informing visitors that in the federal budget more funds are allocated for education than for national defense, despite the military control of the government. It used to be the custom for upper-class Thai families to send their sons to schools in Europe—the present King spent most of his formative years in Switzerland—but the pattern is changing. The other day, a relatively young Thai economic planner told me that, having spent four undergraduate years in Australia and five and a half years in the United States, where he got his M.A. and Ph.D., he had no qualms about his academic qualifications for his work; the only trouble was that his acquaintance with the land he was planning for was negligible.

THE six-month rainy season ended in October, and—the big new dam not being a complete deterrent—the papers at once began predicting floods the following month. November and December are the coolest and—above flood level—the driest months here, but they are still so hot that Thai women, who invariably carry gaily col-



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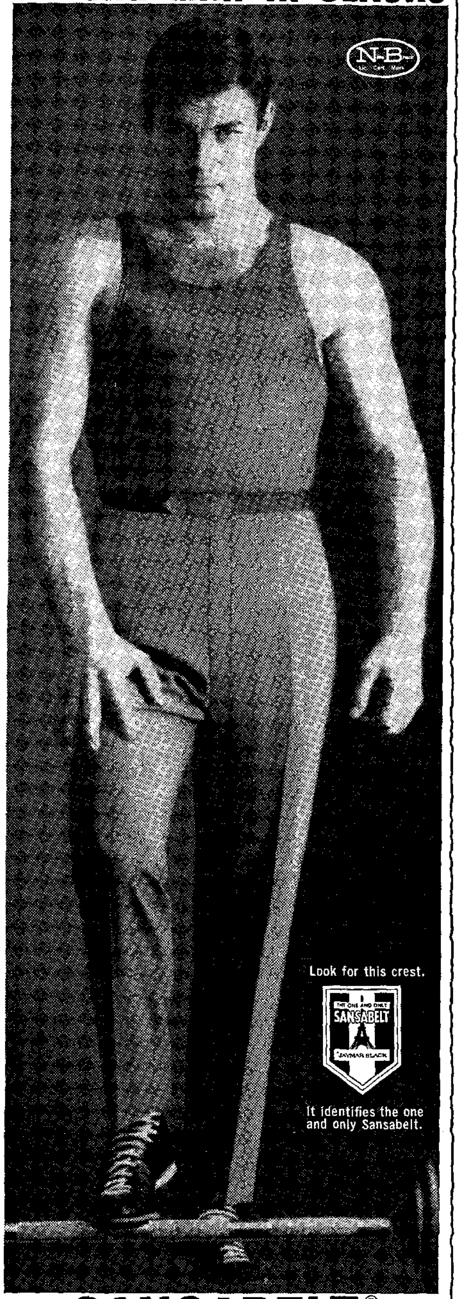
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ored umbrellas during wet weather, continue to carry them to ward off the sun. (Thai men tend to scorn not only umbrellas but hats, rain or shine. They consider it a matter of masculine pride to expose their bare heads to the elements, and they chuckle when they discuss this aspect of their quirkiness.) At this time of year, the police issue warnings to Bangkok's numerous motorboat operators to slow down on the swollen *klongs*, because when they go too fast the wash from their propellers raises havoc with *klong*-side houses. Bangkok's traditional nickname, the Venice of Asia, is now something of a misnomer, because so many *klongs* have been filled in to accommodate motor vehicles. (Some of these roads still have modest *klongs* on either side of them instead of hard shoulders; drivers who prefer immersion to collision now and then deliberately steer their cars into the water.) The *klongs* that remain are busy thoroughfares. People bathe in them, ducks swim in them, and mosquitoes breed in them—although Thailand, with the help of the World Health Organization and the United States, has battled these pests so effectively that since 1950 it has reduced the malaria toll from an annual rate of two hundred and fifty deaths per hundred thousand population to a mere seventeen per hundred thousand, and it is hoped that the rate will be seven per hundred thousand by 1966. Tourists tour the *klongs*, too, their floating sightseeing buses jostling the souped-up outboards of sleek-haired, hot-rodding teen-agers and the sampans selling coconuts, salt, charcoal, whiskey, pharmaceuticals, and warm lunches. The tourists glide past wooden shacks with roofs of thatch or corrugated tin, their tumbledown appearance accentuated by beautiful orchids clinging to the porch uprights; past rice mills and coffin factories; past non-sightseeing *klong* buses, which, as likely as not, carry Coca-Cola ads as well as Buddhist monks in brilliant orange robes; and past houseboats with side curtains of drab gray canvas stencilled "U.S. Mail—Domestic." Finally, on the city's outskirts, the sightseeing boats reach Bangkok's famous floating market, a tumultuous oasis in thick jungle foliage where one can buy every conceivable kind of souvenir or staple and charge it all to the Diners' Club.

Every Saturday and Sunday, another mercantile institution springs into being—this one on a spacious common across from a huge royal enclave called the Grand Palace, in the center of Bangkok. It is the weekend market. At

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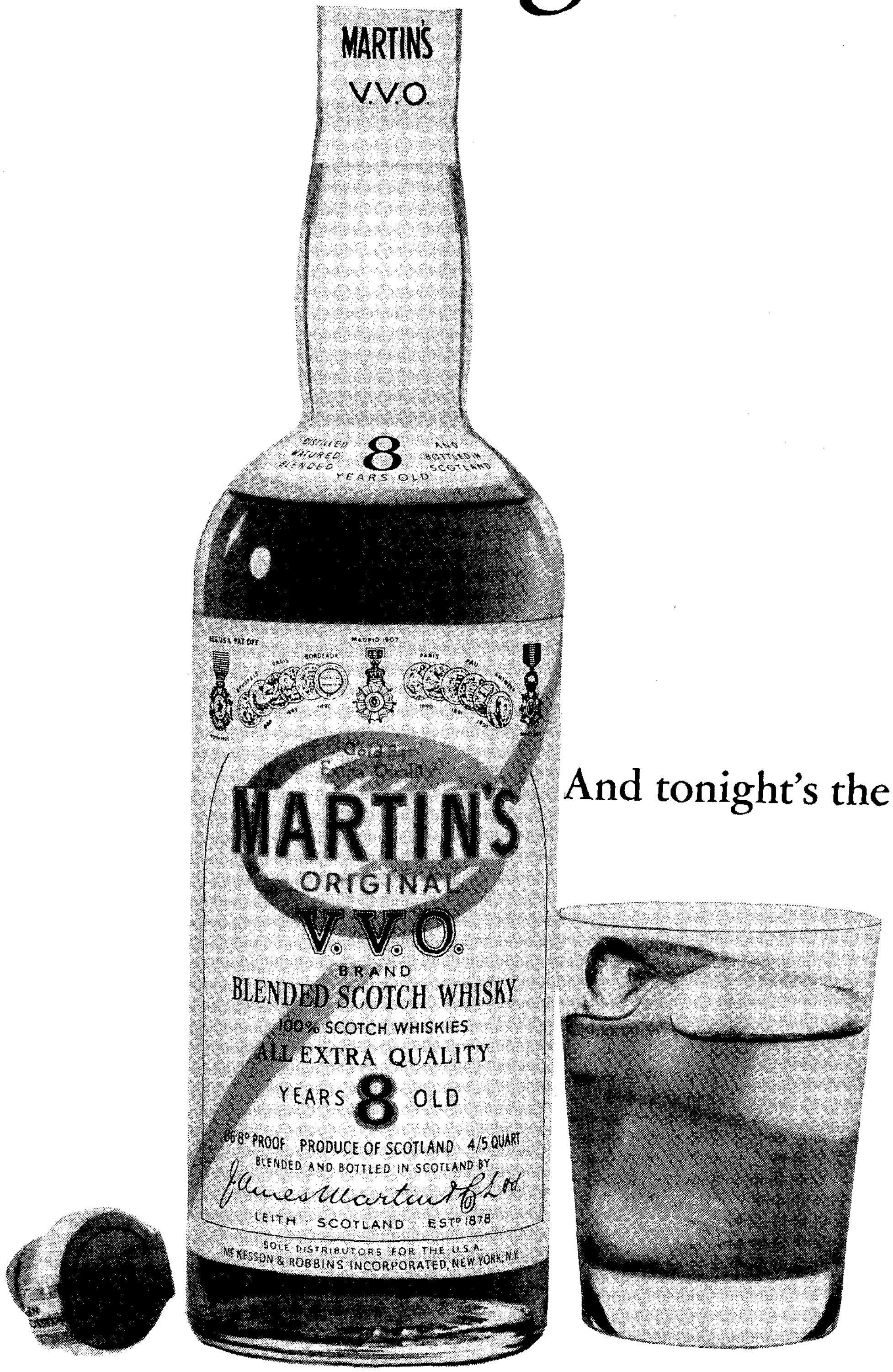
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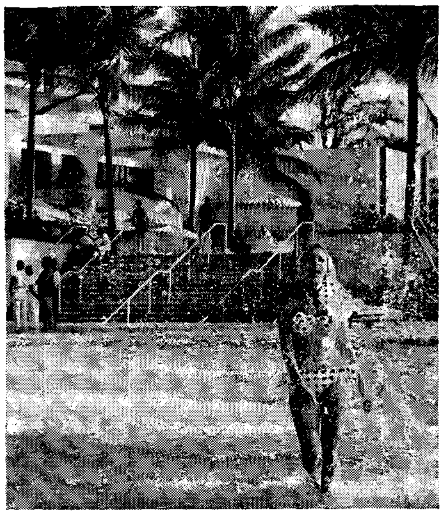

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dusk on Friday, thousands of merchants head for the site and set up stalls, booths, and tents, where on the following two days thousands of their countrymen come to haggle over fresh-baked bread, skinned frogs, dried locusts, dried lambs' and goats' heads (for medicinal use), plastic centipedes (for pranks), and sweaters (to wear when the temperature dips into the seventies). There are sections of the market devoted to fruits and vegetables, plants and flowers, second-hand books, hardware, and shoes, and, for air travellers who fly economy class, there are even fairly reasonable facsimiles of flight bags, except that they are imprinted "Pan An" instead of "Pan Am." It takes a couple of hours just to walk through the weekend market, but at dusk on Sunday the merchants begin disassembling the establishment, and by Monday morning the area looks like a common again and is ready for any other use Bangkok may want to put it to. The place has served as a royal crematorium, and in 1958, when the late Prime Minister Sarit outlawed opium, it was the scene of a spectacular cremation of opium, opium pipes, and spirit lamps. So far this year, throughout the country, the police have seized more than forty thousand kilograms of raw opium, much of which, it is alleged, had been smuggled in from Communist China in order to subvert Thai morale.

The Grand Palace is a former royal residence whose hundreds of glittering structures occupy about a square mile, and house such items as the famous Emerald Buddha, which is actually carved out of green jasper. The palace is still used for ceremonial occasions, but the King now lives in another one a few miles away that is only somewhat less grand, and is completely air-conditioned. His Majesty, who speaks German, French, Italian, and English, and is an accomplished jazz clarinettist, is the ninth king of the Royal House of Chakri. (The fourth king was Anna's King of Siam. Thais talk about the schoolmarm Anna all the time, but without affection; her book, they say, was a parcel of fabrications, and the monarch she wrote about, who has been even further fictionalized on stage and screen, was in fact a scholarly, monkish type rather than a Yul Brynner type.) King Bhumibol, a studious, solemn-faced man of thirty-seven, has a beautiful wife, and they are both highly popular. The King's authority is roughly equivalent to that of the Queen of England. "His Majesty is the center of Thai unity and in-

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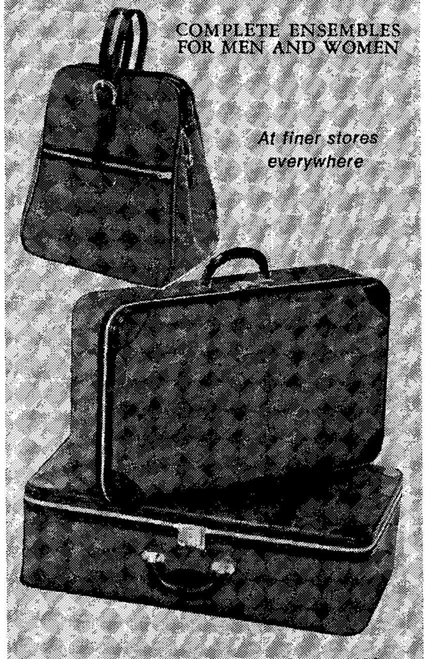
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A clock collector's quiet moments — photo by Mark Shaw

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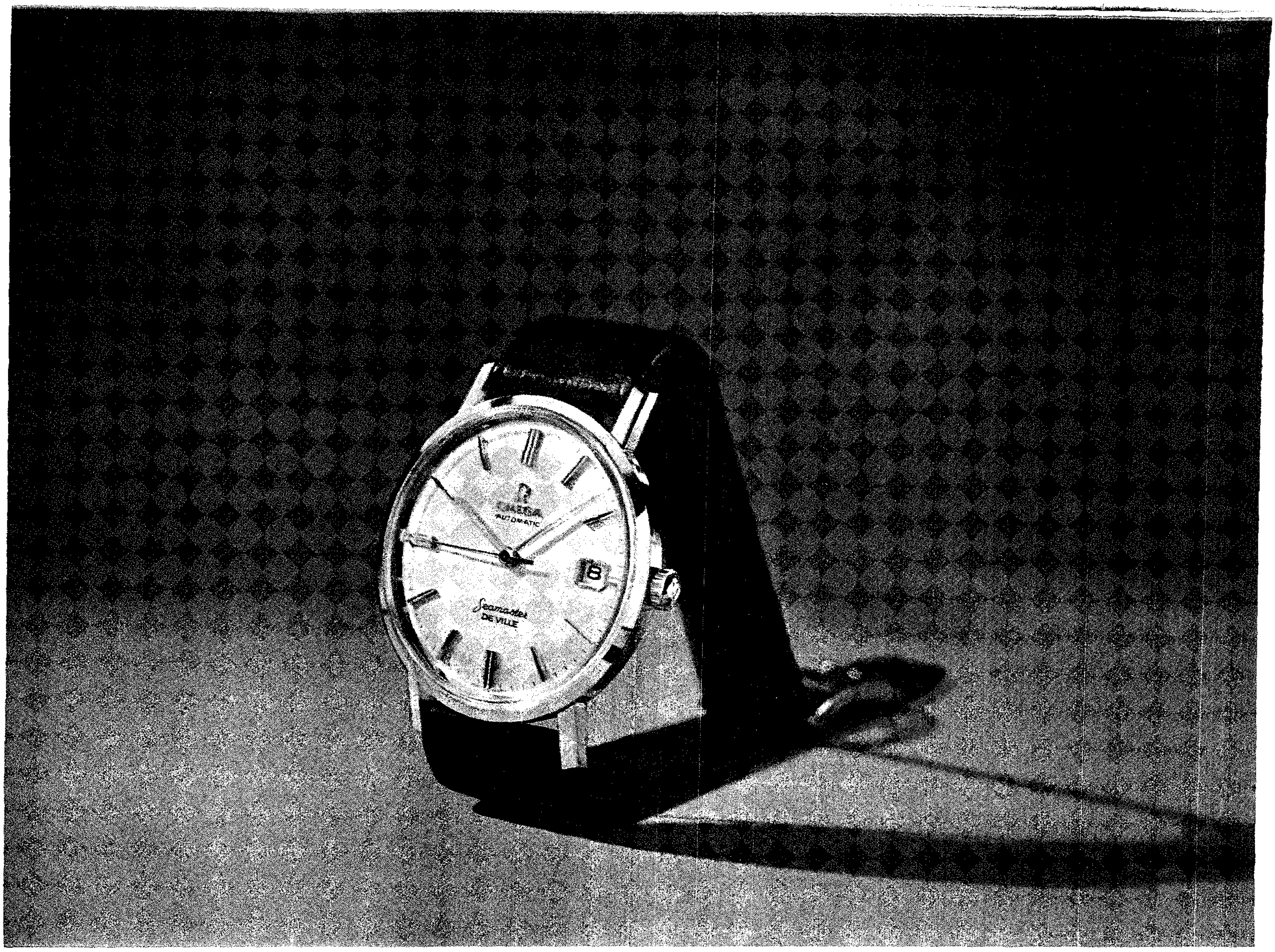

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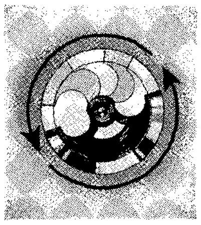

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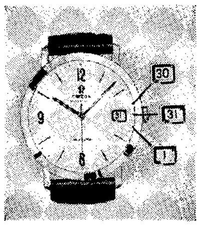

How many times have you lost valuable time searching for a wall or desk calendar? How many times have you written the wrong date on checks or guessed wrongly when making appointments? Omega date-telling watches eliminate these inconveniences. Each midnight the numerals in the date-window automatically slide into place, revealing the next day's date. Only five times a year (in months with less than 31 days) need you re-set the date manually. The date-telling watch is a "must" for businessmen and others who want absolute freedom from watch-winding and date-minding.

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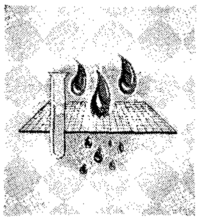

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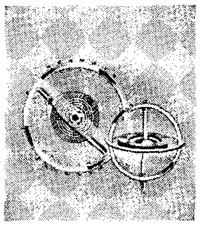

Remember when you first attempted to ride a two-wheel bicycle? You weren't successful until you discovered that balancing yourself required a certain amount of speed. This is the principle of the gyroscope. The faster it turns the more stable it becomes, resisting all efforts to throw it off balance. The Omega "fast beat" movement works the same way. The higher rate of oscillations (10 to 15% more than in most watches) resists sudden jolts or jars which frequently affect the accuracy and general performance of ordinary watch movements.

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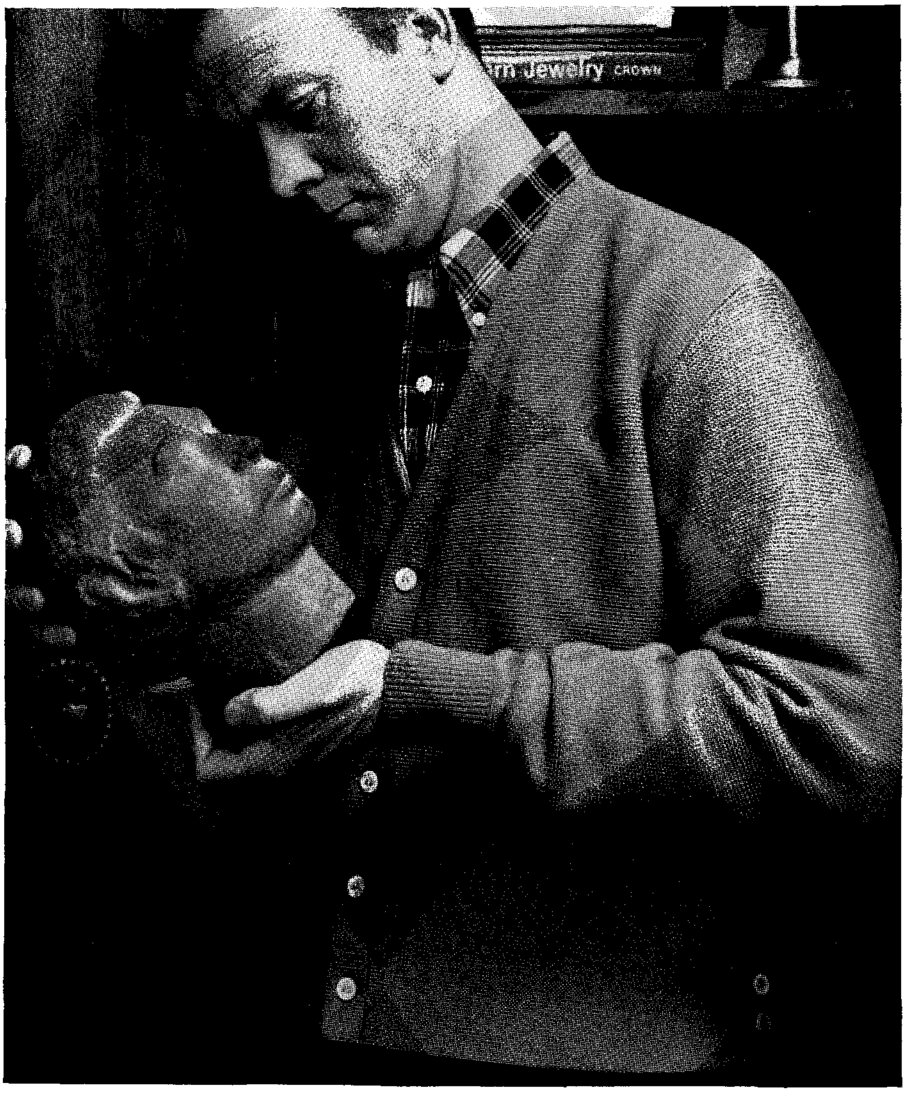
dispensable as an institution," one Thai told me. "And, above and beyond all that, he's very well loved." Since his coronation, in 1950, the King has done what few Thai rulers before him ever did: he has visited all but a handful of his country's seventy-one provinces. He has also travelled widely abroad; in 1960, for instance, he and his queen made a five-month tour of the United States, Great Britain, West Germany, Portugal, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Belgium, France, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, and Spain. When he is in Bangkok, he sometimes drops in at a private dance to sit in with the band, and often on Sunday nights he holds jam sessions of his own. Despite these and other manifestations of informality, there are still some Thais to whom the monarch will always be absolute, and when they see his canary-colored Rolls-Royce approaching (usually followed by a supplementary bright-red Rolls) they will prostrate themselves, and when they see him coming on foot they will place a handkerchief in his line of march, in the hope that a kingly step will sanctify it.

In 1932, when the present King's uncle abdicated and constitutional monarchy was established, the Thai government thought it would be prudent to do away with some of the traditional ceremonies that tended to emphasize His Majesty's majesty. For twenty-six years thereafter, Bangkok accordingly went without its annual Royal Barge Ceremony, which was traditionally held at the end of the rainy season, and during which the King would ride down the Chao Phraya in a long, golden Viking-style boat propelled by fifty scarlet-uniformed oarsmen and accompanied by thirty-eight other barges, one of them carrying religious robes that the King would bestow, in the course of the trip, on monks at the towering Wat Arun Rajwararam, or Temple of Dawn. Five years ago, the Thai government, concluding that there was no current danger of a royal *coup d'état*, restored the pageant, to the delight of hundreds of thousands of Thais and also of outlanders lucky enough to be in town on the big day. This year, I was one of these, and I found it an eye-popping experience. At the head of the procession was an orchestra barge, bearing drums and trumpets, and the trumpets repeatedly blared forth the ten-note royal Thai fanfare. Then came a fleet of long black barges containing princes and generals and other lesser dignitaries,



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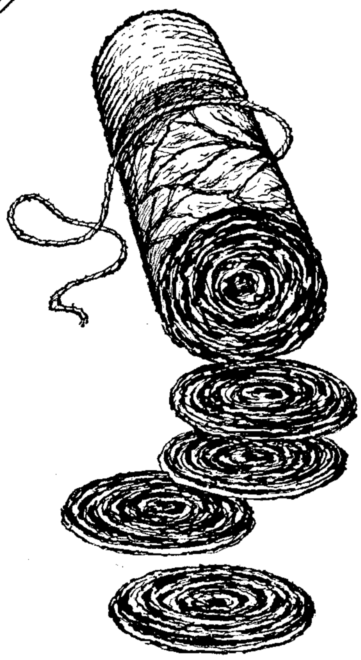

Always sliced
across the grain?

The blender who created Escudo pinched the idea of a sliced roll from an old English salt. The idea of using just *two* kinds of leaf was the blender's own. He chose an aristocratic Virginia and a luscious dark Perique from Louisiana. Then he laminated the leaves, rolled them and cocooned the roll tightly in string. The individual flavours mingled, became one. And then our blender sliced the roll-*across* the grain (English sailors found it stayed fresher this way). Escudo is made like this today. Same two tobaccos – and a length of string. No scent, no flavouring. Try this cool flavoury, civilised tobacco. From the best tobacconists.

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their oarsmen accoutred in dazzling greens and golds and purples. And finally came the King's own barge, with a swan-necked, dragon-headed prow, and I could see His Majesty in the center, seated on a brocaded throne beneath an ornate red canopy. (This year, for the first time, his son the Crown Prince, who is twelve, was allowed to go along.) After the King had delivered the robes to the Temple of Dawn, the whole flotilla turned around and escorted him back to the Grand Palace. By that time, the sun was going down, and its rays struck the golden turrets in the palace compound; a shimmering reflected band of gold stretched across the river, and as the golden royal barge moved through this rippling golden carpet toward its destination the sight was dazzling beyond belief. There was no applause, however, for this was a religious ceremony.

His Majesty has adopted a policy of what is called *rajaprajasamasai*, or mutual contribution, which means that when he donates money to, say, a leprosarium, as many of his subjects as can do so are supposed to follow suit. When he donates robes to monks, he is also setting an example for his subjects, and the day after the river ceremony one could see trucks travelling through Bangkok, on their way to one or another of the city's four hundred and fifty wats, with a dozen or more robe-bearing people standing in the back of each vehicle, wearing their best clothes and holding palm fronds over their heads to shield them from the sun—or at least to shield the women among them from the sun. For the occasion, the trucks were decorated even more profusely than they normally are. One of them, I noticed, had bolted to one front fender a miniature metal replica of the royal barge; on the other fender, as if to remind onlookers how hard Bangkok tries to maintain a judicious balance between the best of the old and the best of the new, was a similar-sized replica of a four-engine jet plane.

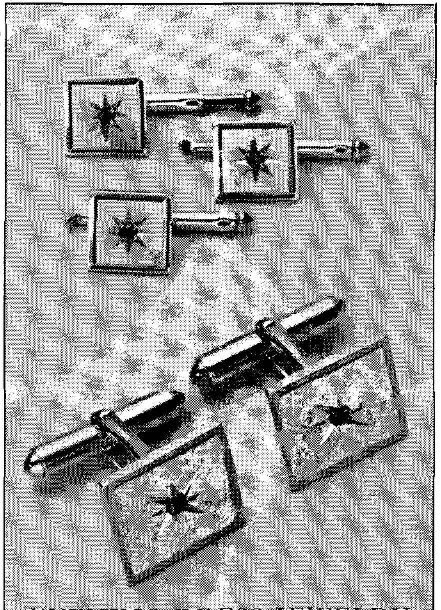
—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

BOOKS AND COFFEE
Mrs. Barbara Kyle

Mrs. Barbara Ann Kyle, free lance writer and professional reviewer from the Harvard University, Boston area where she conducted many book review programs. Her sessions are lively and informal. (But you are NOT required to read the books!)—*Listing in the schedule of an adult evening school in Evanston, Illinois.*

Do you have to drink the coffee?



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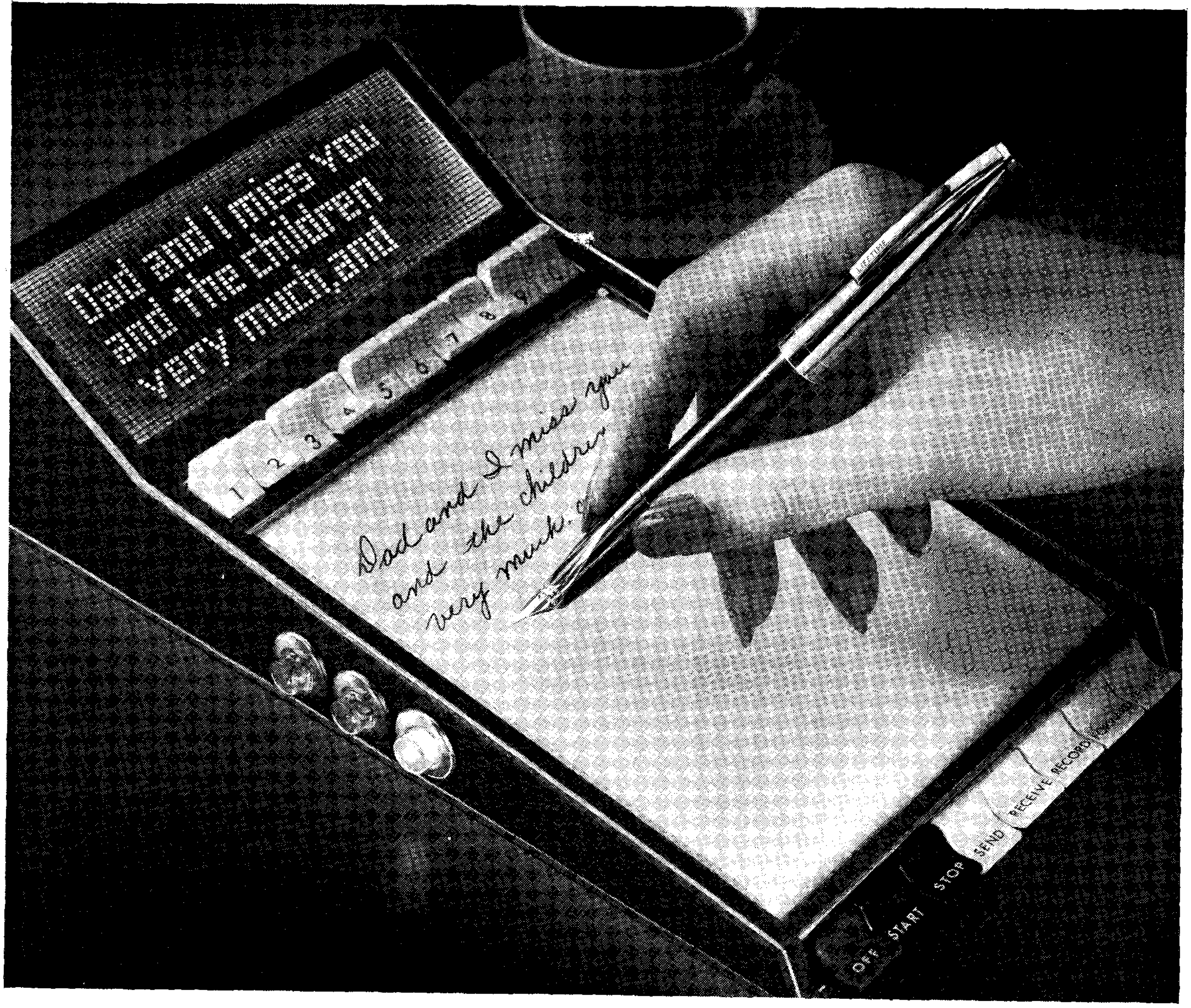

Dad and I miss you and the children very much, and
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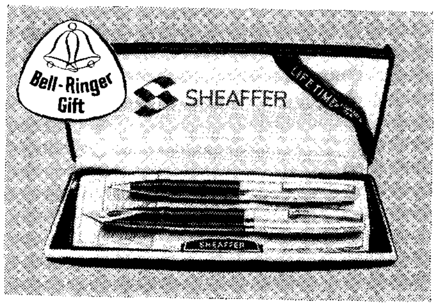

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THE SURROUNDING HILLS

I MUST have been a pest as an undergraduate, restless and complaining most of the time, but there were fewer coeds than men students at the University of Wisconsin, so I had dates anyway. One of them used to scold me about my restlessness. He would say, "Why do you talk all the time about getting away? Isn't Madison good enough for you?"

"Madison's all right, I guess, but no one place is good enough," I would answer. "I want to get around. I want to see things."

"You've already been around more than most other girls," he would say, and though the remark always irritated me, the fact was incontrovertible.

For that year, 1924, and considering my Middle West origin and surroundings, I was an experienced traveller. I had spent my childhood in St. Louis, and I had been to Chicago, where my family lived now, and to Michigan as well as to Wisconsin. On one occasion, I had penetrated Indiana for a winter-sports festival. And yet, for all this rich background, I was unsatisfied. "If other girls are happy with the Mississippi Valley, that's their affair," I once told my critical friend. "I want to go farther afield. Even you hiked all the way to California last year."

It was a foregone conclusion that he would retort that it was different for a man, yet when he did say it I was ruffled, and remained so until I got home and told Jane, my sympathetic roommate, about it. She agreed that men were the absolute limit. Then we took another of our innumerable soothing looks at the atlas, and talked once again about our projected tour of the district of Lake Kivu, in the Belgian Congo.

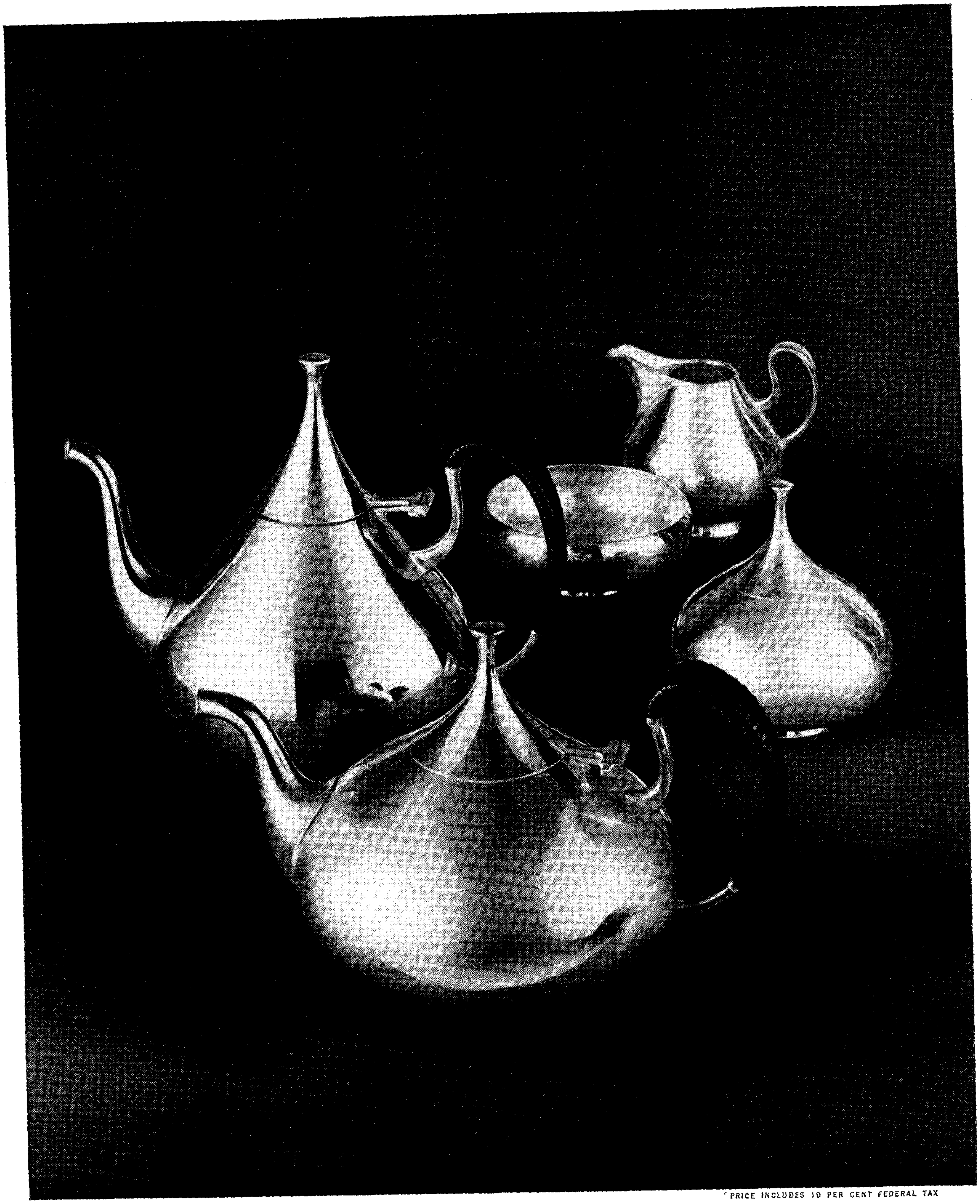
As I look back, I see more clearly than I did then. I see, for example, that Jane's energy might perfectly well have been directed elsewhere than toward travel if I hadn't swept her into my own designs. In the end, it didn't make any difference to her. People do what they are inclined to do, no matter where they are, but for a while I did affect her, though I didn't realize it at the time. Indeed, I would have been amazed at the idea, for she was a strong character; I considered her the leading spirit of our partnership, and was quite content. She was the type of girl I had always admired—enterprising and athletic. I have never been athletic. Her exotic background fascinated me; she had come all the way from that unknown land Ohio. Her father, a man of liberal ideas, had heard that Wisconsin was politically enlightened—it was well known that the university authorities had rejected Rockefeller's tainted money when it was offered to them—and had made up his mind to entrust his only child to the Dairy State. As if all this were not romantic enough, Jane had actually been to New York. I used to beg her to describe the fabulous city, but she wasn't much of a hand at that sort of thing; she was better at action than at words. She could drive, she skated well, and she had several medals for swimming and diving. When I had first spoken of my ambition to see the world, she had quickly joined the project. It had been my idea that our first practical step should be getting degrees as geologists. "If we were geologists, we could go just about anywhere," I explained. "Some geology graduates have gone to South America, and I've heard of Americans prospecting in Russia and the Near East, and anywhere you can name. So we'd better major in geology."

"Why not?" said Jane, in her amiable way, and we signed up.

I was not always the one with the ideas, however. It was Jane who thought of Lake Kivu, during a lecture on geography. Afterward, she pointed it out to me on the map, saying, "If we could get ourselves sent here, it would be marvellous. Just look—all that water. We could swim every day."

The lake did look inviting, even on something as impersonal as a map, but I was cautious and practical, and spoke of crocodiles.

"That's exactly why I chose Kivu instead of some other lake," Jane said. "Look at the text. It says the water's too cold there, by three degrees, for crocodiles. What's more, Kivu has a white man's climate, and possibly the surrounding hills contain deposits of



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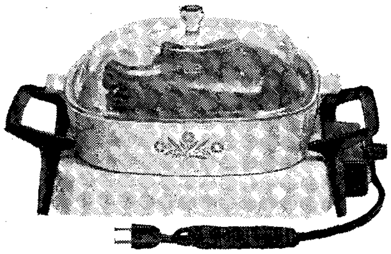

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gold and silver. What more do you want?"

"Nothing," I admitted. "It sounds perfect. We'll go to Kivu."

IT had been a relief, all along, to have that much settled and out of the way. On the other hand, though we knew exactly where we were going, the years of training stretched out wearily ahead of us. All around us, in the spring of 1924, we saw lucky young men planning the summer adventures open to their sex. Some boys had jobs as chauffeurs, some were going to work their way to Europe on cattle boats, and a few declared their intention of hitchhiking across the country. It was exasperating. I made suggestions. "No, we certainly can't ride the rails, or hitchhike, either," Jane said impatiently. "Be your age. What would your father and mother do if you tried that? I tell you what we *might* do, though. If we had a car, we could drive out to see my uncle in Albuquerque. That's in New Mexico."

I had not thought of anything like that, though the motorcar was already an important part of life in America. A few students owned cars of one kind or another, Stutz Bearcats being the most admired, but they were considered short-haul vehicles for the most part. Roads generally were unpaved and risky, motels had not yet been invented, and most people who made long trips overland went by train. So I realized that Jane had suggested an adventure of respectable proportions. The West! It was not the Belgian Congo, but I had entertained romantic thoughts of it ever since my father had brought me, as a souvenir of Colorado Springs, a paperweight that contained under glass a little mineral collection (iron pyrites, or fool's gold; native copper; calcite). Besides, there might be the sea, for Jane went on to propose that we continue west, after visiting her uncle, to the coast of California. The Pacific would not be too much of a revelation to her; she had looked on the Atlantic. But for landlocked me it was the biggest attraction of all.

The Model T Ford that we decided on was not considered expensive by sophisticates, but I believe Jane's parents bore the brunt of its cost, pointing out to my parents by letter that she was their only child, whereas I was one of six. For the rest of what the trip was to cost, I had some money put away, and my father and mother, figuring that I wasn't going to be an expense otherwise that summer, gave me some more. The Model T arrived, splendid-

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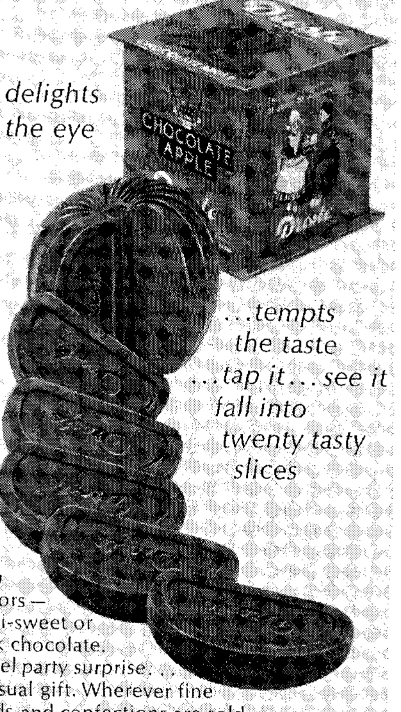

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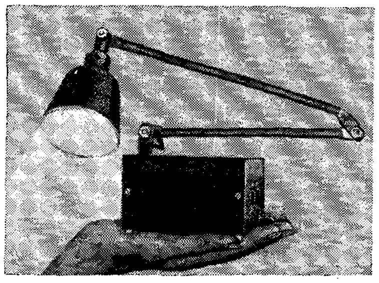

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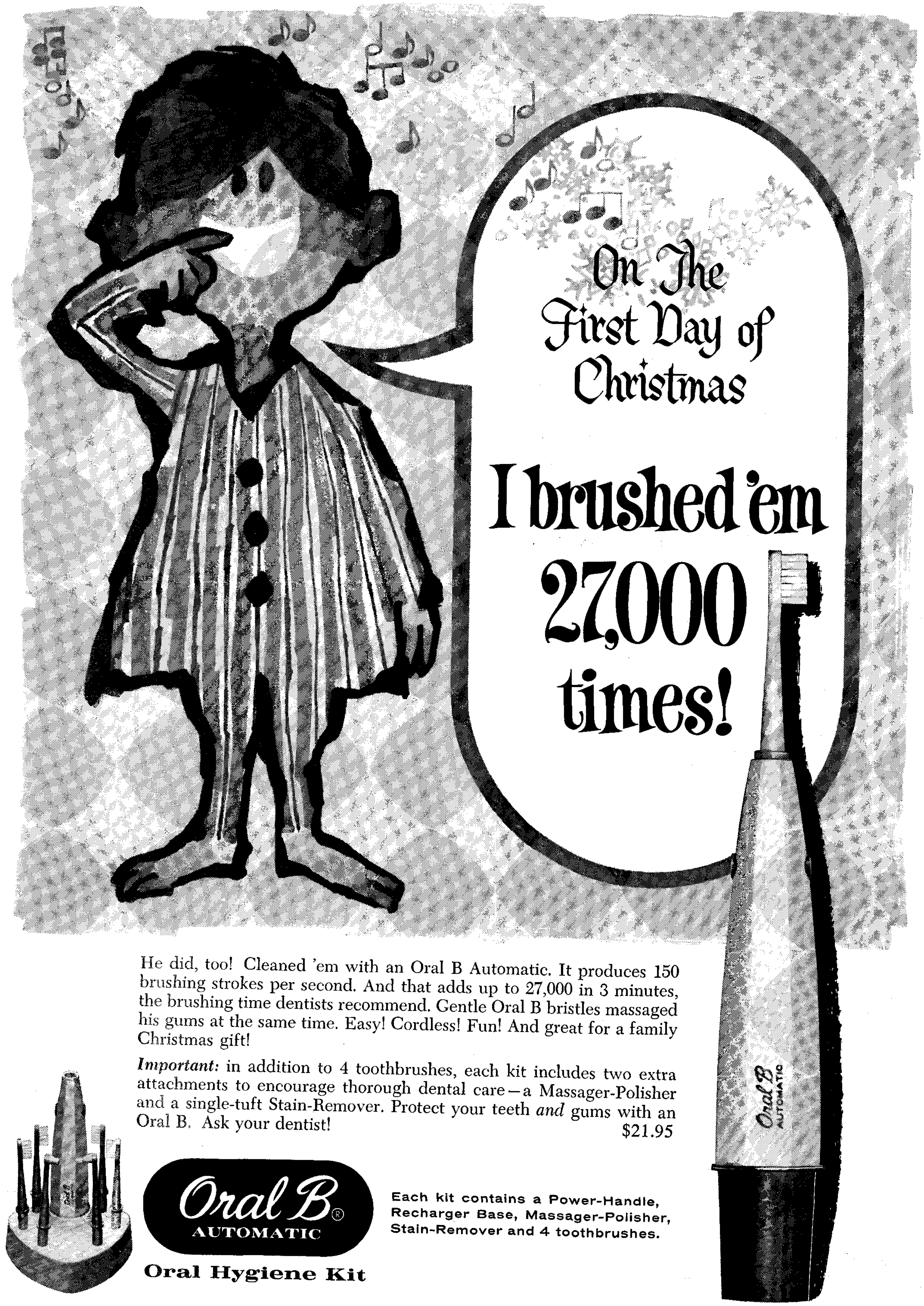

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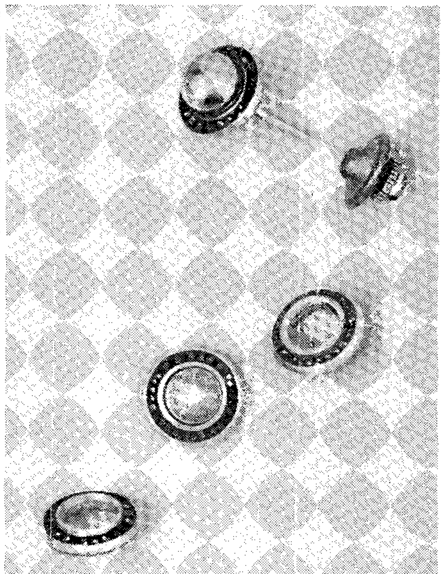
ly black and shiny, sitting high on spindly wheels, and we rode in it all around Madison and the gentle, glaciated hills of the countryside, past grazing cows and farmhouses, while Jane taught me to drive. Driving a Model T was simple. You pushed a pedal halfway in to disengage the clutch, and used the same pedal hard for braking.

Later, we took the car to a garage for a major operation designed to let us dispense with most of the cumbersome camping gear used by other tourists. We had the back support of the front seat hinged, with a hook at each side to keep it upright while we drove. At night, we could fill the well between the front and back seats with luggage, lower the hinged back on top of it, and make up a bed. If we kept our feet still, so as not to kick the steering wheel or the other controls, the car was long enough. Privacy was to be afforded by the car's rain curtains, of cloth and isinglass, and we bought a mosquito net that fitted nicely over the entire equipage.

SPRING brought, as usual in Madison, the promise of happy days by the lake and moonlit evenings in canoes, but I was deaf to the promise. I didn't smell the flowers and the new-mown grass. Already, in my mind, I was out of Madison, driving toward the sunset. I can't remember whether or not I went to the prom. If I had any dates at all, they didn't make much impression, and, naturally, I paid even less attention to Jane's social activities. As a consequence, I was surprised by what took place on the morning we set out. We were moving everything out of our room and into the car. Belongings we didn't need to take were to be left in Chicago, at my house, so to begin with we would be overloaded, and the packing was a big job. I welcomed the help, therefore, of two of our friends—Terry, who was Jane's property, and an occasional date of mine called Will. The four of us worked for a while, and then it dawned on me that Terry was very much all over the place, bustling and anxious. Will's help was not nearly as intensive. There was something so proprietary in Terry's behavior that I wondered why Jane didn't slap him down, but she didn't. Even when he criticized our arrangement of the loading, she accepted it in astonishingly meek fashion. When he said, "That big bag is better in the middle," and moved it accordingly, she merely thanked him. The next thing I knew, the two of them had their heads together over our driving map and Terry was laying down the law. We must never tackle ques-



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tionable roads except in broad daylight, he said firmly, and Jane nodded, as if in gratitude.

I said, "Come on, Jane. We've got to go."

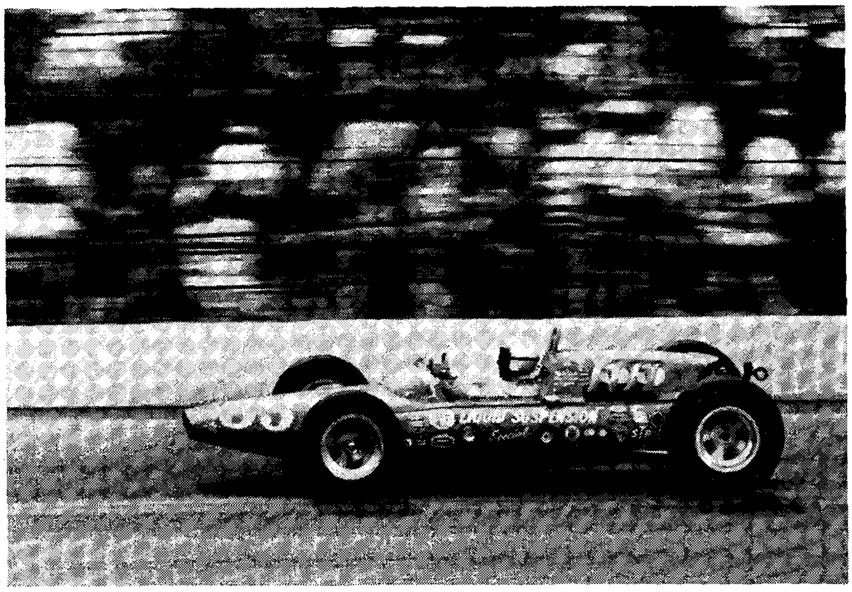
Will whispered fiercely, "Leave them alone, can't you?"

So! I bit back my next words and waited. Terry was telling Jane, evidently not for the first time, that he would certainly write to her at St. Louis to start with, and then he would get a letter to her in a town at what he estimated would be two days' drive west of there. He had a list, it seemed, of post offices all the way along the road, and Jane brought out a companion list of her own to show him.

Now, however, even Jane realized that it was time to leave. She and Terry kissed each other, and Will immediately, in loyal imitation, kissed me. I accepted the gesture, though we both knew it was hogwash. With Jane at the wheel, we left the boys and, waving, drove down the street. It was as well that I wasn't driving. Dark thoughts, fears for the future, distracted my attention from the solemn moment. I reflected that I might have to revise my hopes of Jane as a companion for later tours. She did not seem to be made of stern enough stuff ever to get to Lake Kivu. Then I cheered up. After all, any girl had a right to correspond with people, and we would be gone for weeks.

JANE and I had agreed that the next few days were bound to be a trial, because of relatives, and they were. Not only was my family in Chicago, but Jane's parents were there as well. They had come on from Ohio to see us off. We listened to a lot of reiterated counsel as we laid in stores and repacked—about taking care of ourselves, sending frequent telegrams to assure our families of our safety, and never giving lifts to strangers. I hope we were patient and polite, but I can't swear to it.

Even when Chicago was behind us and a new road lay ahead, we knew we hadn't truly embarked. I had another large clutch of relatives to see in St. Louis. As that city was only a two days' journey away, we didn't try out our sleeping arrangements on the way, in tame old Illinois. We slept in a cheap hotel. But in St. Louis we did use the car bed, parked in an aunt's side yard. Cousins and other connections lined up to peer at us lying inside the mosquito net and to thank God *they* didn't have to do it. And the next morning, when we got up at sunrise, I was almost sick with joy and excitement, tiptoeing with



Indianapolis 500, 1964 Driver: Walt Hansgen

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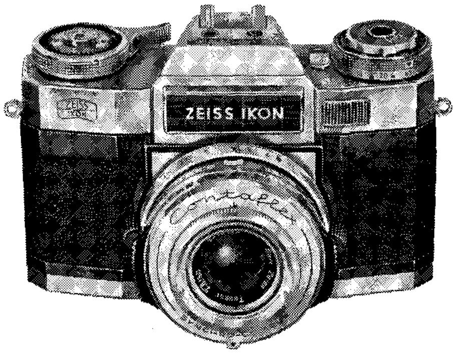

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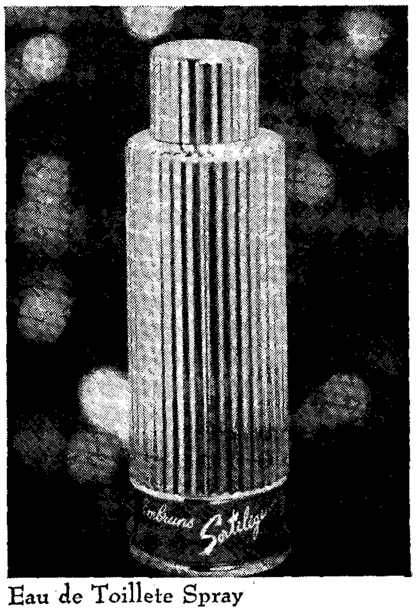

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Jane into the house to cook breakfast. It would be the last time for weeks that we would be boiling coffee and frying eggs in a civilized kitchen. From then on, the whole way west, it was to be virtuous, healthy discomfort—at least until we landed in Jane's uncle's kitchen in Albuquerque.

As the Ford left St. Louis behind, we both laughed very hard for no reason and remarked what a wonderful day it was. Raining, but wonderful. "Oh, boy!" we said, several times. I was driving. The impression I still have of the countryside I saw that morning must be exaggerated. I have never gone back to look at the region around that highway leading west, and it would be different now anyway, but even then it couldn't have been as beautiful as I thought. Nevertheless, I still think with love of rich, wet color—the green of summer trees and the dark, glistening red clay of the road winding between them, distant blue hills across valleys that were as simply verdant as if a child's crayon had drawn them. There were cracks of lightning in the lowering sky, too far off to be frightening. Obviously, I have forgotten all about the long dull stretches, and though the little towns must have been just like those of Wisconsin and Illinois, my mind has retained no memory of boredom or disappointment. All was new and new-washed.

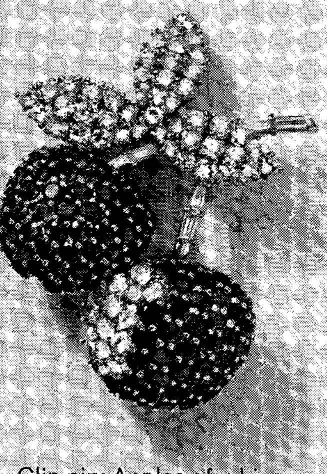
Occasionally the rain stopped and we had sunlight, but the road remained slippery, and occasionally we skidded. "We aren't making very good time," Jane said, but her tone was lighthearted, and she suddenly thumped my knee with her fist, saying, "We've done it! Do you realize that? We're on our way!"

I agreed. "On our way, on our own, on the road. From now on, nobody knows us and we don't know anybody."

"You said it. I get so tired of being someone's daughter or somebody else's niece, don't you? Wait, you're skidding. Slow down. Slowly, now. Not too sudden. Woo!"

I braked as cautiously as possible. The road had taken us around the corner of a hill and almost into a big mudhole, but I managed to steer the car onto a sketchily indicated track that led around the worst of it. Someone else had not been so lucky; another car stood in the middle of the muck, sunk to its hubcaps. Sloshing in the water nearby, looking forlorn, was the driver, carrying his shoes in one hand.

Jane called, "Do you want a tow?" and the man looked at us hopefully and



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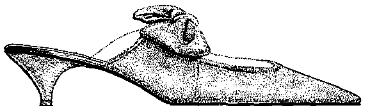

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started to reply. Then something happened; he swallowed the words and stared at us. "Well, hello there," he said at last. "I know you, don't I?"

This sounded like an old gambit, and Jane ignored it, repeating testily, "Do you want a tow?"

"Not you," the man said to her. "You at the wheel. Aren't you one of the Hahn girls?"

"Oh, God, yes," I said in disgust. "Who are you?"

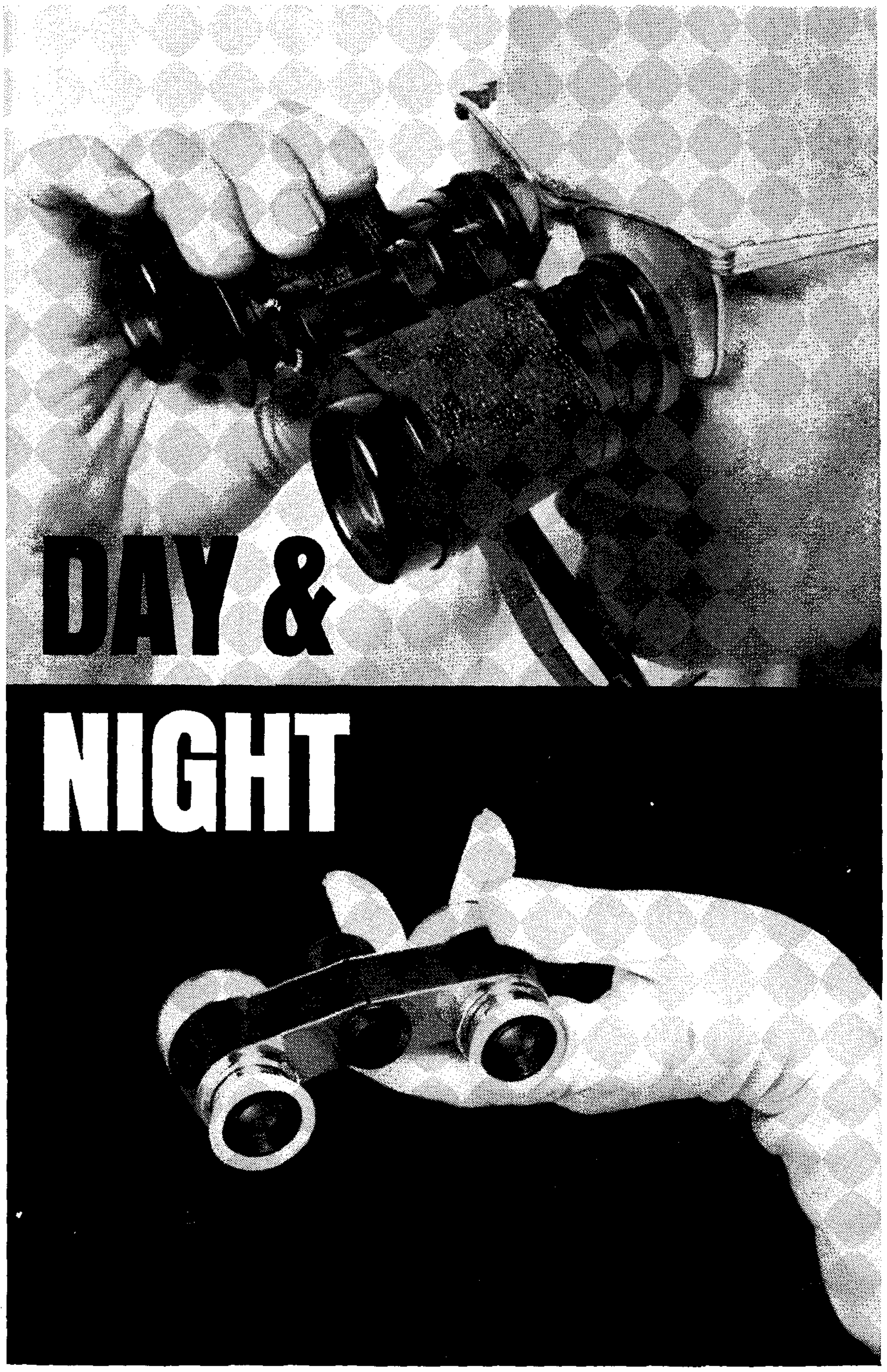
"Don't you remember? I was engaged to your sister Dot last summer," said the man in the mudhole.

FOR quite a while after we had carried word of the plight of my sister's ex-fiancé to the nearest garage, Jane and I didn't have much to say to each other. Little or nothing was said about getting away from people. But by evening our faith was largely restored, and driving through Missouri was once more like being the first travellers on the moon.

The sun began to set. It was time to look for a tourist camp, and soon we saw, at the outskirts of a town, an arrow, crudely lettered on a bit of old plank, pointing to one. At that time, people still behaved as if motoring was a passing fad; some were willing to set up services for it in hit-or-miss fashion, but they weren't sticking out their necks. The tourist camp was a field, surrounded by a low fence, with one other car already in occupation. We paused at the gate, locked by a huge padlock, and honked until a boy in a wide-brimmed straw hat came out of a nearby house, collected a quarter from us, and let us drive in. With a bored wave, he indicated a pair of outhouse sheds, and told us that water could be got out of the pump back of the house, if we had a bucket.

Of course we had a bucket, we told him haughtily; we had everything. Actually, however, we were not so sure when we saw the litter of things unpacked from the other car. A large family and a dog were busy with all the gear. Suitcases, crates, and odd bits of furniture had been unloaded, and now the family was making camp. "They must have left their house empty," Jane said. Already a tepee had been set up, and now the father and some children were stretching more canvas over a frame attached to the car, like a small porte-cochere, while the wife cooked something over a rusty portable stove.

Greetings were exchanged. "How are the roads your way?" asked Jane, first crack out of the box. This opening, obligatory in any conversation be-



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tween tourists, had been unknown to me until that moment, and my admiration for Jane increased. How much she knew of the world! The inevitable question soon followed from our neighbors ("You girls alone?"), along with comments on how worried our parents must be. Soon we were deep in chat—that time-consuming, easygoing, meaningless talk with which Americans both fill any void and hold each other off. Our neighbors had not, after all, emptied their house to fill their car, because they had no house. They were migrant workers, who followed the harvest, zigzagging across country to catch the ripening crops, slowly making their way north and south by way of east and west.

All the while we talked, we were working, each at his own camp. Jane and I wanted to make up our bed before dark and afterward stroll into town for supper, but we were delayed by the other party's friendly wonder at our arrangements. It was like having relatives around us all over again. Still, we got fed and we went to bed remarkably early, for after dark there was nothing else to do.

ALL along, it was that way. We would go to sleep with the sun and, as a result, we got up with the sun as well. The first two hours of driving took us through a deserted landscape where everyone else, including restaurant workers, still lay in bed. Though snappish with hunger, we never quarrelled. Jane was stubbornly good-tempered even when I drove badly, as I often did. In fact, I can't remember anything about that trip that wasn't good, except for the times we picked up our mail.

I was always reluctant to go to the post office, but the more I hung back—suggesting that we fill up first with gas, perhaps, or eat our lunch—the more eagerly Jane insisted on getting her letters immediately, as soon as we entered a town. It wasn't only because of Terry that I hesitated. Letters in general were an intrusion, I felt, on this otherwise wonderful existence, reminding me that I had not always been free, that I would someday have to go back to my past. All letters were like elastic bonds, pulling us back to reality, but of course Terry's were the worst. Terry's threatened everything in the future.

I must be wrong to recall the tour as long. Even in 1924 it was not a matter of months to drive to Albuquerque from St. Louis. Nevertheless, that is the impression I have kept. I seem to remember night after night in tourist

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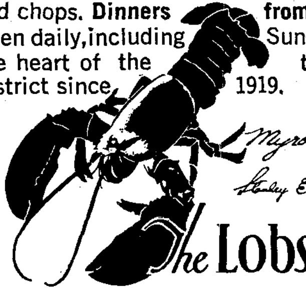

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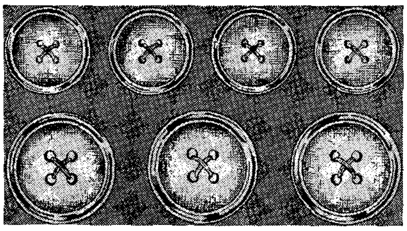
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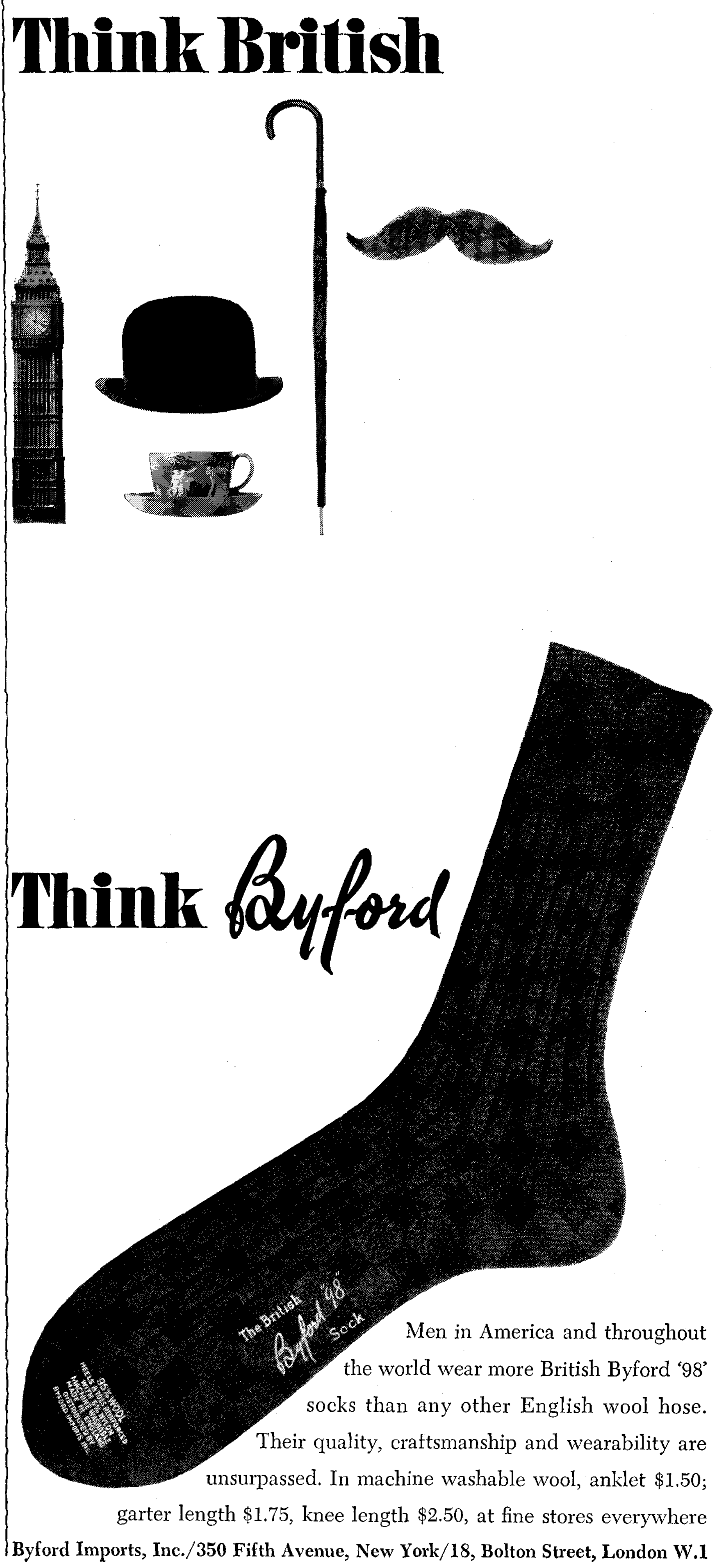
camps, and one night especially when we tried to do without a camp, because it was late and we couldn't find one. We pulled up at the side of the road near a small town and went to sleep, but we were soon aroused by the sheriff. He insisted that we follow him into the town and make our simple arrangements once more outside his house, where we would be safe. He said he couldn't imagine what our parents were thinking of anyway, letting us gallivant around alone at our age. We resented him deeply—especially when, in the early morning, we found the town's entire population thronged around the Model T, gawking at us. Still, I could not be wholly displeased, for the sheriff wore blue jeans and a Stetson, and it was borne in on me that we were really approaching the West, where my paperweight had come from—the West, with its mountains and its cowboys.

Jane was not as excited by the prospect as I was. She had seen mountains in the East, and she knew enough about the difficulties of driving cars along hilly roads to be somewhat apprehensive. Hitherto, the Model T had behaved beautifully, she admitted, but we would shortly have to cross a high range between Colorado and New Mexico, where the air would be thinner than the car was accustomed to breathing. The engine would get overheated. We must change the mixture, look to our brakes, and have a general overhaul before we tried the pass. All this was duly carried out in a town in the foothills, where Jane and a garage mechanic went into serious conference while I stared, rapt and foolish and useless, at the heaped-up landscape ahead. Eventually, Jane broke into my trance and sent me shopping for canvas buck-



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ets. "Extra water to take along," she explained.

That evening, we ate in a diner with the garage worker, who had by this time become a close friend. He was a youth of thoughtful mien, with a habit of going off into fits of abstraction. After an especially protracted one, he apologized. "I can't get this car off my mind," he said. "Not yours, but one a fellow brought in last night. I can't quite figure what's the trouble. Been working at it on and off ever since it came in. I've checked everything, but—" He broke off and shook his head in a worried way, adding, after a moment, that it might be something about the carburetor. He was like a physician fretting over a difficult diagnosis, especially when he announced his intention of staying up all night with the patient. After eating, we went to the movies, but in the middle of the Colleen Moore feature he said, "I've just figured out about that car. You girls excuse me, will you? I want to go back and try something on her. Meet you at the drugstore after the show, O.K.?" Then he hurried out—a happy man, who has stayed in my mind all these years as the true Spirit of the U.S.A.

Once he was gone, I began worrying belatedly about the next day's ordeal. I recalled various anecdotes told by camp acquaintances about the terrors of the pass, and Jane was no comfort. She said, "You'll have to be careful, you know, with the brakes. You still step down on them awfully hard, and you don't get two chances on a mountain road. I'd better do all the worst bits, I think."

"That's a good idea," I said sincerely, but before I got to sleep that night I had unpleasant visions of driving around bends and down impossibly steep slopes without time to relinquish control to Jane. In fantasy, I saw the Model T toppling forward head over wheels, then rolling sidewise off the road into a kind of Grand Canyon.

It hardly needs saying that after all the fuss we negotiated the actual pass without incident. The radiator tended to boil going uphill, but that did not constitute a crisis. We pulled up and waited until the bubbling subsided, refreshed the radiator with cool water, and proceeded until the next warning gurgle. Even today, when I smell the odor of rust in steam, I feel elated, as if I have just surmounted some tremendous obstacle.

The change of landscape that greeted us as we moved into New Mexico was magically sudden. It was like straying off one colored postcard and onto another. Here, with no gentle transi-

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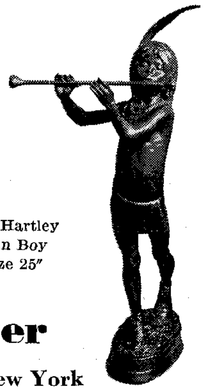

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tion, was the true West, with mountain ranges trailing their long blue-and-purple skirts, right-angled mesas standing sharply against the great sky, and under our wheels arid, yellow ground that bristled here and there with grudging grayish shrubs. Tumbleweed moved with us, the tangled combings of a giant caught in the wind. I felt lightheaded, and no doubt was, for Albuquerque, which we were approaching, is five thousand feet high. Jane, too, seemed to be affected. Again she pounded my knee, laughing with triumph as we swooped around a hairpin turn, saying, "Well, we did it!" After a pause, she added, "I bet we'll have stacks of mail waiting," but for once I didn't let this worry me. Any mail waiting for us now had come such a long way that it was bound to have cooled off.

I DIDN'T mind fixing breakfast in a New Mexico kitchen; it was different. Everything in New Mexico was different. Elation went with me every day, all day long, no matter what was going on—meeting friends of Jane's uncle and aunt, parties at the country club, a sightseeing trip to Santa Fe. Everything was brushed with the clear, sparkling gold of altitude; nothing was dull. So I was not surprised when Jane announced that she wanted to live in New Mexico. "After we've been to Lake Kivu, of course," she added. I was not surprised, but I was gratified to think she had at last forgotten Terry.

We had said we were going on to California, so we did. I was still keen to go, but I suspected that Jane now looked on it in the light of a chore. But before long the road lulled us into the old mood, and something of the former urgency came back. We even managed to work ourselves into another lather, this time at the prospect of getting the Model T across the desert. We were careful to fill the water buckets, and we drove most of the hottest part by night.

California itself seemed at first an anticlimax, with nothing along the road but one dull orange grove after another. We had given our hearts to a country without so much green stuff in it, and nothing pleased us until the last, when we reached the coast. I don't remember where we came out of the hills, but I know it was just before noon, and a fine bright morning. We'd gone past a few houses, some foothills, and a curve in the road, and there lay the sea below us, just the blue-green I had imagined, with white-edged breakers roaring along the beach and all eternity beyond. For a long time we looked, until Jane stirred impatiently and I said, "Well,

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there it is. We'll have to cross a lot of water like that before we reach Lake Kivu."

She nodded. "Might as well start back to Albuquerque now. We've seen the Pacific," she said, and turned the car around. So much for California.

MY parents complained that I was never the same after that summer in the Model T, and no doubt they were right. I was restless and discontented at home, and, as they said, anything served as an excuse to get away somewhere, even if it was only a weekend in Libertyville or Milwaukee. But now that I think it over, I don't think it was fair to blame the Model T. It wasn't the car that did it. Look at Jane. Her life wasn't affected by the trip in any serious way, though no doubt it altered a few details for her. After we finished college, we did go back West, but this time Jane got married. Admittedly, she married an Albuquerque man instead of Terry, but what's the difference, really? If that's the way you're going to be, that's it. Why, by the time I actually got there—to Lake Kivu—Jane had had two children.

The other day, when I was in Albuquerque, I saw her again. After all those years, she hadn't changed much, because, as I say, people don't. We talked for hours—about her late husband, our children, and, of course, the Model T. Jane said, "I've often wondered why on earth our parents let us do it. They must have been nuts. I'd never let *my* daughter go off like that, would you?"

Before I answered, I took a deep breath of the cold, high air. "Yes," I said.

—EMILY HAHN

• •

THOMAS IN THE FIELDS

The cow walks away from him,
gives up her immensity, letting it die
before his very eyes,
and acquires a new smallness that fits her nature perfectly.
And in Aquinas,
what dies also are those details of udder and eyelid
to be changed, while he watches, into legs and head.
But he cannot leave it yet.
To be forced to forsake the end
without foreseeing the beginning, it's impossible!
And this middle, which he wishes to keep, and yet
is not yet complete
but will be added to every minute, until it, too,
is destroyed.

For he shall not be able to imagine it when he leaves here:
the rain that falls on the rock
(that hurts the foot)
seems harder than
the rain that falls on the grass.
Recognition of rock and of cow, too,
are mixed together, but to predict
what shall move away and what shall stay fixed,
he must separate them again: the cow to move out
mixed with the rain
and the rock to remain.

And the face of this field is acre needed
to furnish a place over which its time may pass
and against which its ticking may be heard.
It's the fixity that speaks!
Its rocks resting like Roman numerals, without which
hands could move in space forever, unreadable.

Thomas, seeing himself in the little pond as wavy,
guesses his original is straight but not seen
standing nearby.
In the water or on it, he sees the water, too,
and separates out the wonder from the wet
and names its cause.

—LOIS MOYLES

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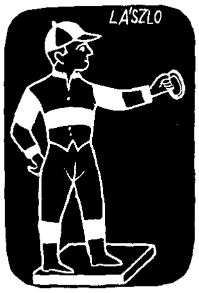
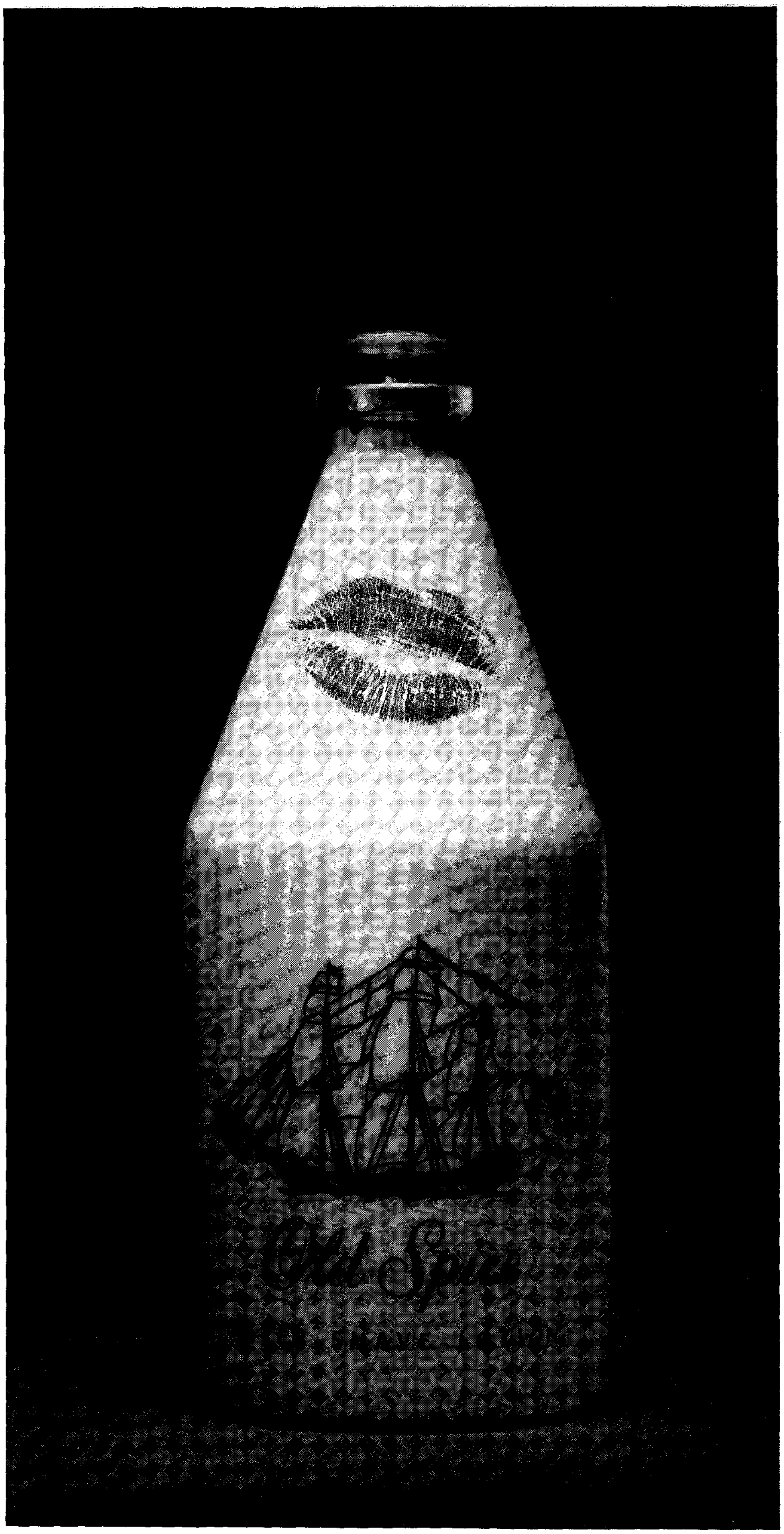


JUST as everyone expected, Sadair won the Pimlico Futurity, the last sugarplum of the season for two-year-olds, at Baltimore last Saturday. My roving observer reports that Sadair was well placed from the start, disposed of Umbrella Fella on the turn for home, and passed the post nearly two lengths to the good. Hail to All came in second, five lengths ahead of Umbrella Fella, who, in turn, was four lengths ahead of Hi-Hasty, the only other starter. The time for the mile and a sixteenth was 1:43⅗, equalling the record for the race, which was set in 1942 by Count Fleet, to whom the speed-chart handicappers give as high a rating as they give Man o' War. The Maryland Jockey Club decided that there would be no betting on the race, because Sadair, who had won the Garden State Stakes by ten lengths in his previous start, would be an overwhelming favorite and run up a whopping minus pool in the mutuels (when the payoff on a horse comes out less than 1–10, the management must make up the difference from its own funds to bring the payoff to the legally required $2.20), and that would cost a lovely dollar. So the Futurity was listed as an "exhibition."

Sadair, a bay colt by Petare out of Blue Missy, was bred in Florida by Jack Dudley and Bonnie Heath, a couple of horsemen who won the 1956 Kentucky Derby with Needles. They named him for a friend, Sylvester Adair, a Florida lawyer—who, incidentally, passed up a chance to buy him as a yearling for a mere $6,500. Last January, the colt was bought for $10,000 by Mrs. Mary B. Hecht. Trained by Les Lear, a former professional-football player and coach, who seems to be doing all right in the horse business, Sadair has won eight of his twelve starts, including the two richest races for two-year-olds—the Arlington-Washington Futurity and the Garden State Stakes. His share of the Pimlico Futurity purse, which was $110,912, brought his earnings to $498,217. (Bold Lad, who was voted the best two-year-old of 1964, amassed



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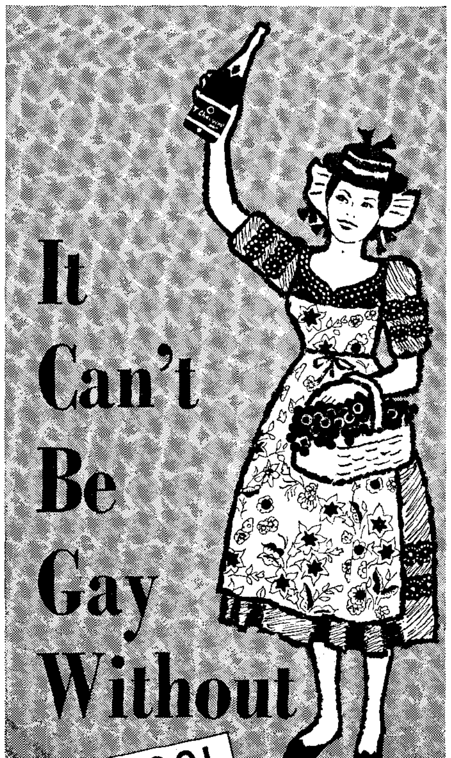

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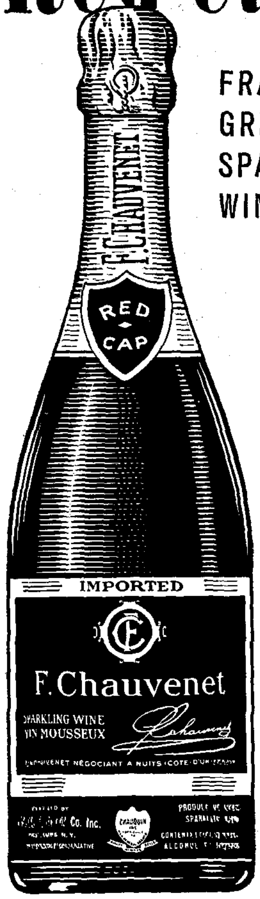

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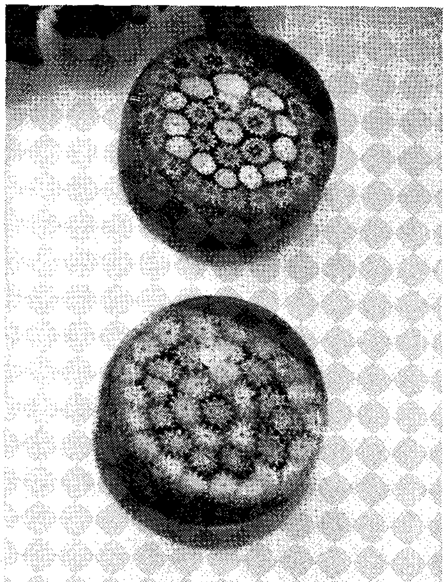
only $387,471 this season; however, Bold Lad beat Sadair both times they met.) Sadair will race in Florida this winter. Chances are that right now he's the favorite down there for the Flamingo and the Florida Derby.

THERE were only five starters in the Gallant Fox Handicap at Aqueduct last weekend, but there was straight, place, and show betting on them, and the race was as lively a one as you'll see between now and when the snow flies. Smart won it by a nose from Sunrise Flight, and Tibaldo was a neck behind. I've seldom seen horses in so close a finish at the end of a mile and five furlongs. Indeed, a furlong from home you couldn't pick the winner. By the way, the time, which was 2:42⅘, was a shade slower than that of Misty Morn, Sunrise Flight's mammy, when she won the race in 1955.

I have a notion that many of the racegoers who went to the Big A on Thanksgiving Day were more impressed by the running of Jacinto than by anything else all afternoon. A two-year-old colt by Bold Ruler, he ran six furlongs in 1:10⅕ over a sloppy track and won by ten lengths. I'd also give full marks to Steeple Jill, who won the Firenze later in the day.

THIS department heads its Christmas list of books with *American Race Horses 1963*, a review of the performances of last year's leading thoroughbreds. It is the twenty-eighth of a series, and, like the earlier volumes, the new one is handsomely turned out. It costs $25, and if your bookseller doesn't have it you can get it from the Thoroughbred Owners and Breeders Association, P.O. Box 1520, Lexington, Kentucky. Then there's "The Complete Book of the Quarter Horse," by Nelson C. Nye (Barnes, $10). That's just what it is—and a good job, too. For horse-show aficionados, "Harmony in Horsemanship," by J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby (Barnes, $4.95), is something more than a first-rate guide to the art of show jumping, being an unpretentious memoir by a British officer who rode at the National in Madison Square Garden years ago. Obviously, "Fundamentals of Riding," by Gregor de Romaszkan (Doubleday, $4.50), is for beginners, but there are things in it for the experts, too. "The Saddle Horse," by Lance Phillips (Barnes, $7.50), is chock-full of advice on the selection, training, and handling of saddle horses, and contains lots of photographs. —AUDAX MINOR



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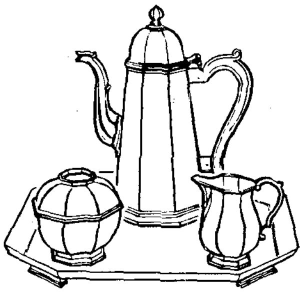

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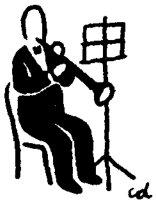
MUSICAL EVENTS

Destiny's New Crop



VERDI'S "La Forza del Destino" returned to the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening of last week with a cast that was largely new. I wish I could say that this cast was the equal of the superb ones of not long ago, in which the principal roles were taken by Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, and Leonard Warren (or Robert Merrill), but this was not the case. The best singing of the evening was done by two familiar artists, Cesare Siepi and Fernando Corena, who have always been exemplary in the roles of Padre Guardiano and Fra Melitone, respectively. The newcomers to this production have their points. Gabriella Tucci, the Leonora, has a light voice of considerable expressive power; Carlo Bergonzi, the Don Alvaro, is an Italian tenor with a particularly sweet quality of tone; Nicolae Herlea is a good actor, and gave the role of Don Carlo a certain presence. But in each instance these virtues are balanced by conspicuous faults. Miss Tucci's voice, though perfect for some roles, is not the soaring, luscious soprano demanded in "Forza," and her acting was mannered rather than truly dramatic. Mr. Bergonzi hasn't the faintest notion of what it is to be an actor at all, and his singing, though beautiful in sound, was outrageously laden with bad taste where long-held high notes were concerned. Mr. Herlea sang with a pronounced tremolo and at times was indistinct. To make things worse, Nello Santi, the conductor, followed the singers and entirely missed the dramatic sweep of the score. Things being what they are at the Met, I sometimes think that all Italian opera—or, at any rate, all Verdi opera—should be conducted by Germans or Austrians. An audience obviously sprinkled with vociferous Mediterraneans applauded everything to the rafters, but that didn't make the performance any better.

Some may say that since "Forza" is a pretty clumsy dramatic vehicle anyway, it doesn't make much difference if it is badly acted. I feel that it makes a great deal of difference, provided one includes under the heading of "acting" the subtle inflections with which great singers can convey shades of feeling. To

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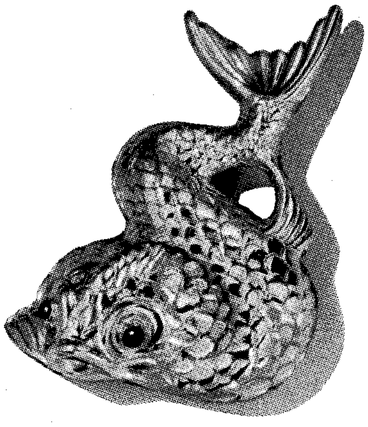
be sure, the libretto of the opera is incredibly pompous and melodramatic, and even incredibly incredible. One cannot, or at least I cannot, figure out why the heroine has to disguise herself as a male and enter a monastery in order to achieve peace and quiet while she awaits her lover's reappearance. Also, it is hard for the modern mind to accept a plot whose main motivation is a curse delivered in the first scene. I guess curses are not what they used to be; they evidently were a stock in trade of early-nineteenth-century Spanish drama, from which "Forza" derives, and they must have been an awfully convenient device for a playwright. (It is interesting to note in this connection that among Verdi's most popular operas there are three that depend on curses to get the ball rolling—"Forza," "Il Trovatore," and "Rigoletto." "Il Trovatore" is also borrowed from Spanish drama, and is only slightly more compact and credible than "Forza." The drama of "Rigoletto" is, of course, by Victor Hugo.) Nevertheless, taking all this into consideration, "Forza," owing entirely to Verdi's genius, is an intermittently quite dramatic opera—one in which some rather tedious scenes are interspersed with noble and heart-rending ones—and nearly everywhere Verdi's melodic gift is present, lending intense meaning to what would otherwise be trivialities, and building a sort of dramatic arch that begins with the overture and reaches its other resting place in the last scene. The arch is not very evident in the Metropolitan's current production, which places the overture after the first scene of the opera and introduces enormous cuts here and there. But it is present in Verdi's original, and I have heard it done full justice by Bruno Walter and Toscanini, among others.

THE most striking thing about last Tuesday night's concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra, in Philharmonic Hall, was a stunning performance of Chopin's Concerto No. 1 in E Minor for Piano and Orchestra, with the Russian pianist Emil Gilels performing the solo part while Eugene Ormandy and the orchestra provided an immaculate accompaniment. Mr. Gilels has matured greatly as a pianist since he made his début here several years ago. At that time, he seemed merely a brilliant technician, but he is now an artist of polished style and considerable musical insight, and his interpretation of his part in the concerto showed a delicate feeling for tone and a knowledge of the elasticities of



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the Chopin tradition that one ordinarily thinks of as belonging to the pianists of a past generation. The other works on the program were Benjamin Britten's Sinfonia da Requiem, and a Symphony No. 2, by Richard Yardumian, which was receiving its first New York performance. The Britten work was angular and not very expressive in its first two movements but quite expressive in its last, and this for the very good reason that the last movement employs the language of chords and melodies which Mr. Britten has in common with other composers and which has understandable meanings for the musical public. The Yardumian work seemed to me tedious, but it was not particularly dissonant. It has a vaguely Oriental flavor, which I assume is derived from the Armenian liturgy, and it is really a setting of various psalms for contralto and orchestra. Lili Chookasian sang the solos beautifully, but the experience would have been more rewarding if she had had something really worth singing.

THE king of present-day lieder singers is Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. His voice is not a spectacular one by operatic standards, but in the peculiar repertoire of the lied—in which subtlety, deep sincerity, poetic declamation, and the ability to convey mood are the requisites—he can weave a spell that one does not soon forget. Last Friday afternoon, I attended the concert of the New York Philharmonic, in Philharmonic Hall, under William Steinberg, with Mr. Fischer-Dieskau as soloist in Hugo Wolf's "Harfenspieler Lieder" and Mahler's "Lieder Eines Fahrenden Gesellen." It was a great occasion, made so by the singer, who held the audience entranced as he conveyed the haunting message of each song. The afternoon opened with a splendid performance of Haydn's seldom heard Symphony No. 99 in E-Flat Major—a work of some profundity that ought to be made more familiar. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

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SOME of Chicago's finest moments occurred between 1920 and 1930, when it was a way station (Kansas City was another) on the grand twenty-five-year peregrination of jazz from the South to New York, where it settled for good in the early thirties. Advance guards had been arriving in Chicago from New Orleans and elsewhere since

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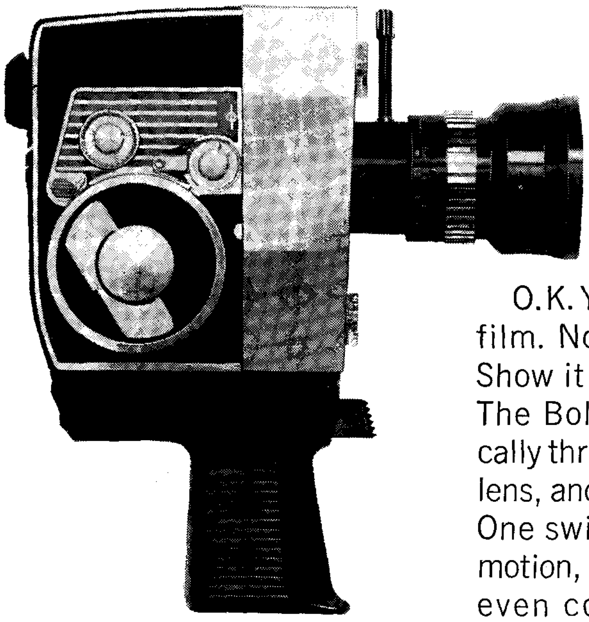

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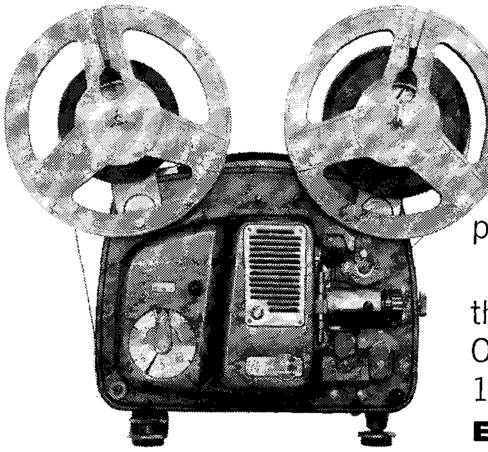

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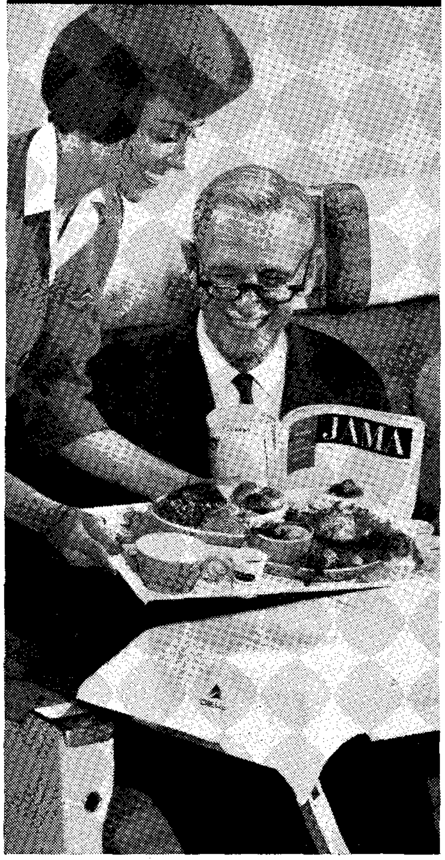

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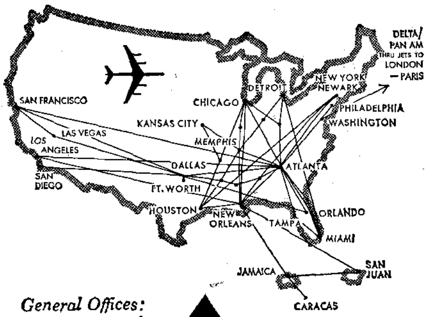

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before the First World War, and by 1925 one could find there such eminences as King Oliver, the Dodds brothers, Jelly Roll Morton, Kid Ory, and Louis Armstrong. These men, who represented the second generation of New Orleans jazz, were playing a highly stylized form of their forebears' invention, and Armstrong's Hot Five and Morton's Red Hot Peppers recordings caught its last, superb gasps. But astonishing things grew out of the ruins. Armstrong and Earl Hines, who worked together for a time, became the first great jazz soloists, abandoning the constricting New Orleans ensemble. At the same time, a number of young white musicians from the Chicago area suddenly coalesced and produced a new ensemble-solo music that is generally known as Chicago jazz. (A third kind of jazz in Chicago, fostered by a host of Negro blues pianists and singers, continued its homespun ways, and exists to this day.) These men worshipped Oliver and Armstrong and Hines, and they had listened to an earlier white band, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, but their music was their own. It seemed, next to the tattered New Orleans banners, very snappy and very modern. Much of the small-band Negro jazz in Chicago in the twenties had a legato manner; the trumpeters used trembling vibratos, the clarinettists were fluting and baroque, the trombonists lumbered, and the drummers slid along on their endless snare-drum rolls. It was a patient, lyrical music, whose fires were hot but low. The white Chicagoans had the heedless, new-broom quality that bebop offered fifteen years later. They used charging four-four rhythms, rapid shuffle rhythms, and unexpected breaks and stops. The drummers experimented with jolting rimshots and heavy afterbeats, and for the first time the bass drum became a fixture in recording studios. The horn men, who had no time for vibratos, adopted—in contrast to Armstrong's barn-swallow motions—short, quickly turning phrases that had a throwaway sound. The staccato gallop replaced the legato glide. And fresh ensemble devices were constructed. The collective passages were distinguished by odd harmonic interludes and by end-of-the-chorus explosions that were approached sotto-voce or abruptly dropped in, like a burst of applause. Since the soloists were not at first distinguished, it was the total impression of crackle and hurry that counted. The music knew where it was going and meant to get there the fastest way.

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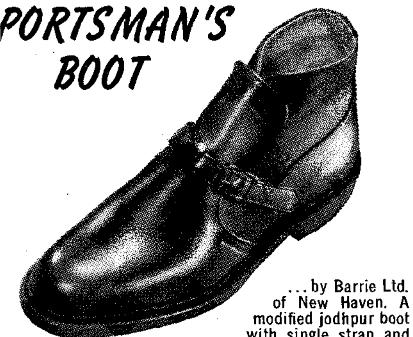

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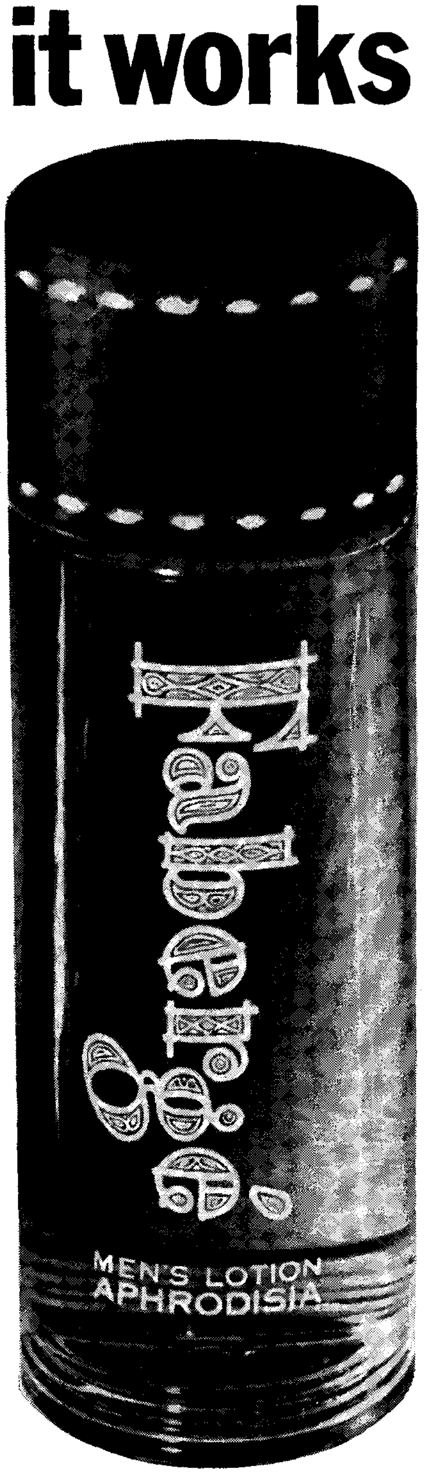
The nucleus of Chicago jazz came out of Austin High School as the Blue Friars—the brothers Jimmy and Dick McPartland (trumpet and guitar), Bud Freeman (saxophone), Frank Teschemacher (clarinet), Dave North (piano), Jim Lannigan (bass), and Dave Tough (drums); Floyd O'Brien (trombone) was a ringer. They were soon joined by Eddie Condon, Mezz Mezzrow, Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, Muggsy Spanier, and Gene Krupa. The godly Bix Beiderbecke visited with them, and so did Benny Goodman. By 1930, the depression had driven most of the Chicagoans hopefully on to New York, where, continuing to starve, they were exposed to the wonders of Fletcher Henderson and Chick Webb and Duke Ellington. New recruits appeared—Brad Gowans, Georg Brunis, Pee Wee Russell, Jess Stacy, Wild Bill Davison, the Marsala brothers, Bobby Hackett, and Jack Teagarden, the last of whom remained only a visiting fireman. It was less a school now than a free-floating group of individuals who made their livings from recordings, with hotel and society bands, and with the early swing bands. Indeed, men like Krupa, Goodman, Stacy, and Tough never formally returned to the fold. Then, in 1938, Commodore Records began recording the survivors, and they had a renaissance—or, better, they reached the fruition the depression had blocked. For the next six or seven years, a steering committee made up of Max Kaminsky, Davison, Hackett, Russell, Brunis and Gowans, Sullivan and Stacy, Wettling and Tough and Condon, and assisted now and then by Teagarden, Fats Waller, and the Marsalas, produced countless records that were often superior to the pioneer 1927 Chicago sessions. Russell, Gowans, Teagarden, Hackett, Stacy, and Davison were first-rate soloists, and the ensembles retained their fire-brigade quality. Then bebop, the Joyce of jazz, arrived, and the Chicago school, which had mysteriously never become more than a highly proficient mutual-admiration society, went gracefully under. A remarkable number of its charter members are still active, but they are usually heard as soloists backed by rhythm sections or as members of hybrid groups that make the purist blink. (Not long ago, a band at the Metropole consisted of Buck Clayton, Russell, Kaminsky, J. C. Higginbotham, Freeman, and Ben Webster; the music was Babelian.) On the few occasions when the Chicagoans have been brought together for "reunion"



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recordings and the like, the results have been fitful and watery.

By and large, the best numbers in Columbia's recently released "The Sound of Chicago (1923-1940)" (C3L 32) are by 1927 and 1928 Austin High School groups. Their efforts include the celebrated "Liza," "Nobody's Sweetheart," and "China Boy," by Red McKenzie's and Condon's Chicagoans, two Condon quartet numbers, and two Freeman small-band selections. There is a lickety-split atmosphere and a general authority that sweeps over the sporadic raggedness. The most interesting soloist is Jimmy McPartland, an assiduous Beiderbecke admirer. Frank Teschemacher, whose early death called forth a small, fervent cult, now seems only a juiceless Russell. The jazz genealogists notwithstanding, Freeman *does* suggest the Lester Young of a decade later, and all of Gene Krupa is there, including the razzle-dazzle.

The rest of the forty-eight numbers in the album are often academic, for Decca long ago reissued the Armstrong Hot Five and Hot Seven records, Victor owns the Jelly Roll Morton Red Hot Peppers, and Decca the weird 1929 Jabbo Smith sessions. But the atmosphere is lightened by several Armstrong offerings, by some fair blues and piano selections, and by scattered after-the-fact records made in the thirties—among them a couple of Earl Hines big-band numbers, two first-rate Jimmy Noones, and three superlative 1937 Roy Eldridge small-band efforts, the best of which, "Heckler's Hop," has a classic trumpet solo. The customary lavish booklet has the customary good photographs and a text by John Steiner, who appears to know more gossip about Chicago jazz than the musicians themselves could possibly remember. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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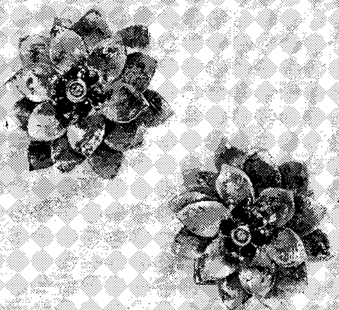

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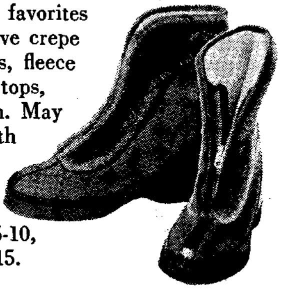

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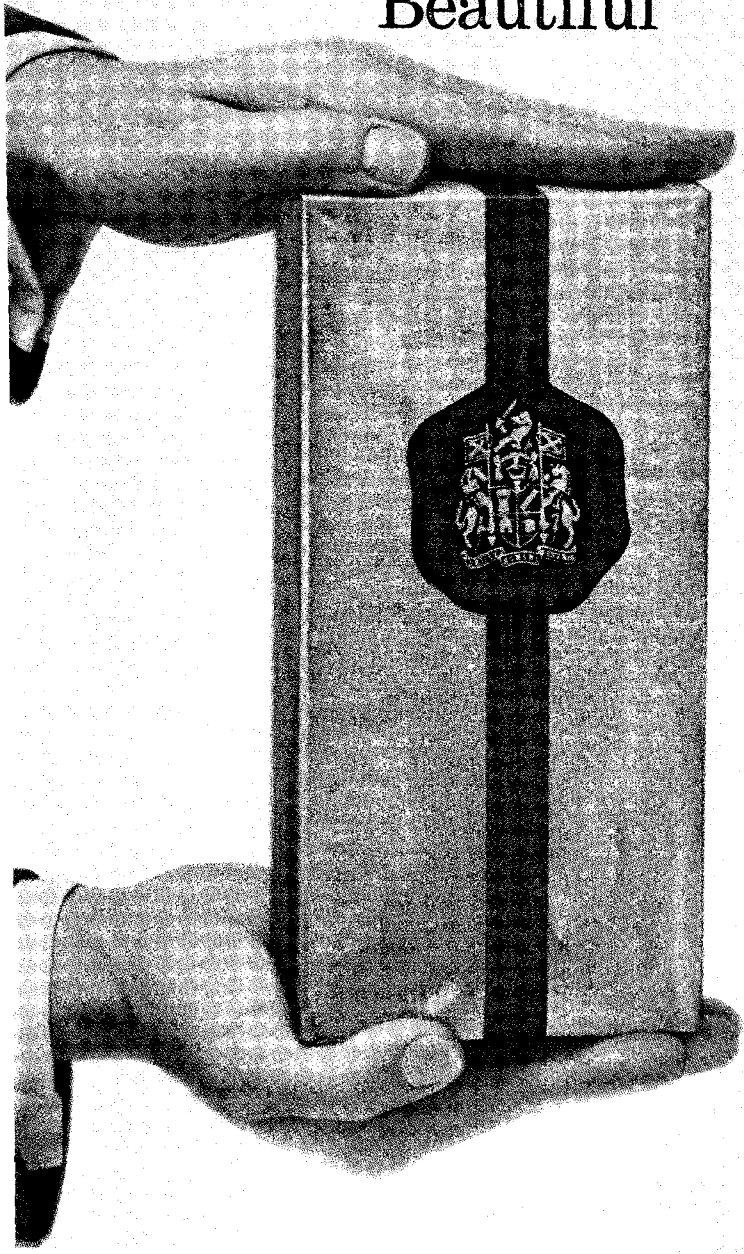

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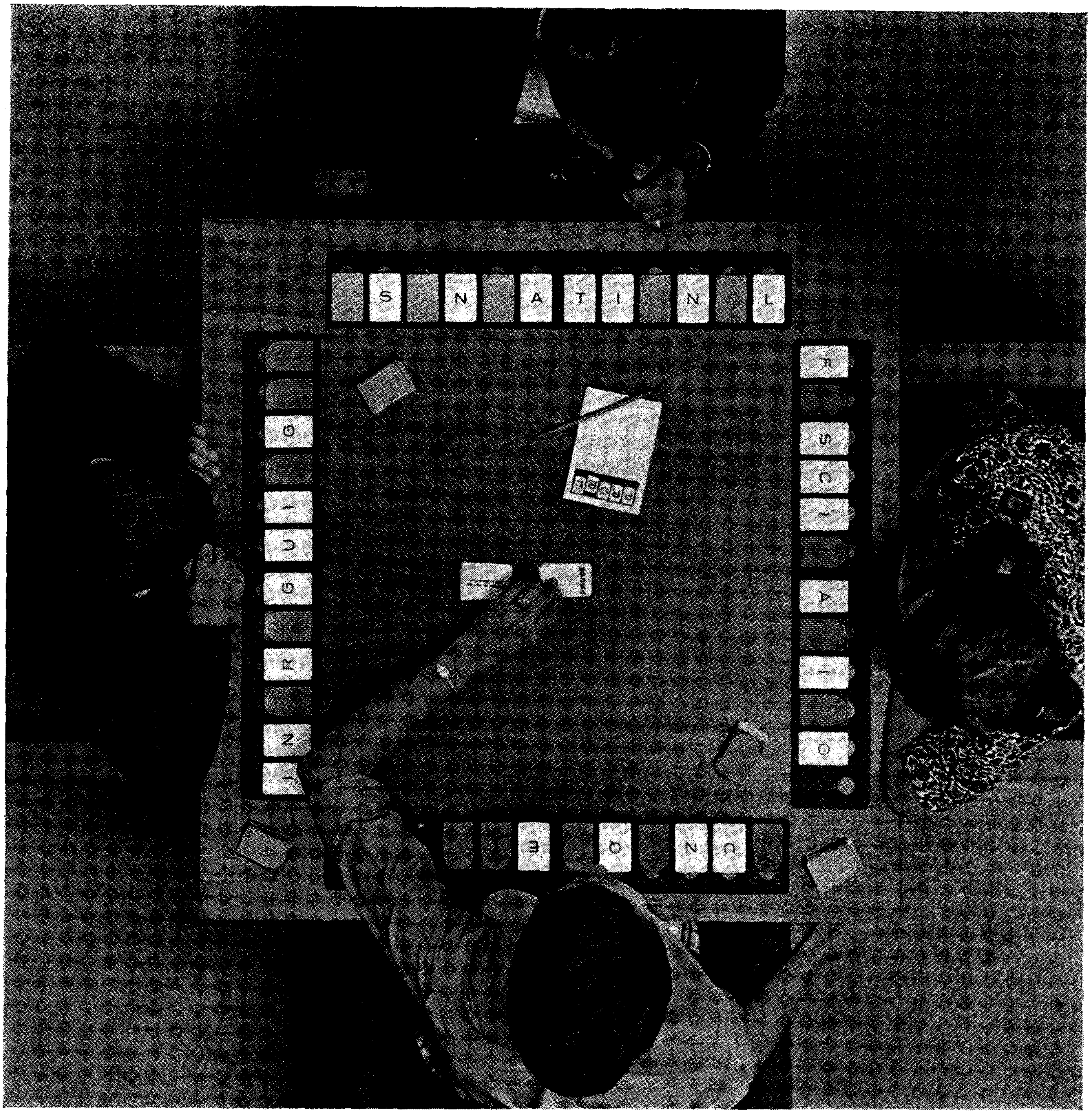

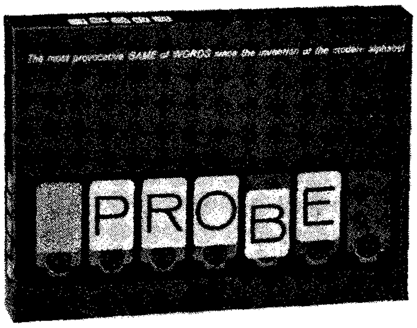
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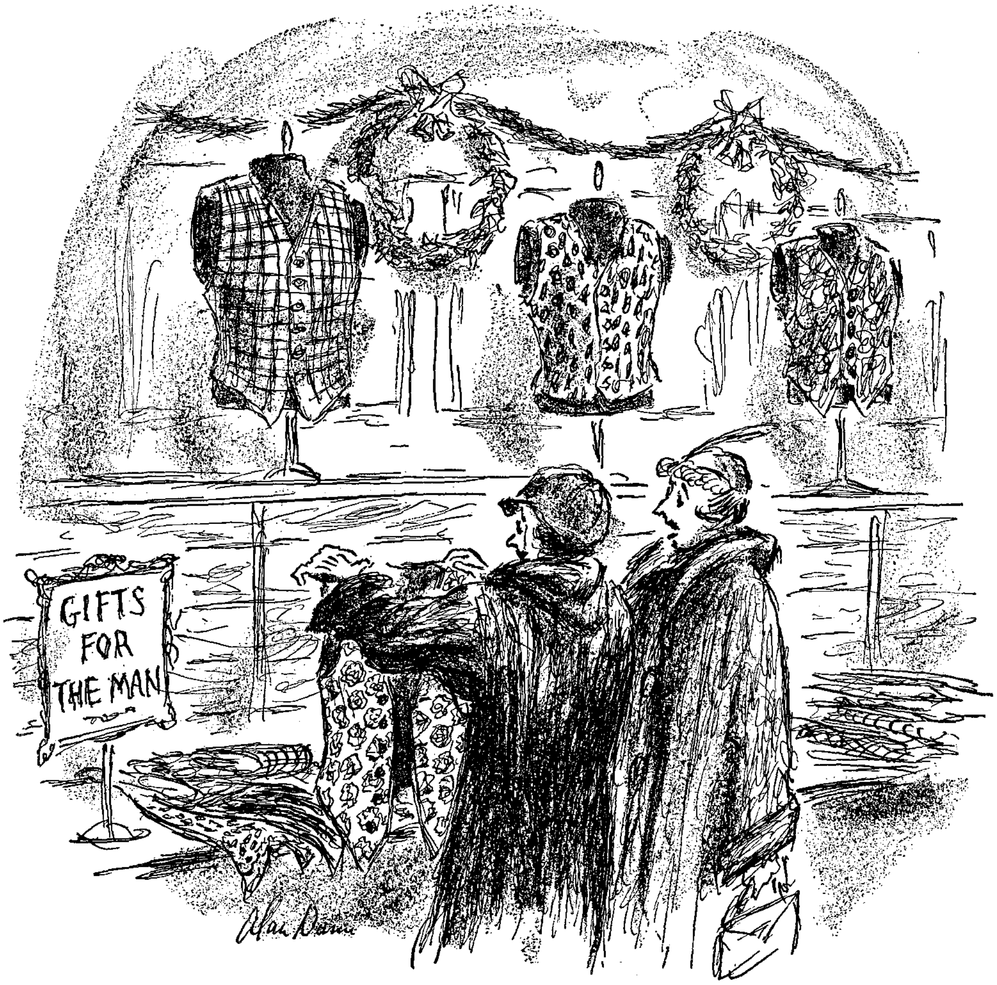
BOOKS

Now and Not-now

IT seems to be a natural law that if you encounter an odd fact, a strange bird, a new wildflower, or a word you've never heard before, you come across it again in the next day or so. The fact that has been pursuing me lately is that in 1844 the director of the United States Patent Office sent in his resignation, after stating that there was nothing more left to invent. I sometimes have that feeling about children's books. As year by year their volume swells, I wonder what hero or heroine, what aspect of heaven or earth will be left to write about. As of this minute, there is no cause for worry. This year's crop is a bumper one, and certain mutations promise well for the future. It is true that some fields would benefit by being planted in clover and allowed to rest; surely there are now enough Easy-to-Read books in print to fill that real but wholly utilitarian requirement. And I don't think anyone needs to do the moon again for the time being.

In this list of Christmas books, more than the usual number fall into the categories of fiction, fantasy, and humor. Psychoanalysis has taught us to be respectful of the fairy tale—the magic mirror in which the loving mother appears as the wicked stepmother and innocent incest lives happily ever after. But to consider that all forms of fantasy are dangerous and should be kept out of the hands of young children, as many educators in this country have held, is certainly unreasonable. It appears that until quite recently Russian educators of our generation have also been opposed to fantasy. An interesting book on the subject of children's reading—"From Two to Five," by Kornei Chukovsky (University of California Press)—tells of a Russian schoolboy who had been carefully brought up to value only what is "real." When someone tried to tell him about sharks, he cried indignantly, "There is no such thing as a shark!" In the modern world, it behooves the young to keep an open mind about what is and what isn't. The book contains a quotation from a Russian educator of an earlier generation—Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov, better known as Nikolai Lenin: "It is incorrect to think that fantasy is useful only to the poet. This is an insipid prejudice! It is useful even in mathematics—even differential and integral calculus could not have been discovered without it. Fantasy is a quality of the highest importance."

A Ukrainian folk tale that Lenin probably was familiar with, since it is as well known in Russia as "Jack and the Beanstalk" is in Anglo-Saxon countries, is "The Mitten" (ages three to six), retold by Alvin Tresselt, illustrated by Yaroslava (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard). A boy in a red coat is gathering firewood for his grandmother on the coldest day of the year, and he drops one of his yellow mittens. A mouse, seeing the mitten lying in a snowdrift, pops right into it to get warm. Along comes a green frog hip-hopping over the snow. "Anybody home?" she asks. "Only me," the mouse says. "Come in quickly before you freeze." An owl swoops down and says, "May I join you in that lovely mitten?" "If you don't wiggle around too much," says the frog. "It's a bit tight in here." It isn't long before a rabbit comes down the forest path and says, "Is there room for me? It's awfully cold out here." Next, a fox squeezes herself in, after a good deal of trouble, and, as if that isn't bad enough, a big gray wolf wants to join them. Everyone moves around a bit and finally the wolf is inside the mitten. Things are just nicely arranged when along comes a wild boar, and he squinches into the mitten. Then a bear turns up. "No room, no room!" the animals cry, before he even has a chance to open his mouth. "Nonsense," says the bear; "there's always room for one more," and in he pushes. At last, along comes a little black cricket—very old she is, with creaky legs—and says



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to herself, "Now that looks like a nice warm place." But, alas, there really isn't any more room. The seams burst open, and the animals find themselves out in the snow again. The pictures are charming. All the characters are dressed in bright Russian colors, and they look as if they were on the way to the fair in "Petrouchka."

"A Surprise in the Forest" (ages two to six), by Eleanor Schick (Harper & Row), is a small book for tiny children, and inside its smooth white cover is a small story, so quiet that you have to put your ear down close to hear it at all. Like a seashell, it has a fascination for children—even quite big children. A mouse sees something unusual when he looks into a hole in the forest floor, so he runs to tell his best friend, Turtle. Pretty much as it happened to Chicken Little, the thing snowballs, and before very long, gathered at the edge of the hole are two horses, a pair of giraffes, four rabbits, two butterflies, three beavers, an elephant with a monkey on its back, and a little girl, besides Turtle and Mouse, who aren't looking because they've already seen. What is down there is three *alligator* eggs. The pictures are quiet, like the text—fine pen line drawings, without color.

"An Elephant?" (ages five to eight; published by Abingdon) is an adaptation by Lorna Balian, who also illustrated the book, of the fable of the six blind men of Indostan and the elephant. The illustrations are in black-and-white, with touches of red (walking sticks, a pair of socks, a ribbon). The six blind men are of assorted shapes and sizes, and wear Turkish slippers and a fez, a straw boater, or a turban. They are increasingly puzzled and incredulous as, one by one, they investigate the mysterious object and offer their opinions of it. The smallest blind man solemnly repeats each opinion as it is given, and then, feeling the elephant's knee, strikes out on his own with "It's clear enough the Elephant is very like a tree!" After that, no matter what anybody says, a tree is what the Elephant is like. Since this is in other respects such a delightful book, I am moved to complain about the liberties that writers—and illustrators—of books for children take with poems and stories in the public domain. With a complete and sometimes illiterate disregard for anything that does not suit them, they cut, transpose, and change words—as if writing were like those peg villages with houses, trees, and bridges that you plug in wherever you think they will look nice. "The Blind Men and the Elephant" is perfectly good nineteenth-century light

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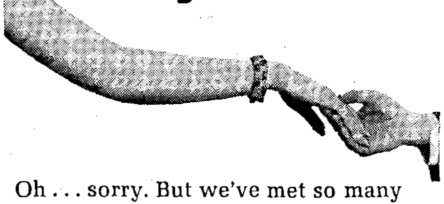

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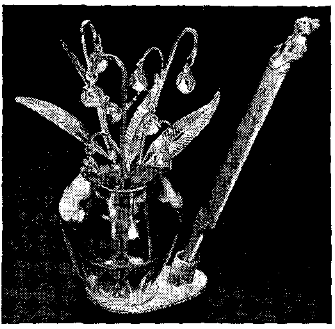

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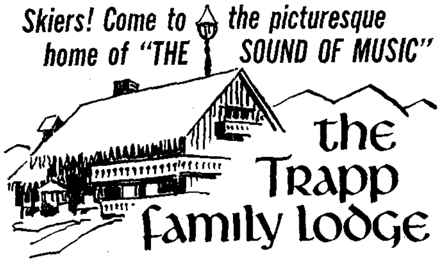

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verse, and John Godfrey Saxe was no doubt satisfied with the poem as he wrote it. Enough people liked it to insure that the first stanza got into Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations":

> It was six men of Indostan
> To learning much inclined,
> Who went to see the Elephant
> (Though all of them were blind),
> That each by observation
> Might satisfy his mind.

Here is Miss Balian's version:

> Six blind men of Indostan
> And each did want to know,
> "What is this thing called Elephant?"
> To find one they did go.

Most of the rest of the poem follows the original, but there are needless substitutions—"came near" for "approached," "stupendous" for "wondrous," "piped" for "quoth," "grabbing" for "seizing," "he soon began to quake" for "thus boldly up and spake," and so on—and two lines of the last stanza have been replaced by four lines that are didactic and flat. Miss Balian is a gifted illustrator, but her verse trips over its own feet.

The Britannica declares that "rhinoceros" is "the name for such perissodactyle [odd-toed] mammals as bear one or more median horns on the head, and for their extinct relatives." It says nothing about their being domesticated, but why not? The hero of "Who Wants a Cheap Rhinoceros?" (ages four to seven), by Uncle Shelby (Macmillan), sometimes steps on your toes, and is very comfortable when you sit on his lap but not especially comfortable when he sits on yours. He is not interested in taking a bath, and he is hard to travel on a bus with. But to see this goodhearted beast holding up one end of a jump rope with his horn, or keeping an irate mother at bay, or chewing up a bad report card, or playing pirate, or letting himself be buried in the sand at the seashore, or floating upside down (an unsinkable battleship), or pretending to be two desperate crooks, is to love him. This is a book to bring the sweet sound of childish chortles to the Christmas celebration.

Evaline Ness, one of the most accomplished artists in the field of children's books, has done both the pictures and the text for "Exactly Alike" (ages five to eight; Scribners). In an old house next to the railroad tracks lives a dreamy, wistful girl called Elizabeth, whose four raucous, snickery little brothers look exactly alike. One of them upsets her beautiful wicker doll carriage and breaks her doll, but which? One hides her skates, one unties

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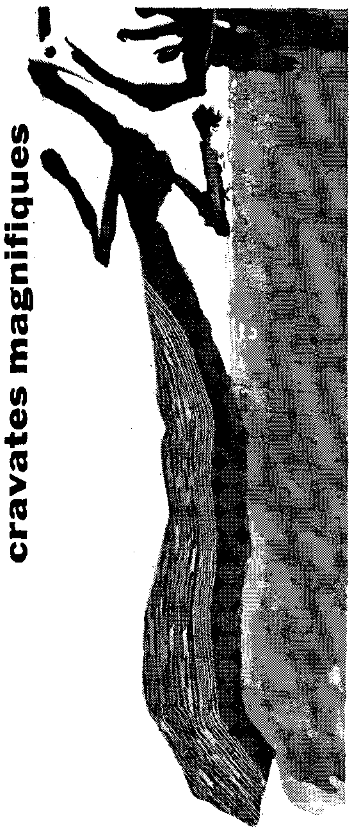

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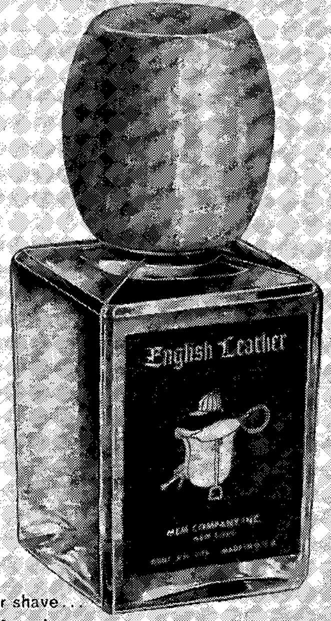

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her hair ribbon, and one jumps out of the closet to scare her, but which? When she thinks it is Benny, he says it is Bertie, and Bertie says he is Biff or Buzzie. Elizabeth's mother, a dressmaker, sits at her sewing machine all day and doesn't have time to listen to Elizabeth. But hidden under Elizabeth's bed is a palace furnished with scraps from the sewing machine. It has two rooms carpeted in red velvet. In one of the rooms sit the King and Queen, who seldom say anything, and in the other room are a Princess and a snow-white horse called William. William and the Princess have long conversations with Elizabeth about her problem. The Princess's advice is "Leave home and never come back." Elizabeth would, gladly, but she has no place to go. William says, "No two living things are exactly alike, not even the leaves on a tree. So stop complaining, Elizabeth. Close your mouth and open your eyes and look." When she does, she finds that Benny, Bertie, Buzzie, and Biff are distinguishable after all. The ending is moralistic, but I am under the impression that this is something children of an age to sympathize with Elizabeth do not mind but actually find interesting, taking it as part of the great world of ideas that it is their business to classify and put in order.

"The Wave" (for children of the same age), by Margaret Hodges, illustrated by Blair Lent (Houghton Mifflin), is adapted from a translation by Lafcadio Hearn of a Japanese folk tale. High up on a mountainside live a wise old man and his little grandson Tada. "One day when the air was very hot and still, Ojiisan stood on the balcony of his house and looked at his rice fields. The precious grain was ripe and ready for the harvest. Below he saw the fields of the villagers leading down to the valley like an enormous flight of golden steps. At the foot of the mountain he saw the village, ninety thatched houses and a temple, stretched along the curve of the bay. . . . 'This is earthquake weather,' said Ojiisan." Presently the earthquake comes. The house rocks gently several times. Then all is still again. "Ojiisan's keen old eyes looked at the seashore. The water had darkened quite suddenly. It was drawing back from the village. The thin curve of shore was growing wider and wider. *The sea was running away from the land!*" Ojiisan, knowing what is going to happen, rushes out and sets fire to his own rice fields. The priests down below in the temple see the blaze and set the big bell booming. And the whole village—men and boys, women

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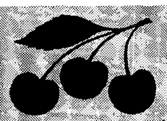

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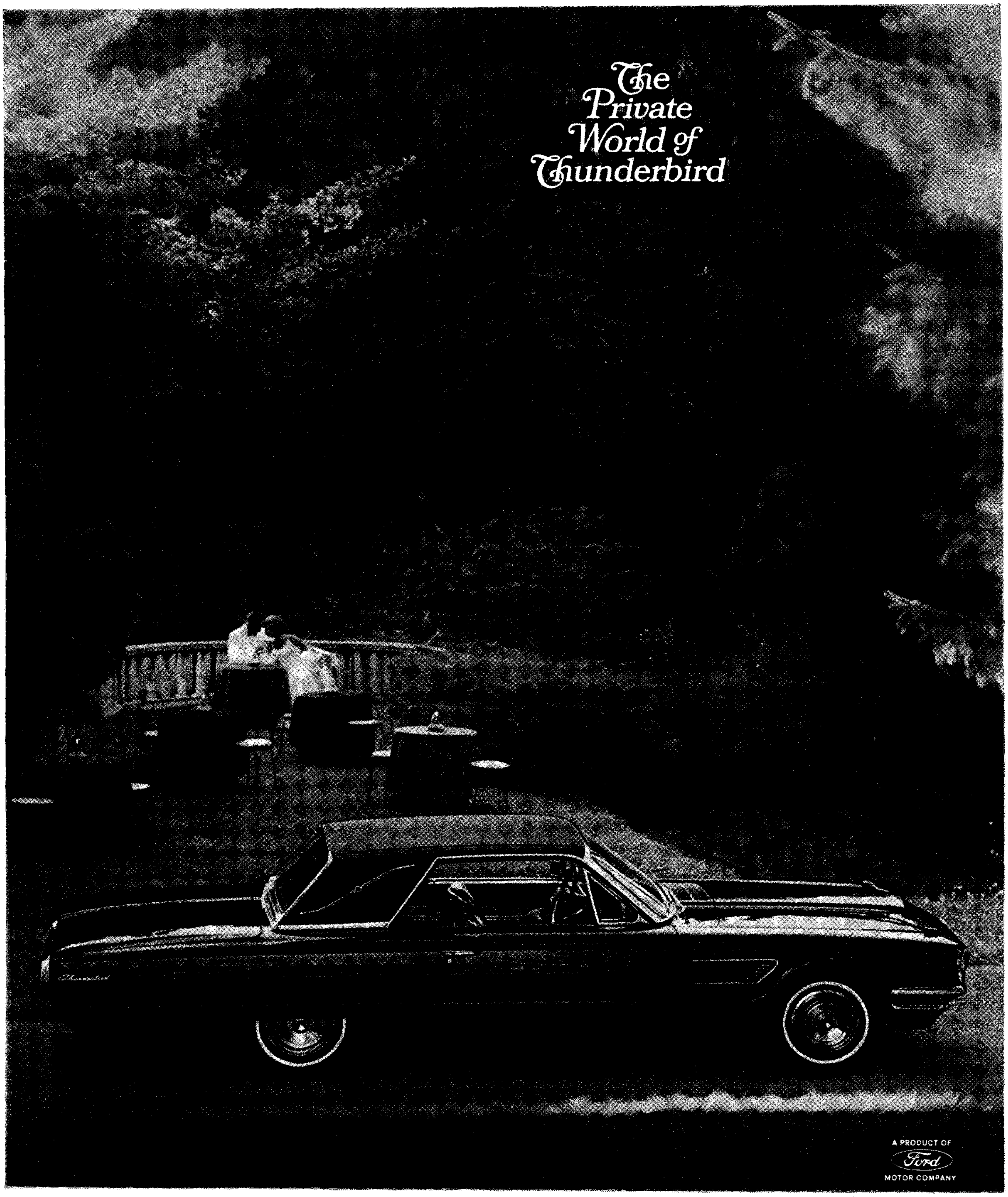

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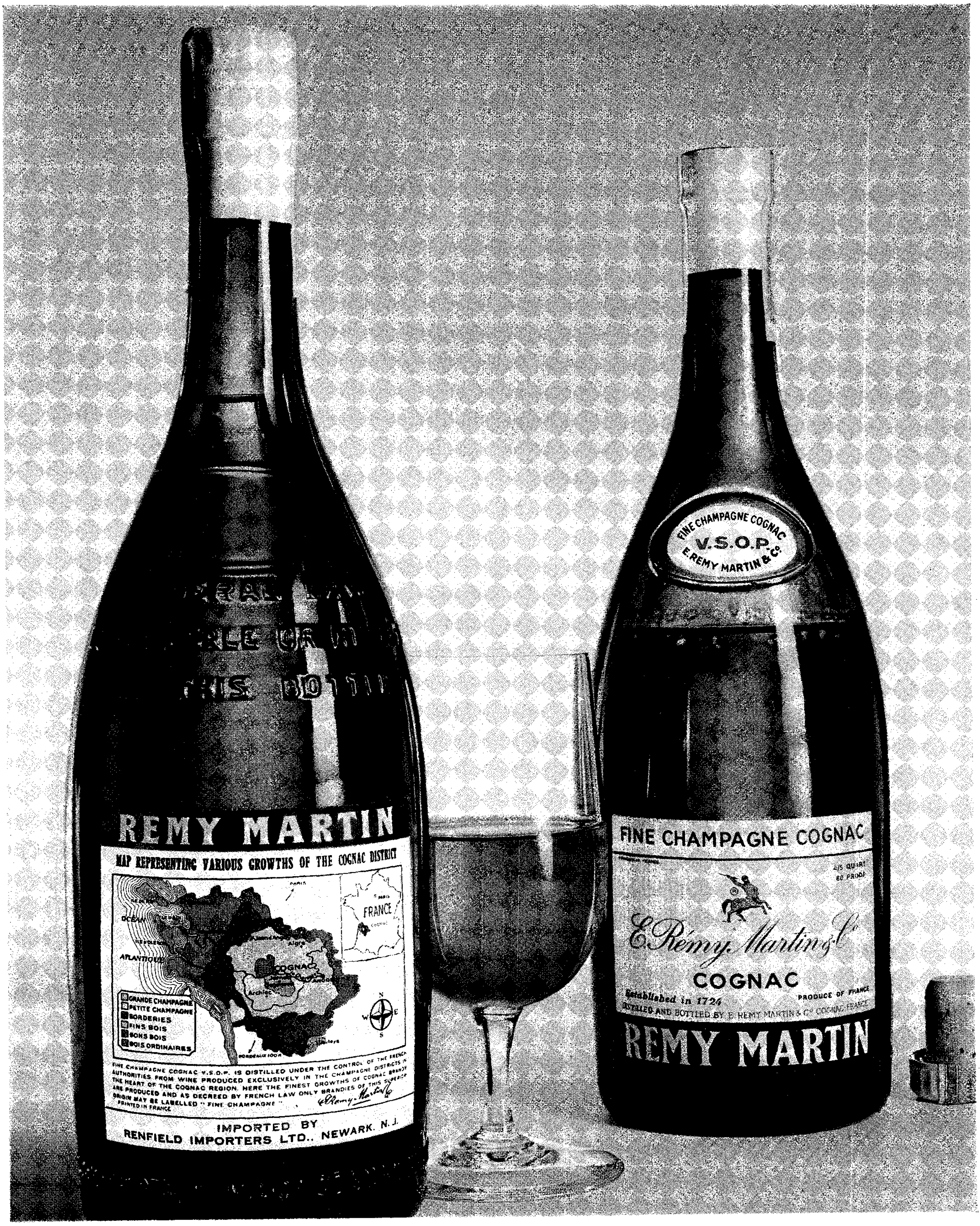
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and girls, the older people, and mothers with babies on their backs—comes scrambling up the mountain with buckets of water to put the fire out, and there is no one on the shore when the great tidal wave arrives. In the full-page illustrations, much is made of the destructive power of fire and water. Working with a subdued palette of yellow ochre, burnt sienna, and gray wash, the artist has made huge, swirling waves of wet spirals; his earth-colored fire has surprising heat and spreads fiercely in the wind. His two-dimensional figures are touchingly human.

THE naturalist Agassiz said that a student didn't know his subject until he could present it successfully in four different forms: as a technical monograph, as a scientific lecture, as a popular lecture, and as a child's simple tale. One hates to see "National Velvet" retailored for six-year-olds, because a precocious familiarity with the plot is apt to deprive the child, when he is older, of the whole fun of reading the book. Concepts of science, on the other hand, can only gain by being looked at from many directions, from being met again and again in different guises, at different age levels. And when a scientific idea or fact is put into a form that is comprehensible to a young child, it often happens that an adult can learn something from it, too. "Butterfly Time" (ages four to eight), by Alice E. Goudey, illustrated by Adrienne Adams (Scribners), is an introduction to butterflies for the very young. The pictures are done in a combination of crayon and water color. The grass and sky and flowers, the rain, and the sunshine after rain have a shimmering quality, as if the whole of nature were made of the same stuff as a butterfly's wing. The butterflies are accurately drawn and shown in their proper habitat. Red Admirals are gathered around a patch of nettles, a black swallowtail is hovering above clusters of Queen Anne's lace, and two great spangled fritillaries flutter above milkweed plants. The drawings are so good that one can't help wishing that the text, a dialogue between brother and sister, were a little less wooden. But this is not, perhaps, important, since the intention—to make butterflies irresistible—has been accomplished. A brief foreword describes the life cycle of a butterfly, and at the end, on two facing pages, are all twelve of the butterflies encountered in the book. The effect is of a tray of actual specimens. On the final page, the infant lepidopterist is supplied with a list

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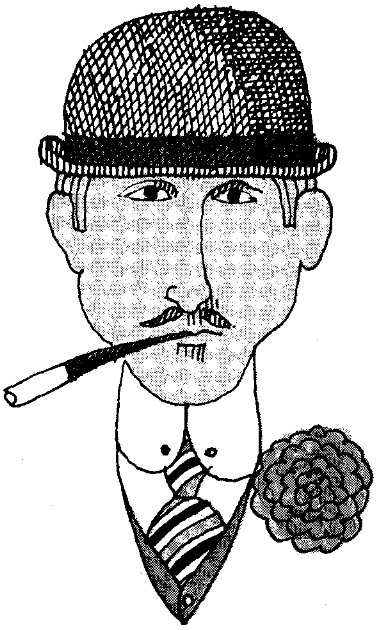
of the bushes, trees, or flowers on which each of the twelve species lays its eggs.

In "The Life of a Queen" (ages four to eight; Braziller), Colette Portal portrays the life history of the queen of a colony of blue ants. The text is brief, simple, and—except for the anthropomorphic license—accurate, but it is the pictures that are remarkable. The vision is a child's, and it brings to this insect society the charm of a fairy tale. The book commences with the queen's marriage flight. Her consort falls to the ground and dies, and the queen's real task begins. She tunnels into the ground and lays her first eggs, which become larvae and then cocoons. All day long she caresses them with her antennae. In a glimpse of a cross-section of her tunnel, we see the queen seated in a rocking chair, a red shawl about her shoulders, and in her arms a cocoon wrapped in swaddling clothes. Her first children set to work almost at once, to fetch her a fly, a grain of wheat. New ants are born in great number; more nurseries and granaries, storerooms and passages are built, and for this the ants employ scaffolding on wheels, and pulleys, and power drills. In one room live the honeypot ants, who contain in their swollen bodies nectar enough for the entire city. A sweet fragrance reaches the ants' doorway; it is the aroma of the blue plant lice, from whose bodies drips a delicious juice. They are rounded up and milked like cattle, and in the period of drunken disorder that follows, black ants attack the colony. The blue ants are defeated, the queen perishes, but the eggs are saved. From one of them a new queen will emerge, to create another colony. There is nothing new about presenting natural history in an anthropomorphic guise; what *is* new is the extraordinary charm of the illustrations and the delicacy and fitness of the author's inventions. Children reading this book might think that ants really do sleep under patchwork quilts. But it's worth the chance, and they can always get straightened out in high-school biology.

For children of ten and up, and quite as full of wonder, is "An Ant Is Born," by Jo Mary McCormick, with photographs by Harald Doering (Sterling). Here it is the text that is more interesting. Ants are not photogenic, and the best pictures in this book are terrifying closeups of murder and carnage. Ant evolution (the ant is descended from the wasp) is believed to have been going on for seventy million years—time in which to make adapta-



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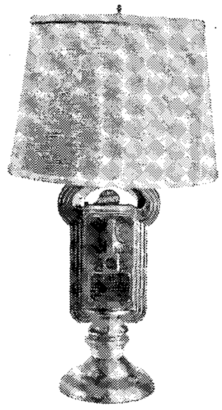

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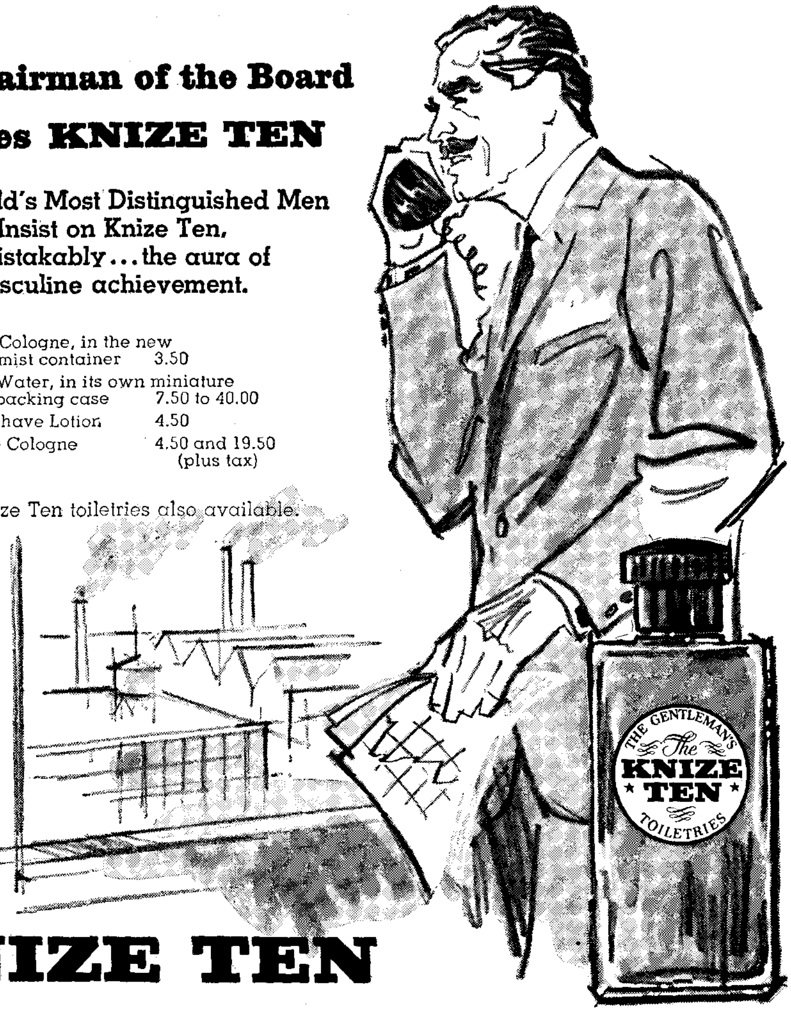
tions that stagger the mind. The queens of most species of ants are fertilized only once, for life, on the mating flight. In the two to six weeks it takes an egg to become a larva, it receives nourishment from the saliva of worker ants, who continually lick the egg. Their saliva is believed to have an antiseptic ingredient that prevents the egg from spoiling. When the larva is ready to spin its cocoon, the workers cover it with debris or loose earth, for it must have a framework to which it can attach the threads that come from its mouth. The spinning finished, the ants remove the earth or debris. From egg to ant takes from fifty-four to a hundred and forty-one days—a long time compared with the development of other insects. Some species of ants are blind, and most see poorly. For their preservation they depend on the sense of smell, located in their antennae, which are also their organ of communication. An ant lightly tapping another ant with its antennae is identifying it as nestmate or foe. Usually ants are omnivorous, and eat a balanced diet of meat (insects and small animals), plants, and honey. Uninvited guests, insects whose shell is so hard that there is not much an ant can do about it, are sometimes a problem. But there are also true guests—generally beetles. In return for a beetle's intoxicating secretion, the ants feed it as they feed each other. The ants attend the beetle's larvae and allow it to eat their precious eggs. The strong hold these beetle guests have over the ants appears similar to human addiction to alcohol or drugs, and endangers the life of the colony, upsetting the balance of food and reducing the birth rate. In some cases, after years of addiction the ants produce defective or abnormal young. As all busy creatures should, the ant naps during the daytime and is careful to get a good night's sleep.

THOUGH children often like books that are badly written and parents may bravely read aloud bad short books, when the children get older and the books get longer it becomes a physical impossibility to read them aloud if they aren't well written. Here are four books that will hold the rapt attention of children ranging in age from six or seven to twelve, and are well written besides. "Jon the Unlucky" (ages eight to ten), by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrated by Esta Nesbitt (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), is a romantic story about a nine-year-old Danish boy whose mother and father emigrate with him to Greenland toward the end of the nineteenth century and



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die soon after. Caught in a late-summer snowstorm far from home, he wanders in the direction of the eternal icecap that covers the interior of Greenland. When night comes, he burrows into the snow, and the next morning awakens just in time to save the life of a boy his own age, who is being attacked by a polar bear. The other boy's name is Thorvald. His feet and legs are wrapped in crisscrossed lengths of coarse wool, and his speech is curious. He shows Jon the way back to the seacoast, but Jon says, "I am a stranger here, and an orphan. The man with whom I live does not treat me fairly. I will go with you, wherever it is that you are going." Thorvald warns him that to go with him is almost surely to go to his death, and begs Jon to return to his people. "They are not my people," Jon says, and Thorvald leads him over the ice sheet to a secret valley—"a great cup of green, holding a village and pasture lands and woods and lakes, blue under a blue sky." Here the men are dressed like Thorvald. The women have dresses of coarse wool dyed red or yellow or brown. Their girdles are embroidered with wool flowers, and they wear their long hair in two braids plaited with colored wool. They stare at Jon in silence, without hatred but implacably. To protect themselves, they must kill any outsider who finds their valley. It appears that Thorvald, who has broken the law by bringing a stranger here, also must die. But then his mother asks Jon if he can read and write. Two books are brought. Jon leans over the first confidently, only to discover that it is in Latin. The second book is opened. The writing is very tall, with much interlacing of loops and ornamental capitals, and the spelling is strange, but he can read a word here, a word there. Guessing at the words he cannot make out, he begins reading, "On the tenth of June in the year of Our Lord fifteen hundred and twenty, we, the remnant of the people of the First Greenland Settlement made under Eric the Red and later led by his son, Leif the Lucky, who discovered Wineland—we, after more than five hundred years, came with our flocks and herds to the Valley, seeking refuge from the Skraelings, who each year beset us in greater and greater numbers." "God be praised!" cries an old woman. "Since our last scholar died thirty years ago, I had never hoped to hear the tale of our people again." It is a marvellous scene. In an afterword, Miss Coatsworth tells the history of the Vikings in Greenland, and of the disappearance of the settlement, early in the

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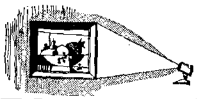

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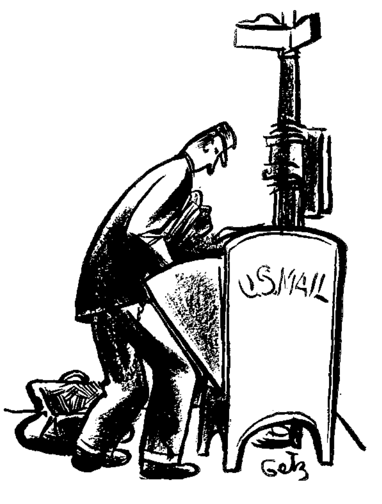
sixteenth century. The illustrations, in black ink and ice-blue wash, suggest a cold, pure air and silence. As in Oriental calligraphy, wonderful things are achieved with the thinness and thickness of line and gradations of blacks and grays.

"Tom & Tabby" (ages six to ten), by John Symonds, illustrated by André François (Universe), begins like an autobiography: "I want to write my story down before I forget it. It happened some years ago, and meanwhile I have grown up. . . . But the important parts of my story are still very clear in my memory. I remember Tabby clearest of all. . . . He smoked a clay pipe, wore a cloth cap . . . and had a lot of sweeping up to do, especially in the autumn when the trees shed their leaves. . . . I've seen hundreds, literally hundreds, of cats and I've never seen another who wore a peaked cap, swept up leaves, and smoked a clay pipe." The narrator leaves home, where he is not appreciated, and goes to live in Tabby's cottage, where life is almost unbearably agreeable. One day, while Tabby is reminiscing by the fire, the highly disagreeable faces of the boy's stepmother and the School Attendance Officer appear at the window. An argument ensues, but Tabby, poking the fire vigorously, sends too many sparks up the chimney and the cottage burns down. The boy and Tabby run off to London and are pursued through many harrowing adventures by the remorseless School Attendance Officer. In the end, he is sent packing, and the boy and Tabby settle down happily as joint proprietors of a sugar-mouse shop in St. Paul's churchyard. The pictures—smears and smudges of thick wet brown paint—look as though they were done with everything at hand, including both ends of the paintbrush. Children may dislike this style at first, since it may appear to them not unlike the kind of painting they themselves have just



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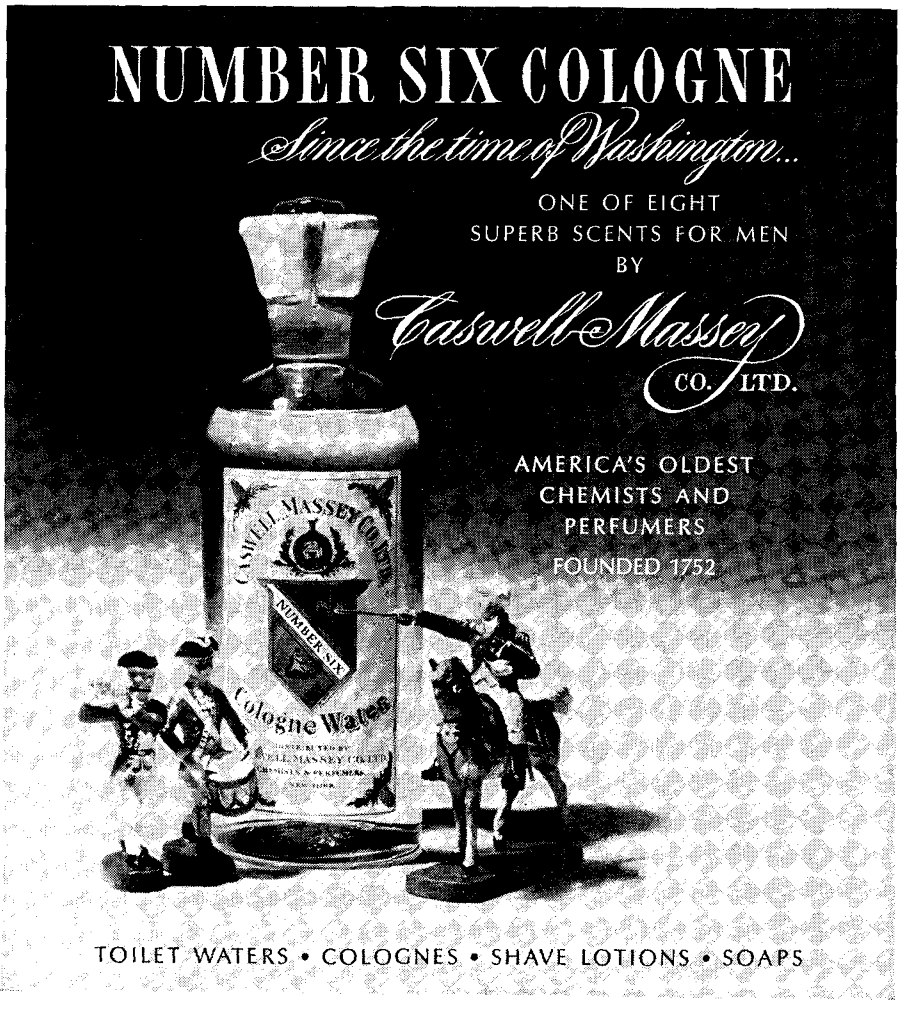

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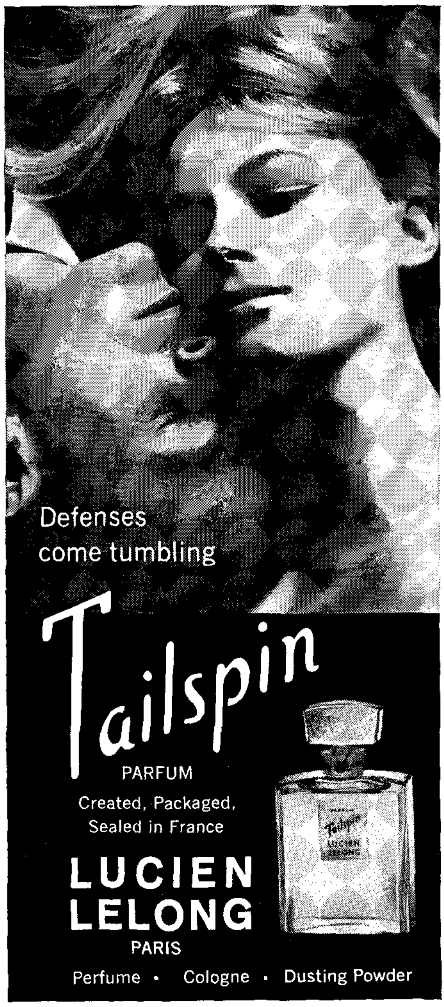
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rejected in their intense efforts to arrive at literal representation and rigid control. Far from being haphazard or inexpert, the technique is a highly accomplished shorthand, which presents at the same time the outward look of things and the inward feelings the boy has about everything that happens to him.

At first glance, "Nurse Matilda" (ages seven to eleven), by Christianna Brand, with illustrations by Edward Ardizzone (Dutton), seems a cross between "Mary Poppins" and "The Katzenjammer Kids," but it antedates both of them, for "Nurse Matilda" is mid-Victorian slapstick passed down in the author's family generation after generation. The story was told to the author by her grandfather when she was a little girl, and told to Mr. Ardizzone, the author's cousin, when he was a little boy. It is about a family that has more children, and naughtier children, than any other. There are so many that even their parents have to think of them in groups. There are the Big Ones, the Middling Ones, the Little Ones, the Littlest Ones, and the Baby. There is also the Tiny Baby, who is too small to be naughty and so doesn't count. Regularly, once a week, the nanny and the two nurses, the French governess and the nurserymaid line up before the children's mother in the drawing room, recite their complaints (*Miss Tora has cut off one of Miss Susie's plaits, Master David has made a beard of it and glued it onto Miss Charlotte, Master Simon has dressed up the dachshund in the governess's best Paris hat and taken it for a walk, Miss Helen has poured syrup into all the Wellington boots, Miss Stephanie has grated up soap to look like cheese, and now poor Cook's dinner does nothing but foam*), and give notice, and the children's parents pay another visit to the employment agency. Then Nurse Matilda arrives, dressed in rusty black, with eyes like shoe buttons, a nose like two potatoes, and a huge tooth sticking out over her lower lip. She carries a large black stick, and she has a very fierce expression on her wrinkly round face. "Your children will require seven lessons," she announces. "To go to bed when they're told, not to gobble, to do their lessons, to get up when they're called, to close doors after them, to wear their best clothes when they have to, and not to run away. 'Please' and 'thank you' will look after themselves." She walks into the nursery and says, "Good evening, children, I am Nurse Matilda. You are to stop what you're doing and put all your things away and go to

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bed." One of the children winks at the others and says, "How funny! The door's opened, but nobody has come in," and everyone goes straight on with what he is doing. Nurse Matilda thumps the floor with her stick, and Quentin, who has been drawing flowers on the wallpaper and watering them from the nursery teapot, finds he cannot stop, even though the floor is soon two inches deep in tea and all the children's feet are wet. Sophie has been shampooing Henrietta's hair with glue, and now they are stuck together like Siamese twins, and she has to go on pouring more glue on Henrietta's head, even though they are both weeping with rage and struggling to get apart. Nicolas, who has been decapitating dolls, finds himself lopping the heads off his own precious tin soldiers. Another thump with the stick, and the children are in bed, clean and neat, hands scrubbed, faces washed, teeth brushed, hair combed, prayers said—with no idea in the world how they got there. Lesson 1. Each time a lesson is learned, Nurse Matilda becomes less ugly. The children are now devoted to her. She explains that they no longer need her and that she must leave them, even though she loves them. One last thump of her stick, and the tooth flies out of her head and turns into an enormous trunk filled with wonderful toys. When at last it is empty and the children look up from it, Nurse Matilda is gone.

"The Shoe Bird" (ages eight to twelve), by Eudora Welty, illustrated by Beth Krush (Harcourt, Brace & World), is a serio-comic fantasy so fused with realism that the reader constantly accepts the impossible. Its humor is focussed on the precise spot where the humor of adults and the humor of children meet, in fountains of laughter. It is a teetering tower of jokes, wit, humor, gags, plays on words, elaborate puns—rising joyfully, tier on tier, until toward the end it reaches the upper atmosphere of poetry. For anything at all like it, you would have to go poking around in the literature of the late Middle Ages—Chaucer's "Parliament of Fowls," perhaps—and even there the likeness is remote. Robbie Thompson, disgruntled at having to spend a fine fall afternoon in a shoe store with his mother and sister, calls back, as he goes out the door, "Shoes are for the birds!" This impolite remark is heard by Arturo, a young and intellectually ambitious parrot, whose job in the shoe store is to escort the patrons to their chairs. His motto is "If you hear it, tell it," and so he tells the first bird he sees—Gloria, the

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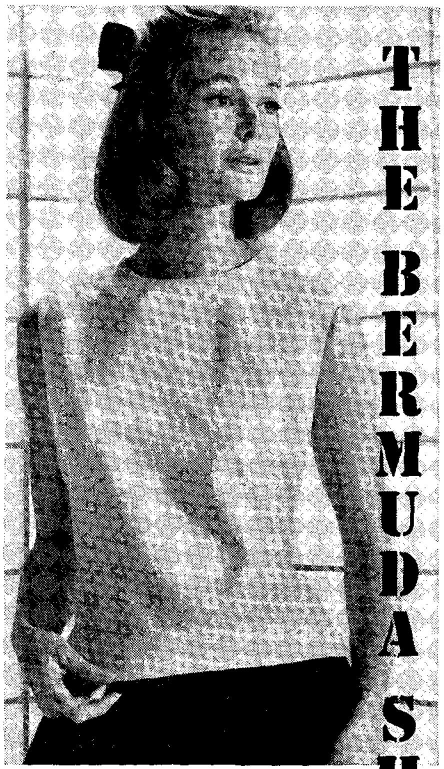

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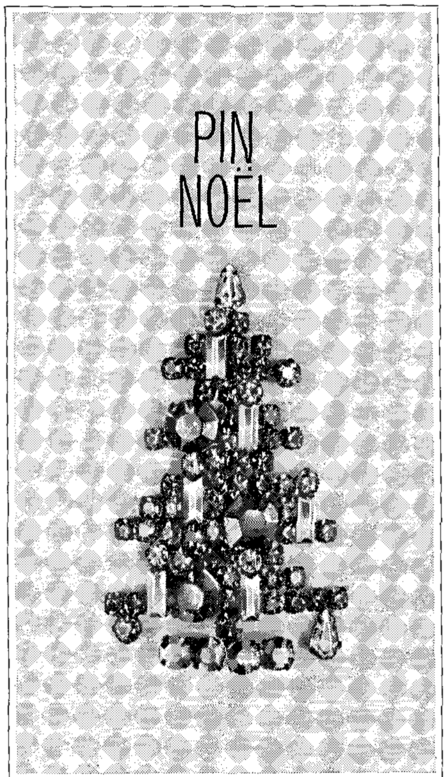

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Thompsons' pet goose. "What grand news!" she cries, and runs off down the street to the park. "Let me tell you what I've just heard!" she cries to the Park Pigeon. " 'Shoes are for the birds!' " The Pigeon wants to know what shoes are. "Shoes? They're prizes." And what is a prize, the Pigeon asks. "A prize," says the Goose, "is sweet, solid, fluffy, and white, and aglow with affection. It weighs twenty pounds, and is given absolutely free." "Amazing!" exclaims the Pigeon. "How is it you know what a prize is when I don't?" The Goose explains that she *was* one, on open-house night at the Super Supermarket, and Jane Thompson won her. The Parrot's announcement is taken to mean that Arturo is giving away shoes, and that evening at sunset one of each species of the birds of the air (including the Curlew, the Curlicue, and the Clay Pigeon, who works in the shooting gallery at the amusement park) flies in the open window of the store. Arturo begins fitting them with shoes. The shoes are, of course, too big, so he opens a drawer and takes out a sign that says, "Sale! These Shoes Are Reduced," and immediately the shoes become smaller. The Seagull is fitted with a pair of galoshes, the Hen with Oxford ties, the Swan with ballet slippers, and so on. When it comes time for the grand prize, the Goose says "To get a prize, *be* a prize!" and helps herself to a pair of golden dancing slippers with diamonds on the toes. The birds are about to leave, with Arturo's gifts on their feet, when Freddy the Cat, a roving janitor and night watchman, arrives, and, weighed down by their shoes, they are trapped. Arturo, standing on the window sill, cries, "Free the birds! To whom it may concern—help! May we expect a reply at your earliest convenience? Free the birds!" At that darkest moment, down through the sky flies the Phoenix, come from the ends of the earth. "How do we look?" the Peacock can't keep from asking. "You bring the tears to my eyes," says the Phoenix. "It is possible to get something for nothing, and also . . . nothing for something. . . . Some things you can't buy. Some things you don't sell. Such as our born gifts. These shoes have cost you too much." Reminded of the glory they have given up, the birds rescue themselves.

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as common as katydids, and they are intended to reassure children that there is nothing bad under the sun. In England, where Guy Fawkes Day is the day for mischief, not Halloween, witches have not become innocuous through overfamiliarity; with their evil still intact, they are creatures to be reckoned with. "An Enemy at Green Knowe" (ages nine to twelve), by L. M. Boston (Harcourt, Brace & World), is a strangely Manichaean book in which the dark, brutal forces of evil are pitted against the forces of light. "Surely," the author says, "the difference between Now and Not-now is the most teasing of all mysteries, and if you let in a nine-hundred-year dose of time, you let in almost everything." This statement is not intended to be taken lightly. Green Knowe is an English manor house dating back to the Normans. In the seventeenth century, when the study of alchemy was considered as respectable as the study of nuclear fission is today, a certain Dr. Vogel spent a year in the house as tutor. In the twentieth century, in this very same house, two boys are told that one night Dr. Vogel called in the vicar, made a terrifying confession, and was never seen again. A letter arrives from a "Melanie D. Powers": "I have been commissioned to write a book about English private libraries in the seventeenth century. I am also acting on behalf of the Library of the Philosophical Society of Jerusalem, who are anxious to obtain certain rare old manuscripts. One of them is thought to have been in the collection of Dr. Wolfgang Vogel. . . . As I am in the neighborhood, I will call tomorrow about four." Melanie D. Powers is a witch—mincing, affected, genteel, pushing, unpredictable, insinuating, and sinister. The manuscript she is after contains an incantation that, if recited by someone else, could destroy her demon and render her powerless. Their curiosity aroused by Melanie's persistent efforts to obtain the manuscript, the boys search the house themselves, and find, between the rafters, a huge book bound in crumbling leather. Living in the house is a scholar, to whom the boys take this book. It is, he tells them, a translation from Latin into Hebrew of which it was thought no copy survived. While he sets to translating it, the spinster is working spells. Failing to get the book itself, she is determined to take the house and all that is in it. A series of plagues—of maggots, of cats, of asps—fails to dislodge the owner (nuisances have always failed to budge the English aristocracy), so the witch,

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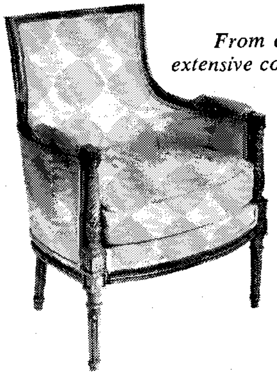

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during an eclipse, tries with a particularly hideous curse to bring down the old house. The boys notice some *things* at work. "It was almost too dark to see, but they looked like fingers, without hand or arm. Fingers of some dreadful unknown substance, subphysical or superphysical, projectable gray matter. If hatred could be seen at work, it might look like that. Whatever it was, it worked forcefully and wickedly. As the boys looked, a shower of tiles slithered down the slope in a roar of bees, and the fingers moved on and were prizing at the top cornerstone of the leaning wall." Meanwhile, the scholar has arrived at the fatal incantation, and is dictating into his tape recorder the words "Powers of Kingdom be beneath my left foot and within my right hand. Glory and Eternity touch my shoulders and guide me. . . ." The question arises whether you want to give your favorite nine-year-old such a frightening book. A nine-year-old I know, who cares very much for witches and thinks this is as good a book as can possibly be, said that the only thing that really scared her was the snakes. I asked her how she felt when the witch hung on her clothesline the birds that the cat had killed, and she said that made her sad, not scared. "And I always feel sad when something awful happens to the witch at the end—when *they break apart and dissolve and things* like that."

"Shadow of a Bull," by Maia Wojciechowska (Atheneum), is about a little Spanish town whose heart is the market place and whose soul is the bull ring. The hero—or anti-hero—is the ten-year-old son of a famous bullfighter. In the main square is a huge statue of his father, and in the cemetery, marking his father's grave, is another. The boy was three when his father was killed in the ring, and doesn't even remember him. Because of his father, he is treated with more respect than other boys, he is taken to the bullfights, he is allowed to see the bullfighters dressing and eating and waiting their turn in the ring, and to listen to their conversation. The men of the town talk to him incessantly of his father, and though he is unable to summon the courage to jump from a hay wagon with the other boys, he is expected to enter the bull ring alone when he is twelve and kill his first bull. At night in his room, by the light of the moon, he swings his grandfather's heavy cape in an attempt at a veronica. He places a sock in the crack of an open drawer, and, with a stick held as bullfighters hold swords, he lunges at it. He wishes that he

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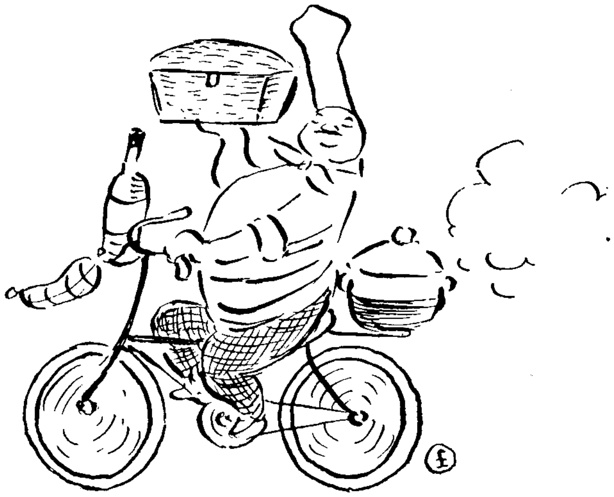
had not been born the son of his father, that he had not been born a Spaniard, that he had not been born at all. It is a theme worthy of Conrad. The book's only weakness is its ending. So often, good fiction for children has a contrived ending—as if a book were a nursery that had to be tidied up, and the characters put back on their proper shelves, and the door firmly closed. But then the same thing is true of fiction for adults. Miss Wojciechowska knows everything there is to know about bullfighting and a lot about fear and courage. She is able to convey the very dust in the streets of the hot little Andalusian town, and it is hard to imagine a child of ten to fourteen who wouldn't be enthralled by this book.

"Black Hearts in Battersea" (ages ten and up), by Joan Aiken, illustrated by Robin Jacques (Doubleday), is thick with chance meetings, overheard plots, and narrow escapes—all slightly tongue-in-cheek—but while the author is making fun of the machinery of the old-fashioned novel of suspense she is scaring the young reader half to death. The action takes place in England during the reign of a fictitious James III, near the beginning of the nineteenth century. The hero, an orphan named Simon, comes up to London with his donkey and a kitten, intending to study painting, and finds himself in the midst of a Hanoverian plot to remove the dapper little Scottish king from the throne. Simon is taken up, as heroes of nineteenth-century popular novels so frequently are, by persons seemingly miles above his station. The Duke and Duchess of Battersea are a wonderfully imperturbable pair. Sophie, the Duchess's maid, is largely out of Dickens (she is not only an orphan but a foundling, rescued from the poor farm), but not entirely. When the Duchess asks who looked after her during her infancy, the girl answers sweetly, "An otter in the forest. I can still recall how difficult it was to learn human language, and how strange it seemed to eat anything but fish." The story comes to a whirlwind conclusion at the castle of the Duke of Battersea. The author published a book last year with the same setting and some of the same characters and as deliciously frightening. Though children like it—sitting in a brightly lighted living room with a parent close by, they would rather be frightened than anything else in the world—it is not entirely successful, I think. It is a thick piling on of one cliché of nineteenth-century melodrama after another, in a manner that adults recog-



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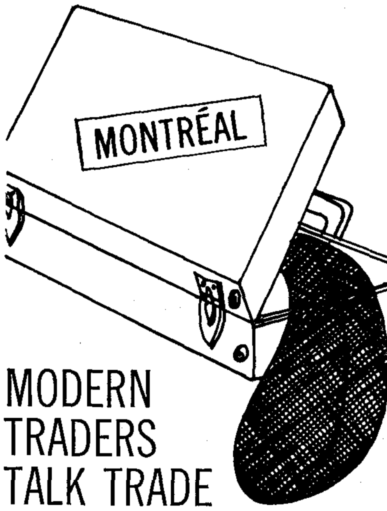

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nize as parody and that children do not. "Black Hearts in Battersea" doesn't lean so heavily toward parody and is more carefully plotted, richer in invention and character, and funnier, and the bizarre elements of the narrative (a pack of wolves is driven off with croquet mallets; in the nick of time, with a bomb ticking away, personages of supreme importance are rescued from the castle ramparts by balloon) are more under control. It's a marvel.

The setting for "The Coriander" (ages twelve and up), by Eilís Dillon (Funk & Wagnalls), is Inishgillan, the most westerly of the islands off the coast of Galway. The side of the island that faces the Atlantic is a sheer cliff that breaks the force of the wind, so the houses are not blown into the sea. From the cliff the island slopes gently, and there is a sandy beach where the men keep their currachs, but no pier for steamers, so visitors are kept away (which is how the islanders like it), and the place is so lonely that no doctor can be persuaded to live there. The islanders are extremely poor. In winter, unfortunate ships are driven off their course and straight for Inishgillan's rocky shores, and, naturally, when all sorts of useful things—oars for their boats, rafters for their houses, rope—come bobbing in on the waves, the people of Inishgillan are there to receive them. One evening when the spray reaches almost to the top of the lighthouse, a ship—the Coriander—is blown in toward its doom and the crew takes to the lifeboats. The first is handed from one wave to the next and reaches the shore. The other boat capsizes, but the men are washed ashore. Two boys fish a half-drowned man, who has broken a leg, out of the water and, on learning that he is a doctor, bring him to the remotest house on the island. The old woman who lives there takes him in, and under his direction they clean the wound and set the broken bone. 'Tis God that sends everything, and now He has sent a doctor, but for the time being there is no need for anyone else to know about it. A boat comes from the mainland to pick up the shipwrecked sailors, but the doctor is left behind. Others are let in on the secret, and some of the men come to chat with him. Lying with his head against the embroidered pillowcases the old woman was keeping for her own wake, he glares at his visitors and cries, "Thieves! Kidnappers! Scoundrels! . . . If your arms and legs were to fall off I wouldn't lift a finger to help you." He is moved to another house, and when he hears that the old

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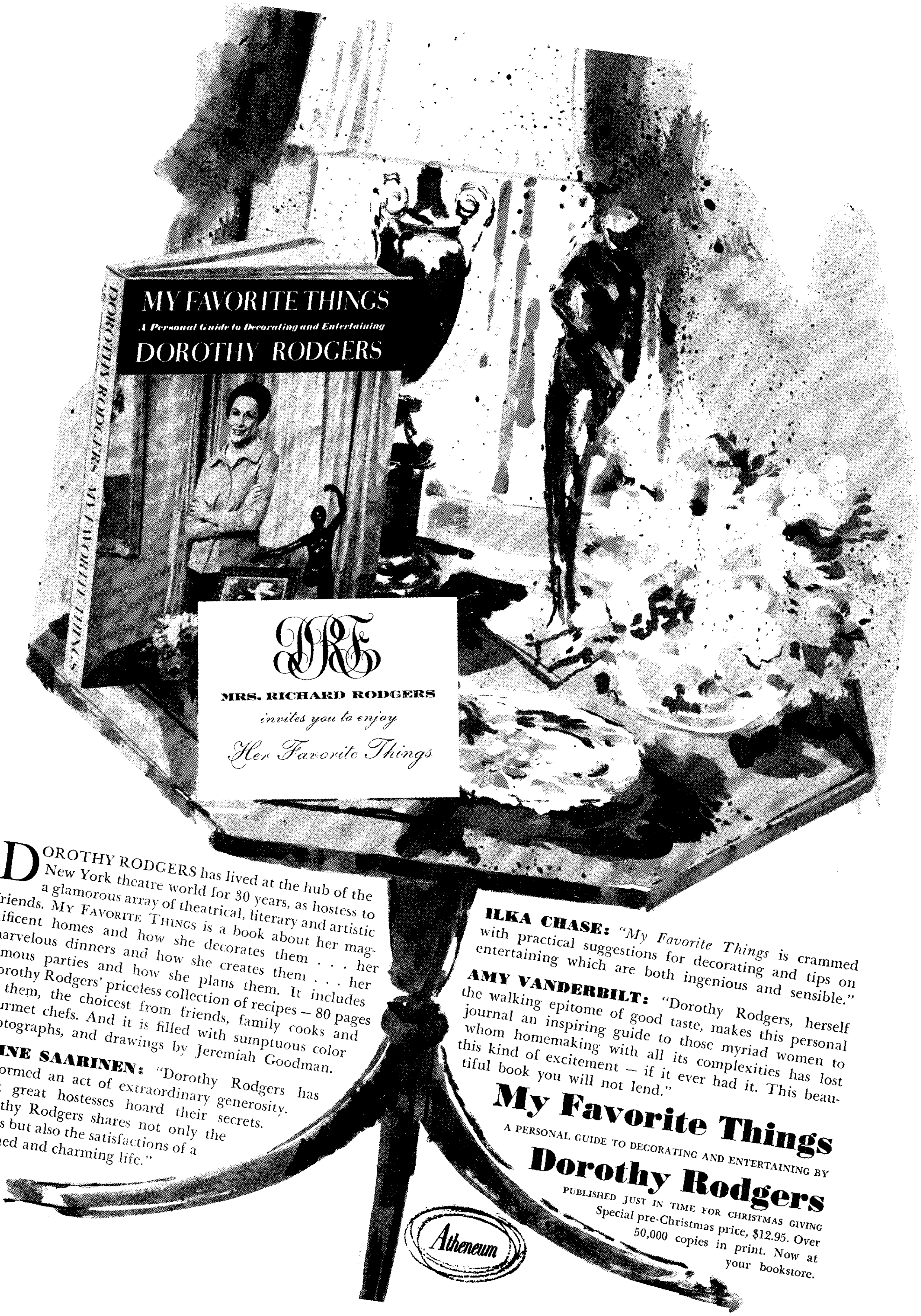
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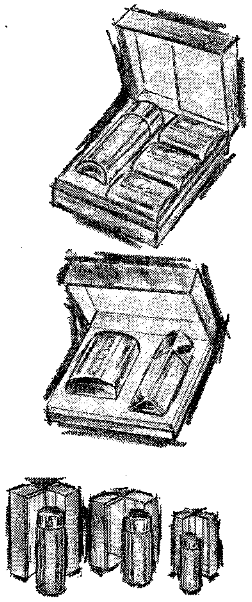

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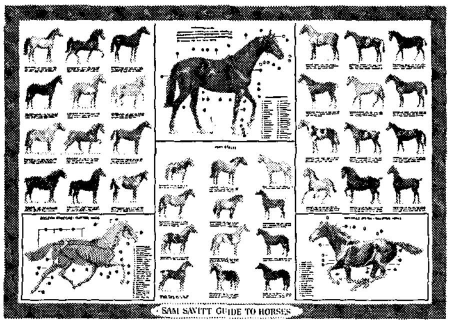
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woman is seriously ill, he gets up—his leg is mending—and goes to her. The women bring him little presents—a pat of butter in a cabbage leaf, or three brown eggs—and when other islanders are sick, he doctors them, too. In the end, after arranging his own rescue, he changes his mind and decides to remain for a while longer on the island, where he is so much needed and whose people he has come to love. The events are seen through the eyes of one of the boys who rescue the doctor, and it is partly this that gives the book its naturalness and sweetness, and partly the writing, which is at times poetic, but never in an easy or false way. The dialogue is full of the humor that comes from real knowledge of a place and its people.

CHILDREN, when they are around ten, are generally so decent, so amenable, so willing to walk the dog before breakfast, while the rest of the world is asleep, to carry out the plates and practice the piano, so philosophical about having to wear braces on their teeth, that it's only too easy to presume on their beautiful natures. It might not be a bad idea to give them, for their own protection, "Beastly Boys and Ghastly Girls" (ages nine to twelve), a collection of irreverent verse compiled by William Cole, with spirited drawings by Tomi Ungerer (World). This satisfying book is full of sly, ill-tempered, gluttonous, bad-mannered children and impossible elders. It includes old poems (by Lewis Carroll, Belloc, A. E. Housman, and Heinrich Hoffman, the author of "Struwwelpeter") and new (by John Ciardi, Ogden Nash, William Jay Smith). My favorite is this stanza from "Maria Jane," by Alfred Scott-Gatty:

> She loved to paddle in the wet
> 'Till soaked with mud her clothes
>   would get,
> For oh! she was so dirty!
> Her nurse would weep and cry:
>   "Ah me!
> If you love dirt so much at three,
> What will you love at thirty?"

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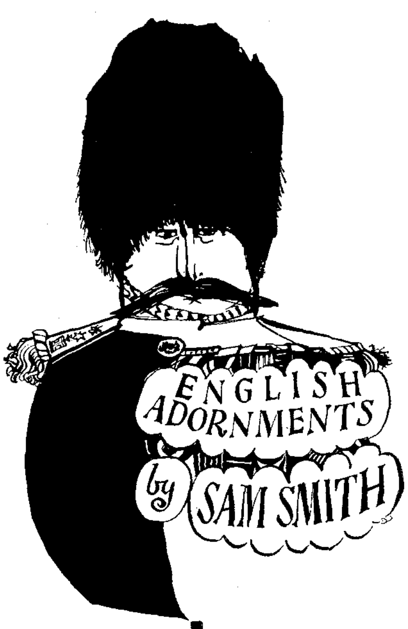

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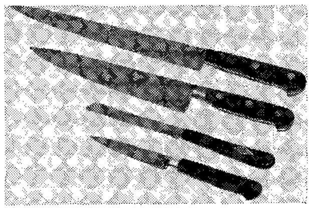

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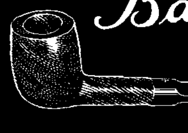

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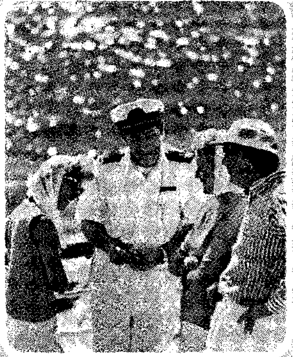

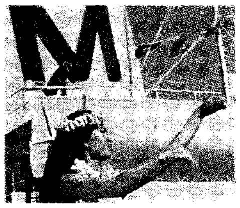

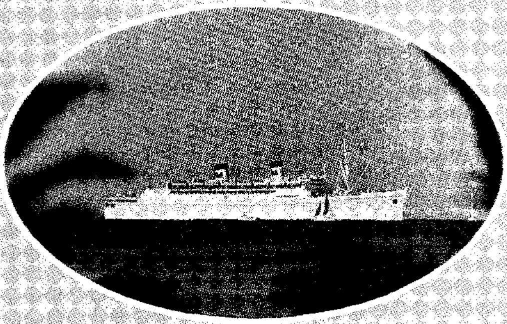

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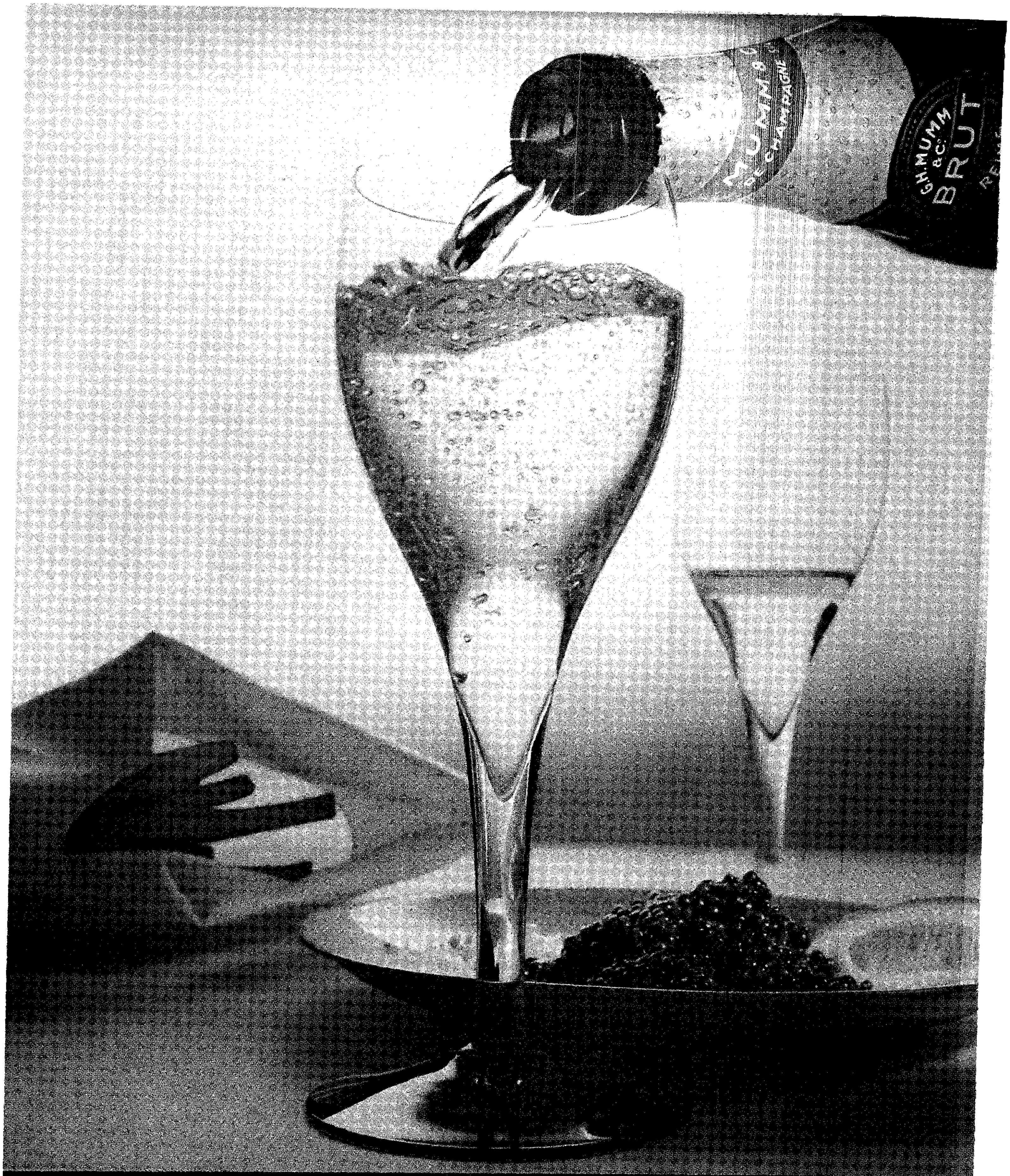
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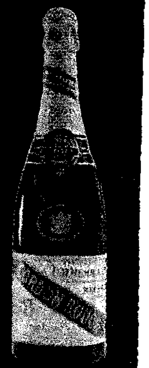
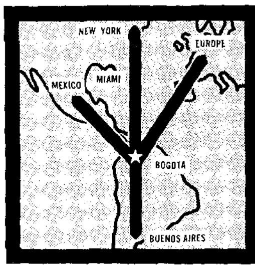


of having been lately in pursuit of the most elegant pleasures and passions. Yet it is also clear that, knowing what the order to charge will lead to, they are quietly resolved to carry it out. You can feel the concussion of the cannon fire and see the bewilderment on the faces of the Russian soldiers. It is remarkable that such stylized pictures can produce so much feeling. The movement of the horses' matchstick legs is a kind of calligraphy mirroring the emotion of the poem. They start out as a long line of parallel perpendiculars, at the height of the fighting they are wildly intersecting angles, and during the retreat, they are confused, painful, contradictory, and awkward. The color—the bronzes and blacks, the wide range of brilliant blues in the British uniforms, and the reds and deep pinks of the Russian Army, always against a chalky background of pale neutral tones—is moving in itself. For the cover (and jacket), the artists have drawn an only half-serious facsimile of a Crimean War extra of a nonexistent London newspaper, spotted with mildew and crumbling with age. It gives the text of Lord Raglan's order (if it *was* his order; the Britannica says, "The aide-de-camp who carried the order was killed by the first shell and the whole question of responsibility for what followed is wrapped in obscurity"), news reports from the battle front, and a bibliography.

In the introduction to "Aesop, Five Centuries of Illustrated Fables" (ages ten and up), edited by John McKendry (Metropolitan Museum of Art), the editor says, "The fables of Aesop are the only text that has been illustrated so often, so diversely, and so



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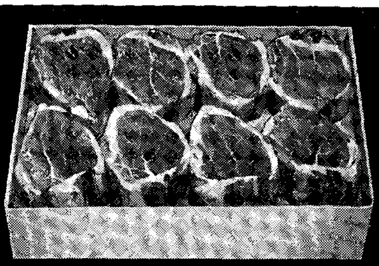

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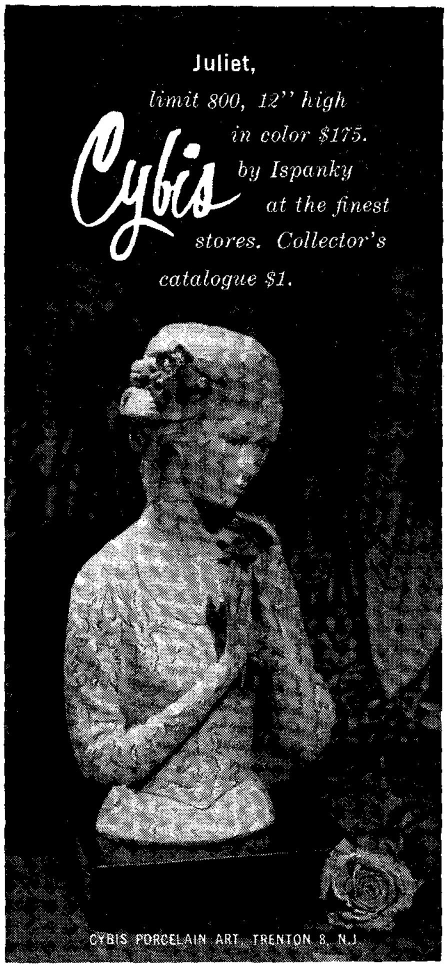

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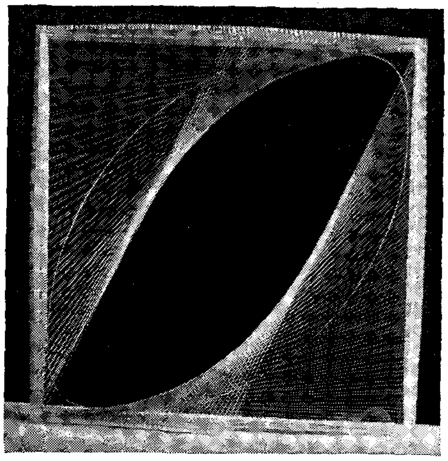
continuously that the history of the printed illustrated book can be shown by them alone." Mr. McKendry has chosen forty prints from the Metropolitan Museum's collection, and the translation that accompanies each illustration is roughly of the same period. The earliest Aesop in English was William Caxton's, in 1484, and the first eight translations are from Caxton's book and are illustrated by fifteenth-century woodcuts. The last fable is Marianne Moore's translation of La Fontaine's version of "The Cock and the Pearl," published in 1954. It's a pity that there is no example of the best contemporary translation—a group of twelve fables done in prose by Glenway Wescott for the Museum of Modern Art. The illustrations by Wenceslaus Hollar, Jean Baptiste Oudry, G. Gouget, and J. J. Grandville are extraordinarily beautiful. There is a Calder of the Crane extracting a bone from deep in the throat of the Wolf—a line drawing that looks like wire sculpture. The most magical illustration is a simple woodcut, artist unknown, from the edition printed in Ulm in 1476-77. For a child of five to eight, making his first acquaintance with Aesop, you couldn't do better than this year's "Aesop's Fables," retold in a clear and admirable way by Anne Terry White, and illustrated with excellent woodcuts by Helen Siegl (Random House).

Because 1964 is the four-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, there are many books that are intended to make the poet and his times more accessible to young people. By far the most interesting is "Shakespeare's Theatre" (ages ten and up), by C. Walter Hodges (Coward-McCann). The first half of the book is a history of the English theatre from the earliest known religious plays until, as the Middle Ages drew to a close, amateurs were replaced by professional strolling players who entertained the guests at dinner in a nobleman's hall or the bumpkins gathered in the courtyard of a country inn. Mr. Hodges' account of the evolution of secular drama is lively and full of interesting sidelights, but it is his watercolor sketches, detailed and yet swiftly executed, vigorous, often humorous, showing the appearance and working of the theatre in Shakespeare's day, that project the reader right back into Shakespeare's London. There is a picture of the Globe with London Bridge in the background and a white flag flying, to show that the weather was expected to be fine and a performance would take place *that afternoon*. There are pictures of rehearsals and of per-



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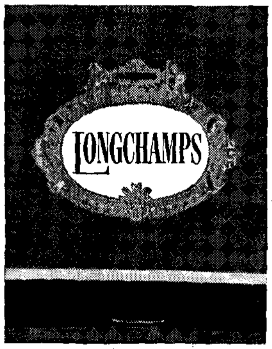

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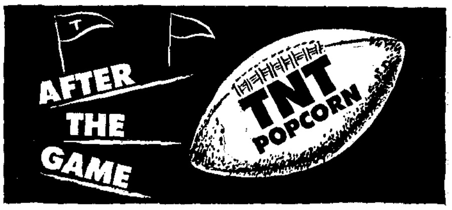

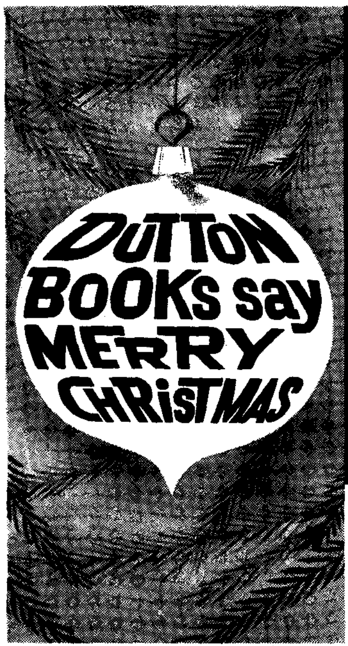
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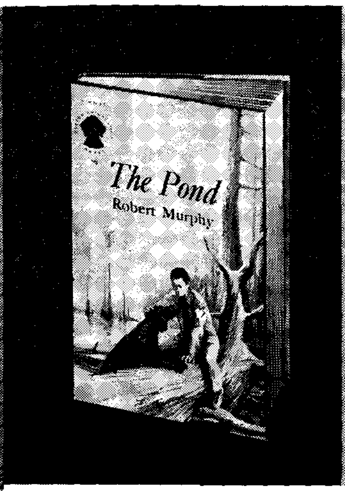
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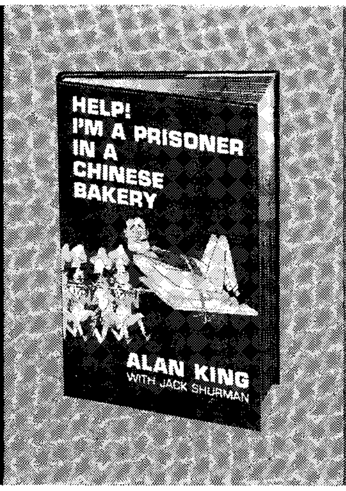
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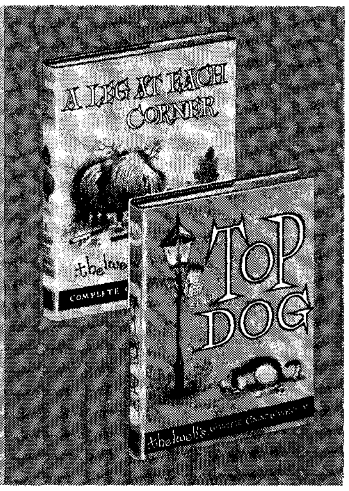
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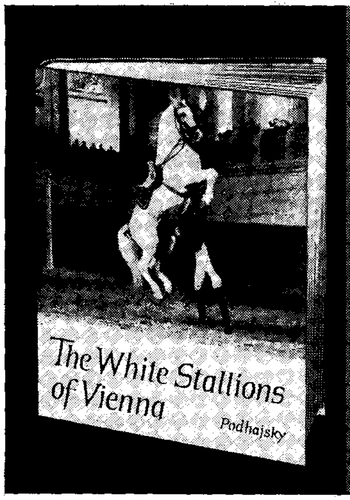
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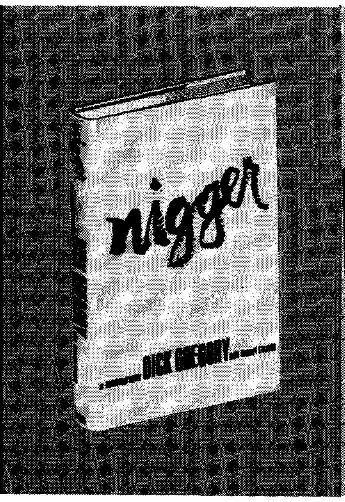
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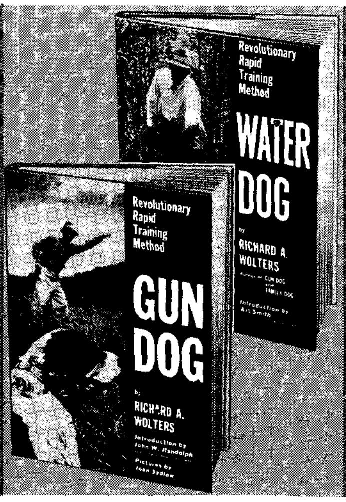
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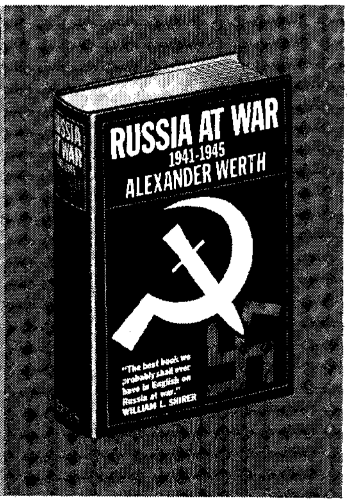
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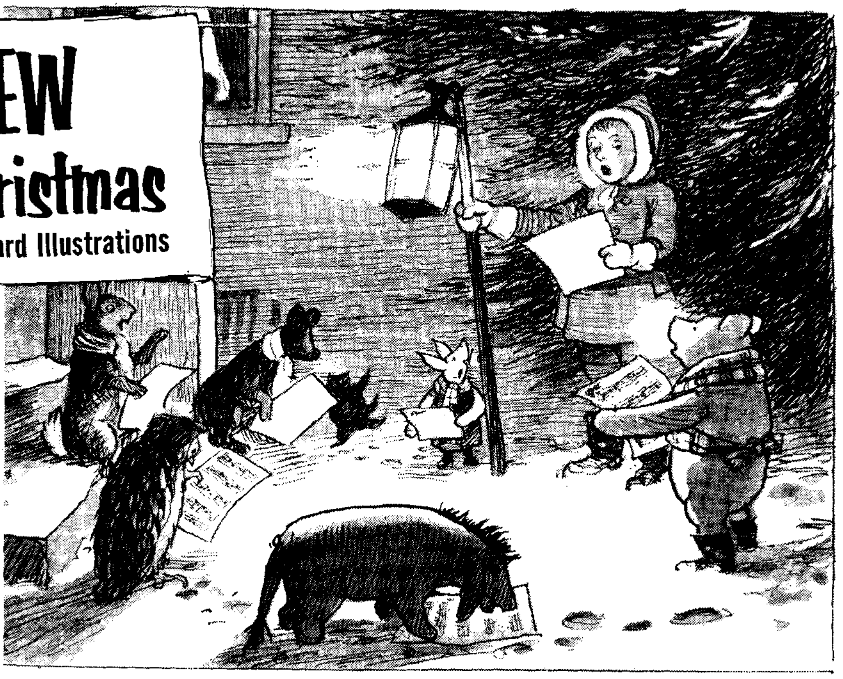

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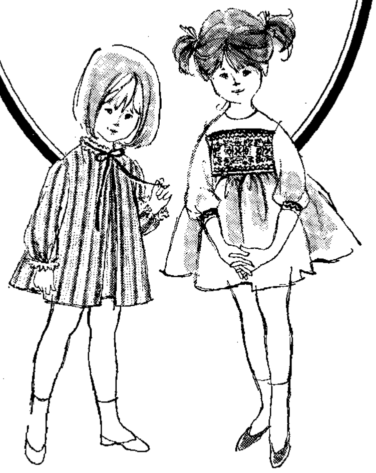

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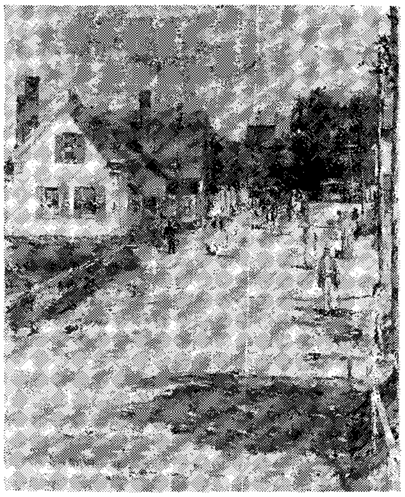
formances, of how the auditorium looks from the stage, of the dressing room, and of a ghost in full armor waiting his cue under the stage. There is a charming picture looking head on into London Bridge as it would have appeared if you walked across it to the Globe, and one of the Thames watermen gathering at a landing stage like taxis at theatre time. There is a picture of a god descending from Heaven by means of winches, and of the hut, high above the stage, where the machinery for this is. There the trumpeter stands, and at the third sounding of his trumpet the play—"The Tragedy of Julius Caesar," perhaps—begins. In this hut were the two cannons, used in battle scenes and scenes of pomp, that were responsible for the Globe's going up in flames in 1613, during "King Henry VIII." This book is a work of love.

MOST art books for children, and especially those large books of full-color reproductions of famous masterpieces, have something to sell—Appreciation of Art—and the price is experiencing something at second hand. This is not true of "Famous Artists of the Past" (ages twelve and up), by Alice Elizabeth Chase (Platt & Munk)—perhaps because the text makes an appeal to the reader's mind instead of merely telling him what he is supposed to see on the opposite page. In three or four columns of print, an artist's life, character, gift, subject matter, and technical innovations are considered. The writing is light and compact and anecdotal. The order is not chronological—the book starts off with Renoir and ends with Michelangelo—and this freshens things up. The pictures usually include a portrait—most often a self-portrait—of each artist and a number of color and black-and-white reproductions, so well chosen in relation to the text that even the familiar works (the Degas ballet dancers, for example) are a pleasure. It is dreadfully true, as anyone knows who has tried to introduce an indifferent child to the charms of the Metropolitan Museum, that you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. It is just possible that this book will produce the beginnings of a thirst.

THE difference between loving mathematics and a lifelong dislike of it often depends on how the subject is first presented to a child. The same thing is true of history. "First Around the World, a Journal of Magellan's Voyage" (ages ten and up), edited by George Sanderlin (Harper &



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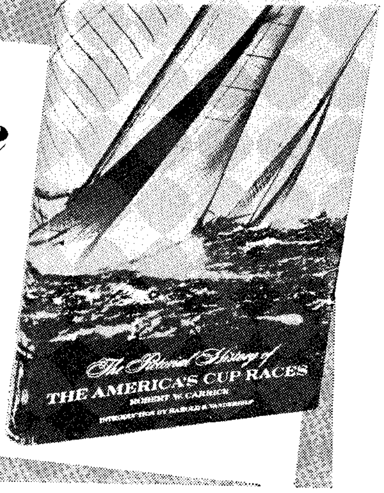

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Row), is so good that I think any child who reads it will never again see history as clusters of unattached dates and dead heroes. He will know what it felt like to be a member of Magellan's crew, he will be able to find his way about the ships in the dark, knowing what stores they carried and where they were kept, and he will also know what it was like to live in the early sixteenth century. The book is built around the recollections of a young Venetian nobleman, Antonio Pigafetta, who sailed with Magellan and not only recorded the hardships of the voyage but made notes about birds, animals, fish, and vegetation, mysterious lights at sea, the position of the stars, and the physical characteristics, speech, adornment, dwellings, and customs of the natives encountered. Mr. Sanderlin has written an excellent introduction, bringing Magellan up to his departure for the New World; from there on he lets Pigafetta (and documents) take over. Magellan was a Portuguese nobleman and sea captain who had fought in Africa and India and explored the Spice Islands. He fell out of favor with King Manuel the Fortunate, as did anyone who accomplished anything at all important, and went into retirement. He became friends with an astronomer, Ruy Faleiro, who had worked out a new method of determining longitude. Magellan grew obsessed with the idea of reaching the Spice Islands by sailing westward. The Spaniards were considering such an expedition and offered to put him in command. He and Faleiro went to Seville, where five merchant vessels awaited him. Magellan was backed at the Spanish court by the powerful Bishop of Burgos, and King Charles V, who was then eighteen, became his friend. In September of 1519, the fleet put out to sea without Faleiro, who had cast his horoscope and learned that the voyage would be fatal to him. At least two hundred and thirty-four men set sail that day. Eighteen half-starved survivors returned, three years later, and Magellan was not among them. The Bishop of Burgos, though he wanted the expedition to succeed, hoped to acquire the profits for himself, and plotted to have Magellan replaced at sea by his nephew; three of Magellan's captains were chosen by the Bishop and committed to his interests. The King of Portugal, working through the Portuguese consul in Seville, stirred up a riot against Magellan on the waterfront and bribed the officials in charge of outfitting the expedition, so the ships carried just half the supplies they were supposed to. In addition, Manuel sent the Portuguese

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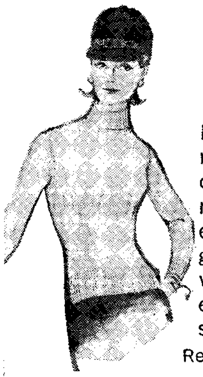

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fleet to intercept Magellan, who sailed into the doldrums off the coast of Guinea, to escape it, and, after twenty days of heat and rain, drifted into the area of the trade winds and was blown across the Atlantic. The ships put in on the coast of Patagonia for repairs, and only here did Magellan learn about the shortages. He put down a mutiny led by the Bishop's men. The Bishop's nephew was marooned, one of the disloyal captains was beheaded, and another was drawn and quartered. From that time on, the sailors had a great fear of Magellan, who there is good reason to believe was a gentle, trusting, devout man. Pigafetta calls him "our mirror, our light, our comfort, our true guide." One ship was wrecked, and the sailors of another mutinied and sailed back to Spain. Pigafetta writes, "Wednesday, November 28, 1520, we debouched from that strait, engulfing ourselves in the Pacific Sea. We were three months and twenty days without getting any kind of fresh food. We ate biscuit, which was no longer biscuit, but powder of biscuits swarming with worms. . . . We drank yellow water that had been putrid for many days. We also ate some ox hides that covered the top of the mainyard . . . and often we ate sawdust from boards. Rats were sold for one-half ducat apiece, and even we could not get them." Magellan discovered the Philippines, and became the first man to circumnavigate the globe. (He had already voyaged there eastward from Portugal.) He was killed in a skirmish with one of the native kings. One of the ships, leaking badly, was burned in the Philippines. Among the Spice Islands, another began to leak, and fifty-four men chose to stay there, rather than risk the voyage back to Spain. Without Magellan, the sailors weren't even able to manage simple navigation, and sailed west when they wanted to sail south. Just one vessel, with half a million dollars' worth of spices on board, returned to Spain, not quite seventeen months after the death of Magellan. Most books of exploration written for children run too smoothly; the author knows how the book is going to end and so does the child. But history as it comes through diaries and memoirs, sometimes jerky and sometimes repetitive, is nevertheless moving and beautiful in the way that life is.

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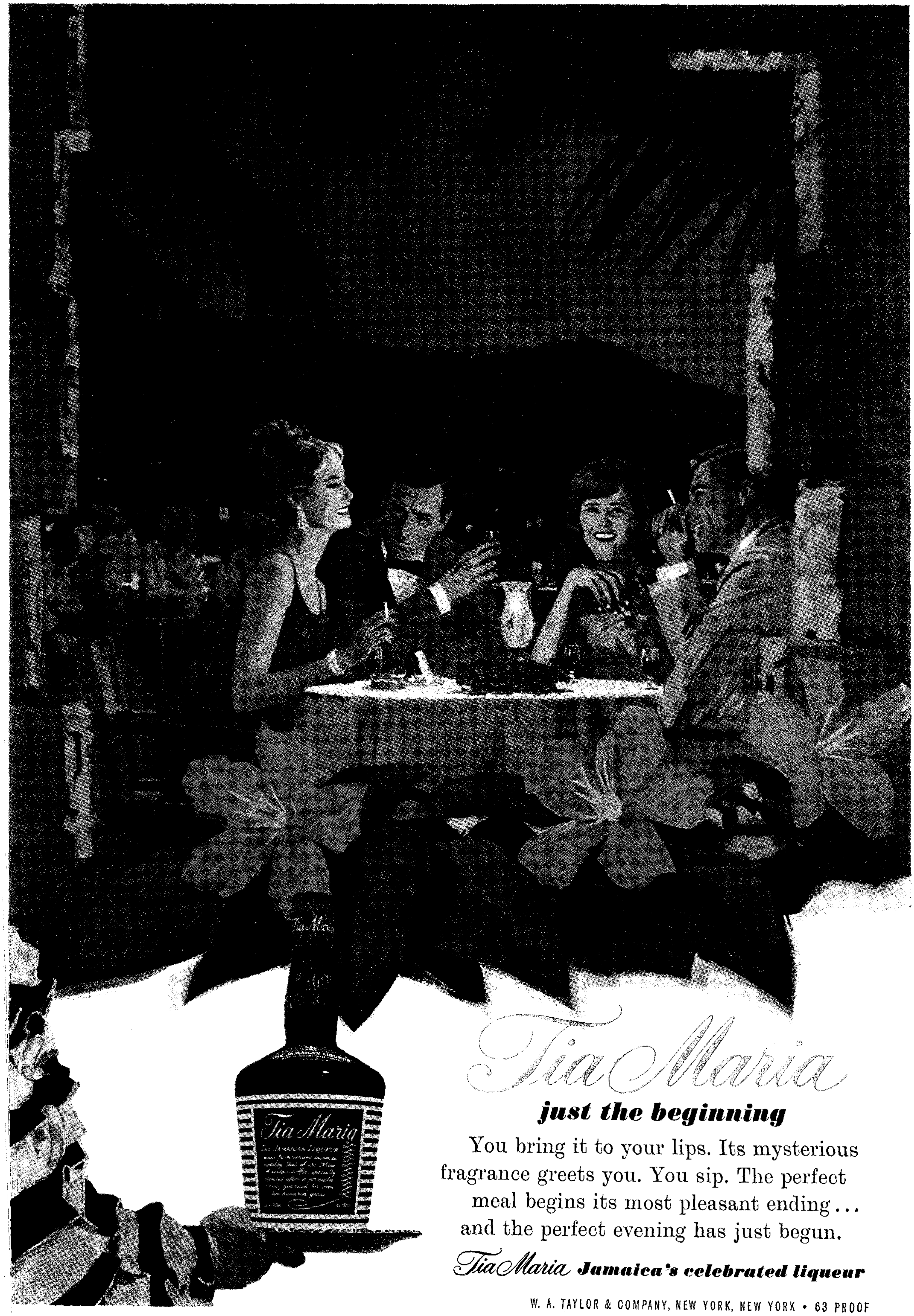

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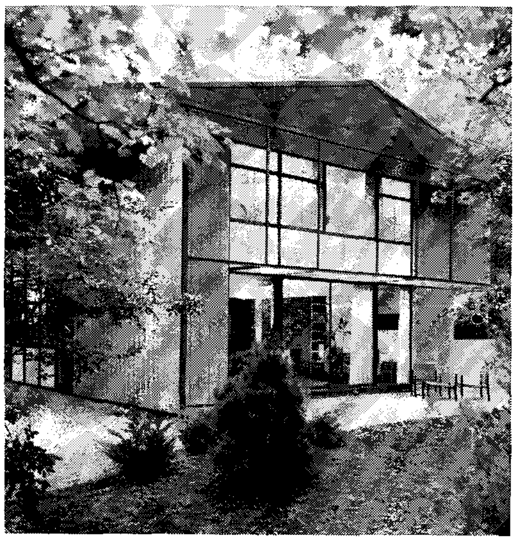
another." So many of the most important concepts of science are abstract; the marvel of magnets is that you can feel with your hands the powerful struggle that like poles put up against being made to lie side by side, and by what exquisite degrees the attraction diminishes as you pull opposite poles farther apart. In "Magnet" (ages ten to fourteen), by E. G. Valens, with photographs by Berenice Abbott (World), the author demonstrates magnetic force in action, through a series of experiments involving a compass and a magnet, or groups of magnets, or a magnet and a magnetized needle, or a magnet and a door key, and so on. Scientists believe that "the power of the magnet is made possible by billions of tiny electric currents in the iron atoms of which the magnet is made." The earth, probably because of the electric currents circulating within its core of molten iron and nickel, is a gigantic bar magnet. The North and South Magnetic Poles, which are shifting slightly all the time, are far below the surface and some twelve hundred miles from the geographic North and South Poles. It is known that the earth's magnetic poles have not always pointed north and south but have wandered for thousands of miles, and have even on two or three occasions reversed themselves. But not why. "The earth's magnetic field . . . is only a local whirlpool in the violent magnetic field surrounding the sun," the author concludes. "And the sun's field is a very small part of a much larger field—that of the Milky Way." Scientists studying magnetism today are trying to find out what goes on in the vast spaces between the stars and in the inconceivably tiny spaces between the atoms. This book is simple and direct and requires nothing more of the reader than his interested attention, and I have never seen photographs used to greater effect in illustrating a scientific text—particularly the ones showing what happens when iron filings are spread on a flat surface and a magnet or sometimes two magnets are moved about below them. They not only elucidate the text but are works of art. This is not an accident, since Miss Abbott is one of the best living photographers.

"Wonders of Animal Migration" (ages eight to twelve), by Jacquelyn Berrill (Dodd, Mead), takes up the migrations of bees, butterflies, ants, birds, bats, caribou, penguins, flatfish, herring, shore animals, turtles, seals, and whales. The greatest cause for wonder is the migration of birds. They not only travel the farthest (the Arctic



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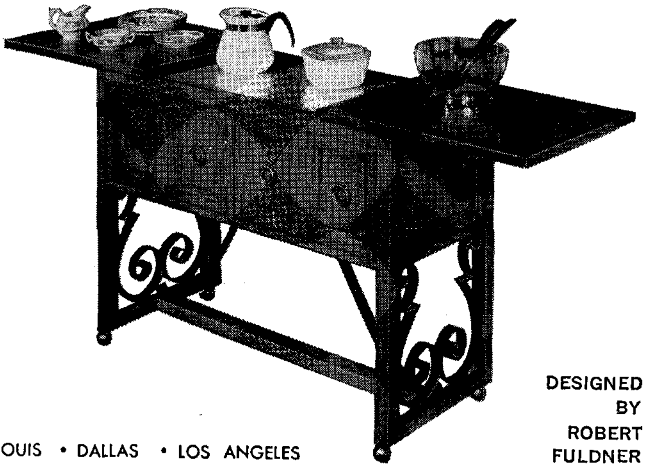

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tern flies a round trip of twenty-two thousand miles) but travel the fastest. In the fall, the golden plover makes a non-stop flight from Nova Scotia to South America in forty-eight hours. How do they find their way? To begin with, birds have the best eyes in the animal kingdom. Some use landmarks, but what about the birds that fly too high to observe landmarks, and what about sea birds? A shearwater nesting on an island between England and Ireland was captured and later released in Boston. It made the return trip in twelve days. Scientists now believe that one of the ways birds navigate is by observing the position of the sun or the stars. A German scientist discovered that as long as the sun shone, starlings kept in a cage during the migrating season faced in the direction taken by migratory wild starlings, but on cloudy days they restlessly changed direction. When the position of the sun was altered by mirrors, the starlings shifted accordingly. Captive warblers were exposed, in cages, to the night air, and when the sky was clear they also faced in the direction taken by wild migrating birds. When the cages were placed under the dome of a planetarium with the "stars" set in a sky that is normal for that region and time of year, the birds faced in the same direction, but when the sky pattern was altered they seemed lost. That isn't all. A purple martin was taken from her nest and carried two hundred and forty miles away. There she was released late on an overcast night, and early next morning she was back on her nest. Scientists are now using satellites to trace the routes taken by birds and animals as they migrate. The satellites receive signals from a tiny radio fastened to the back of a deer or the breast of a goose or the wing of an albatross, and the signals are relayed back to tracking stations on the ground.

"Stone Age Peoples Today" (ages ten to fourteen), by Gordon C. Baldwin (Norton), is a concise, informed, interesting account of twelve aboriginal societies, ranging from the extremely primitive but not stupid Arunta of Australia, who don't wear anything, to the wealthy, aristocratic Haida Indians of the Pacific Northwest, who wear not only clothes but even barkcloth raincoats. Most such societies have now been pushed to the extremes of the earth, into desert or jungle or some other almost uninhabitable land that nobody else wants. Consider the Hairy Ainu of northern Japan, who look like Europeans and have light-brown—not yellow—skin and are possibly the

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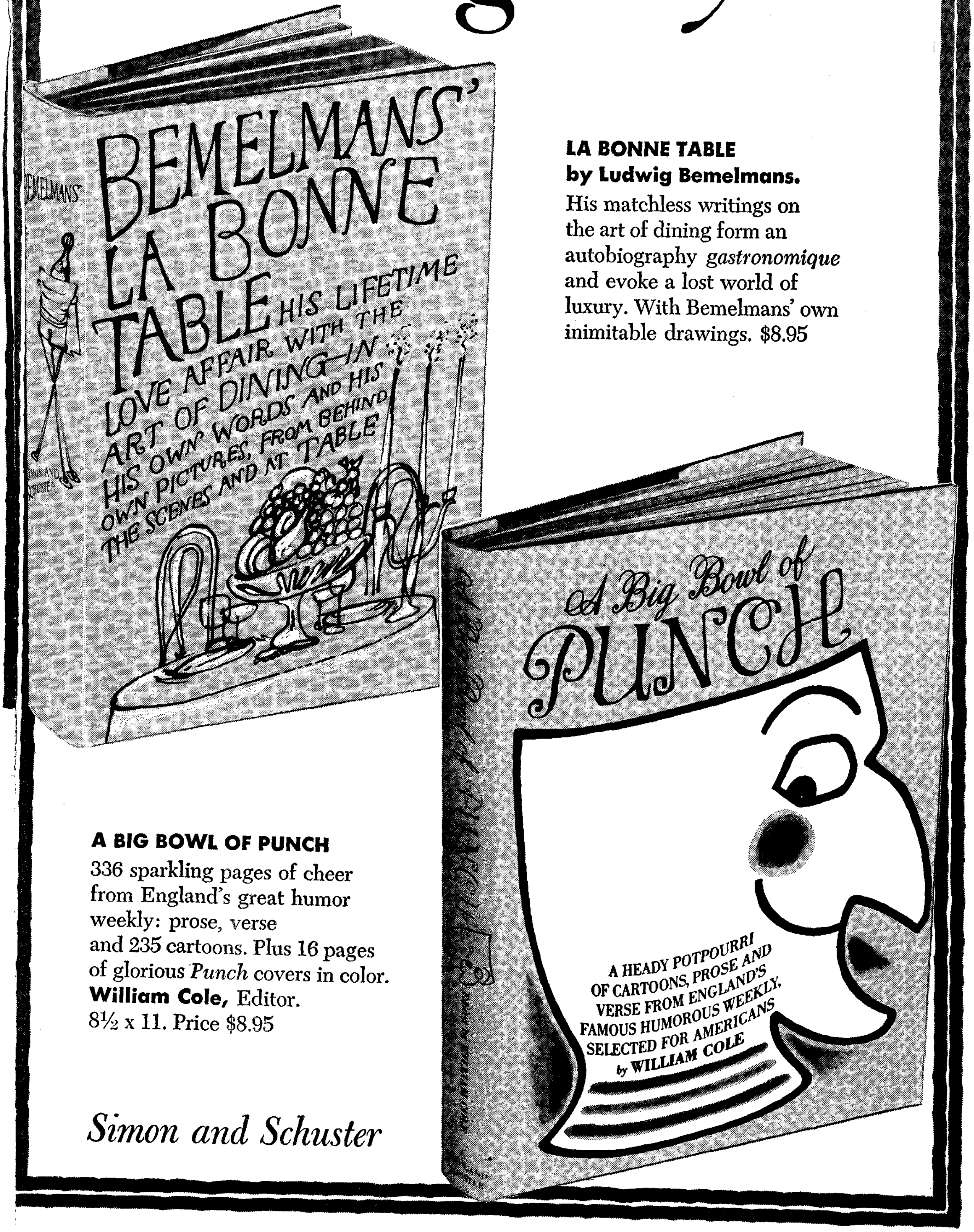
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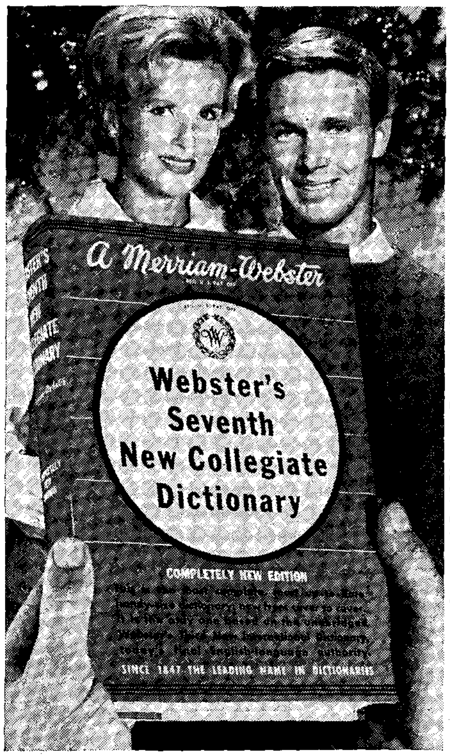
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remnants of a Caucasoid group that occupied eastern Asia before the Chinese. Fujiyama is named after the Ainu fire goddess, which suggests that their ancestors once occupied most of Japan. They have been pushed into mountainous, heavily forested islands where snow covers the ground six months of the year and there are frequent earthquakes. The Ona of Tierra del Fuego (which got its name from the campfires observed by Magellan as he passed through the straits that bear his name) are Indians who probably came from Asia twenty-five thousand years ago by way of the Bering Sea. During the last thousand years they were presumably pushed out of Patagonia by stronger tribes. Living in fog, cold rain, and sleet, when they bother to cover themselves at all it is with fur robes. Darwin, who visited Tierra del Fuego in the eighteen-thirties, describes a naked mother nursing a naked newborn child in a raging sleetstorm. They once built ceremonial lodges, but there is no evidence that they have ever lived in anything but simple windbreaks. Like all such books, "Stone Age Peoples Today" is full of exotic information. The Arunta have the most complicated marriage regulations in the world; a man chooses his wife from among his mother's mother's brother's daughter's daughters. The Hairy Ainu have trained their dogs, working in teams of twenty or thirty, to swim far out into the ocean and then swim in again in a crescent formation, driving fish ahead of them into shallow water, where each dog seizes a fish in his mouth and takes it to his master, like the morning paper. Though an island people, the Ona Indians are terrified of getting into boats and cannot swim. One wonders whether—given the same circumstances—one would find oneself among the totally unresourceful (there are still tribes on earth that haven't learned to make a fire) or among the people of ingenuity and practical imagination. Boy Scouts are taught to start a fire by rubbing two sticks together, and girls are taught in school to weave, but who in our day, faced with a sheep, can turn its wool into a suit of homespun?

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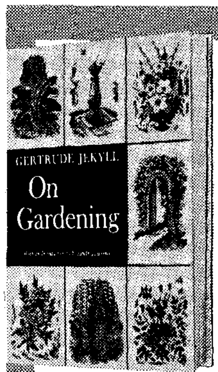

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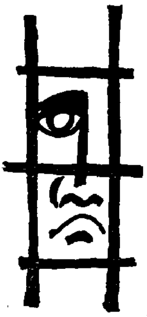

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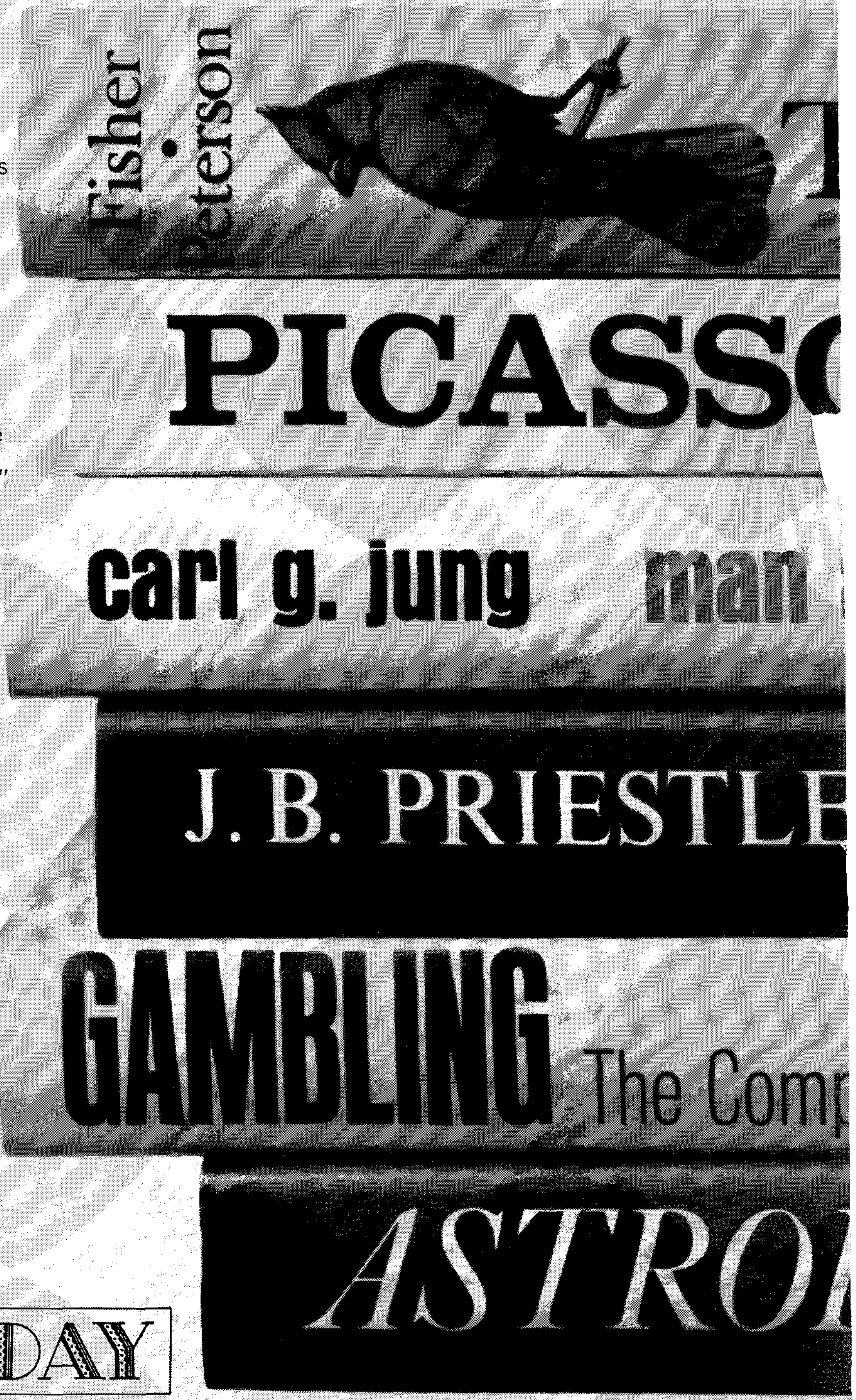

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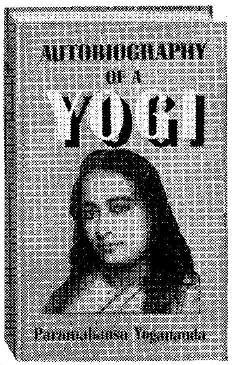
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

trated with photographs and drawings by the author, is just what the title suggests. When the author was nineteen, fourteen school friends descended on him (and on his mother, who fed them) during vacation, and they constructed the house with feverish haste and—to judge from the photographs—considerable pleasure. The difficulties were formidable. Young Hansen wanted to use as far as possible only the materials and techniques available to Stone Age man—no saws, chisels, hammers, or nails. They felled the trees for all those poles and posts, using at first a stone axe, the haft for which the author had made himself, and then—to save time—ordinary axes. The upright and horizontal supports were lashed together with elm bark cut into thin strips. The semicircular walls were made by plastering clay on a closely woven osier fence. The high, gabled roof was covered with thatch. The author had learned all that books and museums could teach him; what he did not know was that newly constructed clay walls absorb rain, that clay porridge would run down inside the boys' shirts and trousers, and that the clay plastered on the walls would plop to the ground. Archeological books didn't explain how the heavy rafters of the roof could be placed on the daub-and-wattle walls without breaking them. Enthusiasm, serious study, imagination, and humor carried the day; the house was built, and a splendid house it was. Apart from the interest in the thing's being done at all, which is considerable, there is the charm of a boy's passionate preoccupation with the carrying out of an idea. It is a very masculine book.

Change so often means the destruction of nature. I regret that I never saw Long Island as it was seventy years ago, when (I have been told by an elderly relative) in the spring the whole center of the island was a mass of violets. I hate to see trails turn into roads and roads into highways. But after reading "Nine Roads to Tomorrow" (ages fourteen and up), by D. S. Halacy, Jr. (Macrae Smith), a look at some relatively recent scientific breakthroughs that the author thinks will seriously affect our future, I find myself looking forward eagerly to what the year 2000 may bring. The developments in question are the laser (*l*ight *a*mplification by *s*timulated *e*mission of *r*adiation), Comsat (the newspapers are full of it), electronic computers, cryogenics (the world of supercold), biopower (energy from living things), the solar battery, ultra-



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can and must liberate within itself energies greater than those within stones and metals, lest the material atomic giant, newly unleashed, turn on the world in mindless destruction. An indirect benefit of mankind's concern over atomic bombs may be an increased practical interest in the science of yoga, a 'bombproof shelter' truly." –from *"Autobiography of a Yogi"* *by Paramahansa Yogananda.*

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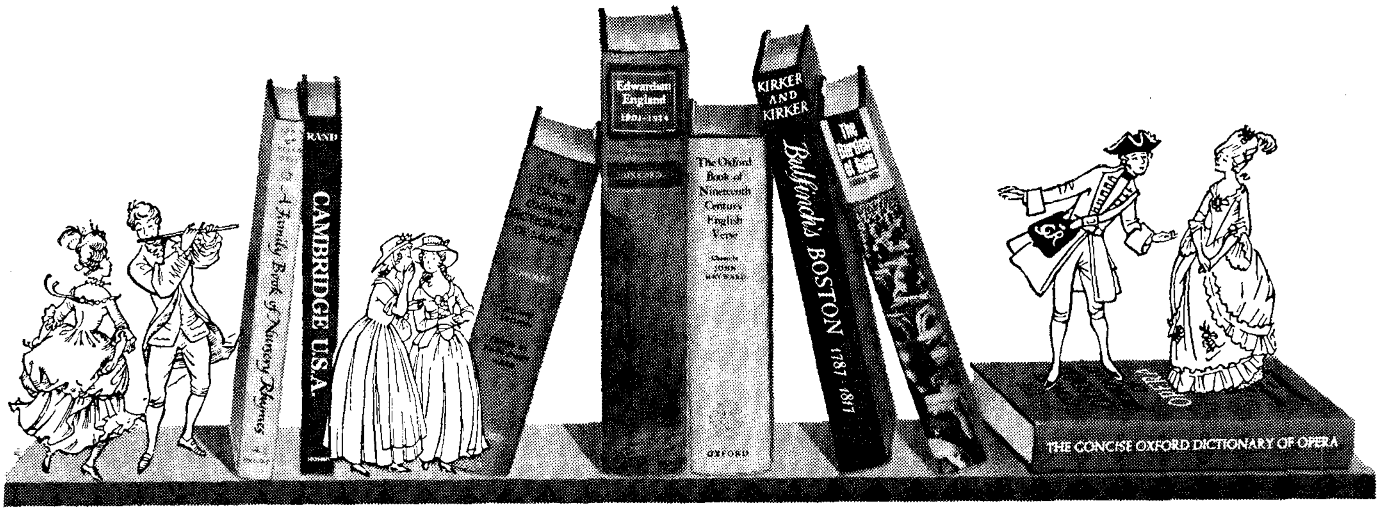
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sonics (the world of silent sound), ground-effect machines (vehicles that rest on a cushion of compressed air), and bionics (the study of nature with a practical engineering end in view—i.e., the human brain as a model for electrochemical equipment). Each chapter describes a new development, gives the scientific background for it, explains how it works and what it can do, and tells what we may expect from it. Most fascinating of all is the way the various branches of science have combined to produce these new techniques and inventions, and how they are interrelated and mutually dependent; cryogenics, computers, and solar batteries all contributed to making the communications satellite possible, and bionics brings together biology, chemistry, mechanics, electronics, optics, and acoustics. Reading that research on a crab's eye has led to television cameras with a sharpness of detail previously impossible, that a study of the beetle has been useful in making better ground-speed indicators for aircraft, that eggs have been scrambled inside their shells by ultrasonics, that the laser beam can be used to spot-weld the retina of an eye to supporting tissues when it has become detached, and that a model boat has cruised in a tank of water using electricity generated from the water itself, one feels like Balboa looking down on a new Pacific.

—EMILY MAXWELL

•

M. D. SAYS "MALE NURSE" IS AN UNDESIRABLE TERM

The thought of being called a "male nurse" is so forbidding that many young men who might enter nursing school don't do so. A more desirable designation is needed for men nurses.

So says Dr. Charles L. Tranter of Vallejo, Calif., in a letter to the editor of Massachusetts Physician. He suggests that the magazine's readers submit a list of names from which a suitable substitute for "male nurse" might be found; and to start the list he offers the following coinages: "nursor," "nursire," "nursman," "manurse," "curor," "nurseon," and "nursator."—*RN News.*

How about "he-angel"?

•

I have heard Mr. Davenny on a number of occasions both here and in New Haven, but never before has he revealed the strength and fervor with which he *attacked* the Brahms. How moving it is to encounter the navel of music: music, no longer the light play of harmony and melody; but music, the gut tension of the human body engaged by the rhythm of survival.—*Lakeville (Conn.) Journal.*

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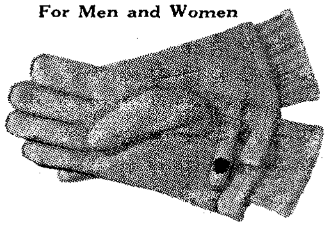

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